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BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XX.

Contents for September, 1910

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Issued Monthly by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, John Byrne MacLean, President; Publication Office, 143-149 University Avenue, Toronto. Montreal Office: Eastern Townships Bank Building.

Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1888, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XX TORONTO SEPTEMBER 1910 NO 5

A Versatile Churchman

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, Not Only Directs
the Affairs of Canada's Largest Catholic Diocese,
but Can Find Time for Many Other Pursuits

By J. J. Gallagher



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCESI AT
WORK IN HIS STUDY

FROM pulpits in every quarter of the world Catholics have been advised of the Eucharistic Congress, which will be held in Montreal in September. Already thousands are traveling over land and sea from distant countries to attend this gathering.

Distinguished laymen, priests, bishops, cardinals, a special representative of the Pope, all are making Montreal their objective point, and each one comes to play his part in the proceedings incidental to this most important assemblage. One comes quite unnoticed, a humble layman, to participate in one of the grandest festivals of the Roman Catholic Church; another's coming is chronicled in the press of nations, for he is a world-figure. They have a common interest at heart—the welfare of the Catholic Church.

Nearly two hundred prelates, including numbers of the highest dignitaries of the church, and seven thousand priests, will attend. It is

estimated that 250,000 to 300,000 people will visit the city during the Congress.

The attention of the entire Catholic world is focused on Canada, and on Montreal in particular. And to whom is this due?

Two years ago the Eucharistic Congress was held in London, England. A quiet, unassuming French-Canadian clergyman surprised the meeting by making one of the most eloquent addresses heard during the gathering. Incidentally, he spoke much of Canada, and of things Canadian, concluding with an invitation to the Congress to meet in Montreal in 1910.

Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, was the clergyman. Of course, his invitation was accepted. He knew that it would be.

It was characteristic of him to extend the invitation when it was most timely. It was another illustration of his foresight, and of his ability to

"strike while the iron is hot," to borrow a peculiarly applicable phrase.

His excellent judgment has proved one of his most valuable assets in governing over a half a million people who are under his care, spiritually, in the Archdiocese of Montreal, the largest, most important and most responsible diocese in Canada.

As accomplishments are reckoned, it is not surprising that His Grace secured the Congress for Montreal. He is a man of ceaseless activity along varied lines.

One would count it a good man's work to direct the affairs of an arch-diocese comprising 144 parishes, considering the responsibility, and the routine work entailed. But, while this receives every and careful attention, His Grace finds time to devote to numerous other affairs.

For many years education has been his favorite care, and he has wielded a wonderful influence in this sphere of activity for more than two decades.

While yet a priest he took a keen interest in teaching. He was for four years Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Laval University, Quebec. In 1891 he was made a Canon, and, shortly afterwards, was appointed chairman of the Catholic Board of School Commissioners of Montreal. On succeeding to the Archbishop's chair, in 1897, his field for good and telling work was greatly enlarged. That he made the most of the opportunities presented is evidenced by the fact that he has opened no less than fifty schools and academies. His disposition and his training enable him admirably to fill the position he has occupied in educational circles. As a boy he attended the schools of the Grey Nuns and of the Christian Brothers, in Montreal, which enabled him to obtain a valuable first-hand knowledge of their methods. His classical course was taken at the Montreal College, and subsequently he studied in France and Italy, being ordained a priest in Rome in 1871.

His tireless energy in the work of the archdiocese stands pre-eminent.

He has created twenty-three new parishes and nine missions; established four new religious orders; founded twelve hospitals or asylums; and enlarged the Grand Seminary, and increased its efficiency; completed St. James Cathedral, at a cost of \$100,000, and erected a \$25,000 monument to Bishop Bourget. But there is something else he has accomplished. He founded the Home for Incurables, which accommodates two hundred and fifty people. Perhaps this may be considered a part of his routine duty, but it may more truly be placed to his credit as the grandest of all his charitable works. He maintains an active interest in the institution, devoting many hours to its affairs.

Yet he finds time for other pursuits. He has always been a scholar. He is a student of French literature, in which he is deeply versed, and a writer of no mean ability. His work on the catacombs of Rome is a gem, while his books on historical subjects, and his contributions to leading journals, have shown him to be possessed of a wide knowledge, as well as a facile pen. His *nom de plume* is "Louis des Lys."

He never attempts to treat a subject until he is familiar with it in all its details. In his present capacity he is called upon to write numerous pastoral letters. These deal with subjects of such complexity and wide difference as intemperance and theatres, the Christian spirit and the social evil, education and the labor question. They are all subjects of vital moment in which one cannot dabble. A thorough comprehension is as essential to their proper treatment as are infinite tact and great judgment.

His studies have won him recognition in many quarters, as he is a D.D.; a Licentiate in Canon Law; an honorary Canon of Chartres and Clermont; Fellow of the Academie des Arcades; and Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

His views on public questions are broad, and he plays an important part



ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

THE GRANTED BRIDGE IN MONTREAL WHERE WAS CONTACTED IN ACCORDANCE
BROUGHT THESE BROTHERS MOVEMENT BRINGS IN THE FOREGROUND

in the affairs of the day. At the time of the longshoremen's strike, the worst labor trouble Montreal has experienced in many years, he was appointed to the Board of Arbitration, which settled the dispute. Since then he has arbitrated a number of strikes, always justly, fairly, and to the satisfaction of both parties. In 1890 he was a commissioner of the Canadian Government at the World's Fair in Chicago.

No man has done more than he, in the past few years, to elevate the moral tone of Montreal. His campaign against intemperance was singularly successful, being planned in a businesslike fashion, and executed with precision and tact.

His versatility includes the ability to make friends everywhere. A child with children, he wins their hearts; quiet, gentle, kind and courteous, and of deep sympathies, his tact, keen intellect and wide experience make him a valued friend and a wise counsellor of men. He is highly esteemed by all

classes and creeds as a true gentleman, and, above all else, a man at all times.

His reputation as a preacher is equalled only by his ability as a public speaker. He is eloquent, and speaks both languages equally well. His ability to improvise is marvellous, and he has often been called upon to speak in both French and English on solemn occasions. His success has been remarkable, and due in some measure, to a retentive memory, stored with all kinds of information. His style is simple, chaste and convincing.

Truly, he is a man of many parts, and of almost infinite energy. His thirteen years' occupancy of the Archbishop's chair have been busy ones, and all filled with noble achievements. Each year is marked by some material monument to his uniring efforts on behalf of the worldly welfare of his people, while surely there must be a spiritual wreath to crown each twelve months of care for the moral well-being of those over whom he rules.

A Striking Chain

The Remarkable
Macdonald,

By



BENJAMIN DISRAELI

It has been no uncommon thing to trace resemblances among the great men of the earth, but it is extremely doubtful if a more striking chain of compelling likenesses has ever been observed than that which links Sir John A. Macdonald to Benjamin Disraeli. Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the former, and the youthful Premier of British Columbia to the Prime Minister of the Dominion. A close study of the four likenesses on these pages, always remembering that the Hon. Richard McBride is to-day only about half the age of the other three, will disclose this remarkable resemblance in decisive fashion.

It is, of course, an old story to say that Sir John A. Macdonald resembled Lord Beaconsfield (as Disraeli became) closely. When the great English statesman was living and Sir John visited England, many comments were made on the striking likeness of the two prime ministers, which the portraits here shown abundantly demonstrate.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

The resemblance subsisting between Sir Wilfrid and Sir John has also been noted on more than one occasion, and it is even known that rabid Conservatives have forgiven Sir Wilfrid much, because he reminded them of their former chieftain.

When it comes, however, to placing Richard McBride in this immortal chain, a new link is forged. The Premier of British Columbia, amazingly popular as he is in his own province, is as yet an almost unknown factor in the rest of the Dominion. To demonstrate his wonderful likeness to

of Compelling Likenesses

Resemblance Which Unites Disraeli,
Laurier and McBride

Arthur Conrad

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and his still more astonishing likeness in looks and manner to Sir John A. Macdonald, is to bring in the prophetic element to a large extent. But, even so, there are not lacking numerous admirers of Richard McBride who are confidently looking forward to just such a consummation to his career, as is thus suggested.

Richard McBride took a forward

Canadians. He has demonstrated a broad-mindedness which would have done credit to Sir John A. Macdonald himself.

That Mr. McBride possesses those characteristics which will ensure him a popularity such as Sir John A. Macdonald enjoyed, is attested by a recent visitor to Victoria from eastern Canada. This gentleman met Mr. McBride for the first time on this trip. He expresses his great astonishment at the resemblance to Sir John, not merely in looks, but especially in manner. In his little mannerisms, in the way he approaches and shakes hands, he was so like Sir John, as to make the visitor feel as if there was something uncanny about it.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

step in his career when he stepped over the bounds of partisanship and arranged a public welcome for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the Province of British Columbia. By so doing he has won the respect of all the best



HON. RICHARD MCBRIDE



JOHN CLAY

John Clay, Master of the Hunt

By
John J. Duffy.

IT'S a far cry from the stockyards of Chicago to the heather of Bonnie Scotland, but it is nothing to John Clay, millionaire business man of the great American city, and master of the North Northumberland Hunt. From spring until autumn Mr. Clay is a staid, conservative business man, who sticks close to his downtown office in the Rookery building,

one of Chicago's tall skyscrapers, with a close eye on the live stock market. But with the coming of fall, the lure of the chase gets the better of the business man, and he packs his traps and hurries to Scotland to take part in the first hunt of the season.

For years Mr. Clay has made his annual pilgrimage to Kelso, his birthplace. He came to America in 1874,

but from the very first he put by a part of his earnings to pay for a return trip to his native land. He was a hard and conscientious worker and the earnings grew rapidly. Now he is regarded as a millionaire, and he goes back every year.

Some years ago Mr. Clay purchased "Sunlaw," an old and historic castle nearby his native Kelso, and in the heart of the hunting country. He rebuilt the parts that had fallen into disrepair, and now every winter he goes there with his wife and small son, and gathers about him his friends and boon companions of the chase, where the shooting is said to be the best in all Scotland.

And after years of regular attendance at the annual Northumberland hunt, word has come that Mr. Clay has been named for the mastership of the organization, an honor there none can gainsay. The announcement was a big surprise for the business, and even the social friends of Mr. Clay in Chicago. They knew him as a lover of hunting, a good horseman and a thorough sportsman. They knew of his home in Kelso, where he has the Duke of Devonshire for a near neighbor, but they knew naught of his prowess in the chase, or of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-huntsmen.

Mr. Clay is loath to talk about the honor that has come to him. In America he insists he is a business man among business men, and he vastly prefers to discuss short-horned cattle or some kindred subject. But even now he is figuring on the day when he sails for Glasgow, and the idea of September will see him ready to bid farewell to Chicago until after the middle of March—when the shooting season is at an end and back Kelso.

But even while Mr. Clay is following the chase in faraway Scotland, his business will go on almost the same as if the master hand was at the helm. The head of the firm is a good business man, who knows how to take a vacation, and so thoroughly has he organized the forces of his enterprise, his

absence means no interruption, and the outsider would not know but what he was out of the office for only a day or two.

Yet while he is in Chicago, John Clay is in every deal of the firm of John Clay & Co., live stock loan brokers, and Clay, Robinson & Co., live stock commission men.

This man Clay has had a remarkable career. Many Canadians, perhaps, will remember him back in the years between 1879 and 1882, when he was engaged in the Shorthorn cattle trade as manager of Bow Park, at Brantford, Ont. He was getting his start then, and when he came to Chicago in 1882, it was to begin a steady advance which has brought him to his present position of wealth and affluence.

He went to the stock yards, and even as Chicago grew as a cattle market, John Clay grew with it. He was careful and conservative in business, and endowed with a natural shrewdness and ability as a trader, he won where others lost. Mr. Clay devoted all of his time to business in those days—winter and summer were alike to him then—and he more than laid the foundation for his splendid fortune.

Now Mr. Clay is in almost daily attendance at his offices in the Rookery building, or out at the Union Stock Yards, where Clay, Robinson & Co. conduct their business, but of an afternoon he finds the opportunity to ram out to the Midlothian Country Club for a game of golf. He plays a consistently good game, they say there, and he finishes an eighteen-hole course as fresh and undisturbed as a man much younger in years.

Down on Lake Avenue, in an exclusive residence section, in Chicago's south side, Mr. Clay has a handsome residence. Lake Michigan is almost at his front gate, and his lawns are kept with a care which attracts the immediate attention of the passerby. Inside the home is furnished with an exquisite taste, and there is something



"SUNLAW," THE SCOTTISH HOME OF MR. CLAY
MR. AND MRS. CLAY AND THEIR SON IN THE FOREGROUND

of an old-world refinement about it which immediately suggests Kelso and Northumberland.

Around the rooms of the lower floor are trophies of the chase and pictures of famed horses and dogs. There are also photographs of Mr. Clay's own favorites; and in the reception hall is a monster painting, done in oils, of Mr. Clay in his riding togs, crop in hand, apparently waiting for his horse to be off for the hunt.

Over in "Sunlaw," Mr. and Mrs. Clay live in ease and comfort. The old pile has been brought down to date in a number of ways, but at the same time the air of the middle ages about it has been retained. But Clay in Chicago doesn't talk about Clay in "Sunlaw," and what one learns of him there must come from others.

"America is best," said Mr. Clay in his brief, almost abrupt way, the other day. "I'm glad I live in Chicago, for I am a business man. Scotland is the place to hunt, but the business man has no place there. Stay

here and work. Then when you can take a vacation, come to Kelso, we've got the best shooting in all Scotland there—and I know what I am talking about."

Mr. Clay had almost become enthusiastic on something other than business for the moment, and his eyes were dreamy as he felt the longing for the heather and the glories of the chase. But it was only momentary, and he looked as if he felt guilty when he realized whither his thoughts had wandered.

"But I am busy—I haven't got time to think or talk about hunting," he said briskly, as he swung around in his chair and tackled a pile of papers before him on his desk. Then he touched a "buzzer," which brought a clerk hurrying to his side. He spoke of a deal to be closed and then dug with greater determination into the matters before him.

John Clay is master of the hunt in Northumberland, but in Chicago he is a business man.

The Eyes and Light

IT is an undoubted fact that people in general pay much more attention to the care of the eyes than was formerly the case, and it is well that this is so. A great deal more is demanded of the human eye to-day than in former times, even if one goes back only a very little way. It is not only the increasing strain of education, for in many ways the strain here is lessened, owing to better methods, bigger windows, clearer print, and growing knowledge of the limitations of the eye; but it is impossible to move without being impressed with the continuous and everlasting invitations to the eye to overwork itself unnecessarily. Every boat and train and trolley is lined with printed matter, and the eyes have to be jerked away like an unwilling child from a window of toys. If one flees to the real country, one finds every barn and fence plastered with admonition and advice. So that in a sense all have become involuntary and obligatory readers, even the least literary. The only way out of it all is to travel with shut eyes.

The worst danger, however, is not in the daytime. It is, in all great cities at least, after dark that the greatest risk is incurred. When the healing, peaceful night descends, then comes the assault of light, and many are beginning to realize that it is from dusk to bedtime that the eyes are put to their greatest strain.

It has always been recognized that excessive light can cause injury to the eyes. Snow-blindness is a conspicuous instance of this, as is also what is called eclipse blindness, meaning symptoms which follow an attempt to watch an eclipse of the sun. The same symptoms can be produced by watching any very bright light without protecting the eyes. The glare from the sand and waves being, about the same discomfort in susceptible eyes as that from snow, although mountain-climbers are said to suffer more severely because the light on high mountains is richer in the ultra-violet rays than the light in valleys.

These violet rays, which cause the trouble, may be offset by the wearing of amber-tinted glasses, which split up these rays before they reach the retina.

Now that lighting by electricity is becoming so general a fashion, it is advisable that people should learn how to protect their eyes from its glare; its light should always be arranged not to shine directly on the eyes, the bulb should always be made of ground glass, and several lamps of moderate power are better than one extremely powerful one.—*Youth's Companion*.

Lifters and Leaners

By

Courtenay Barber

The Turning of the Worm

A Long Complete Story

By Sarah Grand

THERE are just two kinds of people in the world—the people who lift and the people who lean. Some wise man described the leaner in these words:

"He ne'er made blunders in his speech;
He shunned the dangers of debate,
Nor sought some glistening prize to reach
Mid the uncertainties of chance.

He ne'er aroused the cynic's sauer,
Nor moved the battener's voice to song,
But placidly without a tear,
Observed the world that moved along.

He ne'er knew poverty intense,
That severs the heart to a-gather strife,
Nor felt the ease of opulence,
But through an uneventful life
He journeyed on. A course exact
He marshaled with limitations small,
He ne'er made enemies. In fact,
He ne'er did anything at all.

I am trying to impress upon your minds how dangerous this leaning habit is. How it makes progress impossible up the Hill-of-Success that man was made to climb.

Did you ever see a man attempt to climb a hill leaning backwards? If he insisted upon leaning, he would turn around and lie down. The only attitude for climbing a hill is a lifting posture. It is the attitude which expresses self-control, concentration, confidence—a desire to do something.

You can pick lifters out of the throng you pass on the street by looking into their faces. The lifter is going somewhere for something.

The leaner wonders what he will do next and then keeps on wondering. He is bound for nowhere.

This leaning habit sometimes appears among successful men, who have been lifters. They think they have established a reputation upon which they can lean, which relieves them from doing any more lifting. This is a dangerous thing to do. No man's reputation is big enough for him to lean on.

Down in Lower Canada, during a political campaign, there were two candidates seeking an office. One was a self-made man. He was proud of it, and submitted that to his constituents as his chief recommendation for their support. The substance of his speech was, "I'm a self-made man! You know me. I'm a self-made man!"

The other candidate had not yet established a reputation big enough to lean on. He could not attend the meeting in person, so he sent a substitute, a little French Canadian, who did not speak very good English. He got up after the first candidate had spoken and addressed the meeting. This is what he said: "I'm sorry my friend could not be here. I like you to see him. This man say he a self-made man. I believe dat. But my man, God made him, and, my friends, zere is just as much difference between ze men as zere is between ze makers."

There is just as much difference between a lifter and a leaner as there is between the man who knows that God made him, and with him a purpose to lift him up, and the man who doesn't know where he came from or whether he is going.

UNCLE OSCAR WILBRAHAM stood in the summer sunshine on the edge of the cliff, looking out to sea; and I, his faithful satellite, sat on a seat near by, gazing at Uncle Oscar.

Every girl has at heart a visionary hero, an ideal of whom she dreams. I was luckier than most girls in that I had always had a real live hero with whom I walked and talked. My hero was Uncle Oscar. I do not pretend that he was a hero by right of great deeds done; or that I knew him for a hero in my girlhood. It was only by very slow degrees that I realized that he was heroic at all. But he was. He was great in self-sacrifice; in the cheerful endurance of a life which was not a man's life, although Uncle Oscar was very much of a man.

We mourn the lot of women whose sad fate it is to be sacrificed by selfish men; women who have never had a chance to follow any single one important bent of their nature; women who, for their individuality, are made to suffer martyrdom in the cruel light of those who care only to have them moulded to their own uses, valuing their tender affection chiefly because it makes them plastic. And we think such a fate is peculiar to women; but occasionally a man is made to suffer so; occasionally a man is so caught by women, and constrained. This was the case with Uncle Oscar. He was my guardian, and I had been brought up in his house as one of the family, the family being Grandmothers and Aunt Lucretia, for Uncle Oscar had

not married. I was an orphan, rich in property, but poor in relations. My mother died at my birth, my father when I was two years old. Uncle Oscar became my guardian then. My parents had been his dearest friends, and he had accepted the trust from my father on his deathbed, promising that, in so far as it lay in his power to be father and mother to me himself, he would be father and mother—and he had been.

The first thing I remember in this world is sunshine and Uncle Oscar's finger to which I was clinging. It was he who helped me to toddle about the gardens; and waited patiently on my small pace, ready to catch me if I slipped, when it pleased me to climb upstairs on my hands and knees. It was he who came to the nursery two or three times a day just to see how I was getting on, or to fetch me when there were visitors, and carry me downstairs, all ribbons and lace, to be admired. And when I was in bed once, all hot and horrid, and didn't want to get up, it was Uncle Oscar, looking very grave, who brought another man to see me, and took him away again, and then came back himself, and sat beside me till I fell asleep, and when I awoke in the night, and was afraid and screamed, because the room looked strange in the lamplight, he was there beside me, and took my little hand and stroked it, and made me feel all nice at once. I always loved his touch.

He taught me to ride, too, and trusted me on a thoroughbred—

of Grandmamma, who said the animal was too valuable to be risked in that way—to which he replied that so long as I ran no risk, and was happy, the animal must take its chance.

Yielding in many respects, Uncle Oscar was always firm where I was concerned. Whatever he considered it right for me to have or to do, I had and I did. There had been a battle about it at first, I believe, and Uncle Oscar must have routed the enemy once for all, for, within my recollection, none of the family had ever ventured to interfere when my interests were in question. When Uncle Oscar chose to fight the family, he was sure to win; but the trouble was to rouse him to fight. The atmosphere of Seascap was enervating for a man. By the time I grew up, and began to understand, Uncle Oscar had become apathetic, and was inclined for the most part to let things go.

Seascap, the beautiful old family mansion by the sea, the only home I can remember, was his house nominally, his prison virtually, for he was tied to it by Grandmamma, his mother, and Aunt Lucretia, his eldest sister, tied by the bonds of natural affection, as people said admiringly; tied and bound for their own selfish purposes, as I now know, by women in whom self-interest was the predominant passion. To live with Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia was daily to suffer a yoke that was not easy, to bear a burden that was not light—the yoke of their wishes, the burden of their petty exactions. There is no time within my recollection when they did not make me feel the yoke and the burden, and had it not been for Uncle Oscar, I never could have endured the galling harness in which it was their will to drive me whither they pleased—which was seldom, if ever, in the direction in which it would have pleased me to go. But from the first, in small things as well as in great, Uncle Oscar made life as easy and pleasant for me as it could be made. He was certainly everything to me that the most devoted father could have been.

Never did I find him wanting in any respect; never did he fail me.

Healthy, happy people are not keenly sensitive to the sufferings of others. You may endure a martyrdom of acute mental misery under their eyes, and, so long as you do not complain, they will never perceive that you are suffering. This was my case with regard to Uncle Oscar. It was not until I was quite grown up that I realized all was not well with him. I remember the very moment when I first began to suspect that his life was not all that he would have made of it had he lived for his own happiness. Up to that moment it had not occurred to me that he also was under the yoke. He seemed to have everything that heart of man could desire, and it was not for a thoughtless young girl to perceive that although nominally he possessed so much, in reality he had very little that he could feel to be quite his own to make free with; all that he possessed being so clogged and encumbered by those exacting women.

I can tell the story now consecutively, but I have had to work back from the end to the beginning to piece it together. It began for me with a flash of insight, one of those flashes that are lit up by a casual remark.

But let me tell you how it was with Uncle Oscar up to the moment when he made that remark. He has told me himself since—everything—what days; so I know.

We had been wandering about the grounds together that morning, as we often did, after he had attended to his correspondence, been to the stables, and gone his usual round of inspection about the place. It was early summer, but somewhat too hot for walking, and I was glad to sit down when we came to that seat on the cliff which commanded the loveliest view of the bay. It was here that we used often station ourselves on fine mornings—I lazily content to do nothing; he usually smoking a cigarette. He lit one that day, but was holding it between his finger and thumb, as if he had forgotten it.

From an opaline sky the sun beamed down on the sea, and the sea flashed back a smile of delight to the sun. Uncle Oscar, standing on the edge of the cliff, was looking down at the long reach of buff sand up which the little waves came tumbling and bursting, with merry murmurs, as though they were glad to get back to the land. He might have been there to welcome the rising tide, so intent was his gaze at the progress it was making, so absorbed he seemed; or he might have been watching and waiting for something to come—some expected gift—floating in on the bosom of the sea. So a fanciful person might have supposed, who saw him standing there, standing at ease, with observant eyes, and an expectant face, full of thought. But there again, as usual, appearances would have deceived the fanciful. For Uncle Oscar consciously saw neither sky nor sea nor shore. He was waiting, it is true, but he was merely waiting, as was his wont at that hour on fine days, until it was time to go in to lunch; and he was thinking, but of nothing more romantic than the projected doings of the day in so far as they concerned the claims of his family upon his time. And his family made great claims upon his time, because he was the only man in it. A wife and children would hardly have been so exacting as the mother and sister within his gates, and the rest of his female relations in his immediate neighborhood, who insisted on their right to claim him upon every occasion when a man's company was essential, whether as an escort, a protection, a help, or for the general purpose of varying the monotony of the feminine point of view. Uncle Oscar was a bachelor of fifty, with seven thousand a year, unencumbered by land; a charming old house, and beautiful pleasure grounds, beautifully tended; a fine position in the county; and the respect and affection of all who knew him. For he was an attractive man, attractive both to men and women, but especially to women, for his unflinching courtesy and kind-

ness. He was a small, well-made man, always well-dressed; indeed, he only escaped the reproach of dapper by a certain grace of virility in his character which made every outward expression of himself, whether in dress or manner, right with the righteousness of manliness. As a baby his nurse had dubbed him "The Little Gentleman," and "The Little Gentleman" he remained to the end of his days—having inches enough to make the appellation inoffensive.

It was upon this quality of gentleness that the ladies of his family habitually imposed, exacting from him every sort of service, as though he were theirs by right of purchase to be disposed of as should best suit their convenience at any time. Besides his mother and sister Lucretia, he had a widowed sister living near, and sundry nieces and cousins who, as they grew up, were taught to depend upon Uncle Oscar's good-nature and Uncle Oscar's purse in every emergency. And it was also understood that Uncle Oscar's fortune was for the family, inalienably; but whether it was to be shared amongst them, or left in a mass to some one lucky favorite, remained uncertain—which was a good thing for him in one way, the one thing that made his position pleasant, since it kept all of them alive to the necessity of making themselves agreeable to him to the best of their ability. But in another way it had not been good for him. It never is good for a man to find himself always the centre of everything, continually pined with delicate attentions, in an atmosphere dangerously charged with demonstrations of affection, an atmosphere of feminine jokeries, far too sweet to be wholesome.

The little waves, tumbling over each other, gambolled up across the last narrow stretch of hard sand, and broke at the foot of the cliff with a shout of laughter. Uncle Oscar threw them the end of his cigarette, twirled the tips of his grey moustache, and, with a last comprehensive glance seaward, turned to go home.

"Come," he said, and I jumped up at once and hurried to his side.

On every hand the prospect, bathed in brilliant sunshine, was pleasing, and so also should have been the prospect of luncheon, yet there was a shade on Uncle Oscar's face as we slowly strolled back to the house—not a shade of ill-humor, but of depression. There was no sunshine in Uncle Oscar himself that day, no exhilaration. The weather in his heart was fine, perhaps, but grey, very grey.

"Homeward," which always makes the spirit lame," slipped from me involuntarily.

Uncle Oscar acknowledged the apathy of the quotation by flicking the head from a thistle with his stick.

We both knew pretty well what the day had in store for us. There was nothing in the prospect to which we objected, but, at the same time, there was nothing in prospect to which we looked forward with any pleasure; nothing that promised any change from the usual round of life's happenings; the dead level of dull monotony only made endurable by habit, or a sense of duty. It was habit in Uncle Oscar's case, the habit of acquiescence; but that is not a habit that is bound to persist. To most people there come times of staleness to all accustomed things; times when our impulse is to break away, to fly, to do something desperate; times which are a preparation for change—if not actual harbingers of some change near at hand. I know now that it was so with Uncle Oscar just then. He could not have told anyone, because he did not himself realize what was the matter with him. He had come to a loose end suddenly. It was as if he had gone to bed one night a contented man, and had risen next day dissatisfied with himself and everything else, and what he wanted now to enable him to take up the dropped threads of life again satisfactorily, was a radical change.

This was the moment when he made the remark to which I have referred.

There had been intoxication for me in the exquisite air, the lovely peaceful scene, the sense of silence, which was in no way disturbed by the incessant murmur of the sea; and I had given expression to it. At twenty-one our spirits clamour for expression, our moods blatantly claim a response.

"Oh," I burst out at last, "what a heavenly day! Uncle Oscar, don't you love your life?"

"Live just to be alive," was what I meant; but I seized upon the first phrase that occurred to me, and he gave me no time to correct myself.

"Love my life?" he repeated. "Isn't it rather a lap-dog sort of life for a man?"

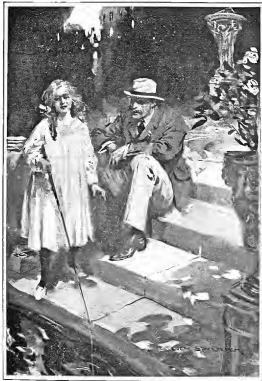
I was taken aback. He was wont to talk a good deal to me, and of many things, but never before had he said anything so intimate with regard to himself personally, and I was at a loss for something to say in reply.

We walked on for a little in silence, then at last I ventured to ask: "Why do you call it a lap-dog life? What should you say was a better life for a man in your position? Are you not doing your duty in the state in which it has pleased God to call you?"

"Candidly, no," he answered. "A man of means, with ample leisure, should be public spirited—"

"But what could you do?" I benked in. "You might be on the Beach—Why are you not on the Beach, Uncle Oscar?"

"Oh, well—my mother, you see," he replied. "She objects. She says it would bring disreputable people about the place at all hours, tramps, and policemen, and that sort of thing. And she thinks I should be sure to be drawn into municipal work, and help to spoil the place by doing things which would make it attractive, and bring crowds of visitors to it in the summer. She fears, too, that I should have fads about the housing of the poor, the treatment of paupers and criminals, the water supply, and especially the drainage; and that it would



Drawn by HERBERT AUSTIN
UNCLE OSCAR MADE LIFE AS EASY AND PLEASANT FOR ME AS IT COULD BE MADE

all end in my being made mayor, and having no time to attend to her at all."

He spoke playfully, but there was a shade of apology in his tone, as if he were excusing his mother.

"But surely that would have been the very thing for you?" I said.

"That would have been the very thing for me," he answered, the lightness of his tone discounted by a smothered sigh.

II

The sound of the gong rolled out as we crossed the lawn, and we hurried straight into the dining-room by one of the French windows opening on to the terrace, which ran the whole length of the house. We were just two minutes late, and Grandmamma had begun luncheon. She was a severely punctual person, and never waited a moment, even for the master of the house, nor did Aunt Lucretia. Regular habits meant more to them than Christian principles. But neither of them ever expressed disapproval or found fault; a hurt expression, or a resigned smile, were their favorite weapons. It was the resigned smile they used on this occasion, and Uncle Oscar and I, oppressed with the sense of guilt, would have slunk apologetically to our places had it not been that there was a third person present, whom we were obliged to greet.

This third person was Cecily Carey. She was connected with the family by her late husband's will, he having made Uncle Oscar sole trustee for the property left her. But the two families had been near neighbors for generations, and Uncle Oscar had known Cecily all her life. At fifteen he had despised her as a baby in long clothes; at twenty he had patronized her as a little girl; at thirty-five he had seen her unhappily married to the most notorious scamp in the county; at forty he had had the pleasure of attending the scamp's funeral; and for the last ten years he had managed all her affairs for her, and generally be-

frinded her like an elder brother. Under the circumstances their intimacy was so natural and inevitable, that everybody countenanced it as a matter of course, and Cecily came and went like one of the family. Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia shed sweetness, mingled with pity, upon her lachrymation. The sweetness bore witness to their oft-expressed opinion that she was genuinely nice; the pity they poured upon certain defects, not of character so much as of manner, as they generously allowed—defects which they would probably never have discovered had it not been that her maiden name of Brand, with other obvious reasons, had drawn upon her in her childhood the inevitable sobriquet of "Monkey," and "Monkey" to her intimates she had remained. Not that she was monkey at all in appearance, for her milk-white face was of flower-like sweetness, and in the steady sapphire eyes that shone under her clouded dark hair, a depth of character was foreshadowed, much at variance with her reputation for monkey tricks; a depth which to sympathetic insight, would have portended that the thing to expect of her would be the unexpected. It was always a wonder to me how she set at naught the terrible cloying sweetness from which Uncle Oscar and I suffered so helplessly; and said what she thought and did as she intended whatever the opposition. But she did; and her coming acted as a tonic upon both of us. Uncle Oscar's countenance brightened when he saw her now.

"Monkey again, I suppose?" he said in mock despair, but with some earnestness in the mockery. She had to draw on her resources through him, and he would have her careful of her money, as he was with his own, and she was not careful. "What a plague you are!"

"It isn't my fault if I am made a whip to scourge you with," she protested.

"Why should I be scourged at all?" he asked, plaintively.

"For leading an idle, useless, pur-

poseless existence," she hit back, not dreaming that she was hitting hard. She was looking straight at him too, yet did not see that he winced. I should not have seen it either, I suppose, had it not been for the glimpse I had just had of that raw place in his feelings.

He helped himself carefully from a dish a servant handed to him at the moment, and went on with his luncheon as if he had not heard. She looked at him a little more keenly when he made no attempt to retort, for they usually kept up a lively banter between them from the moment they met. This banter was a source of sorrow to Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia. They thought levity in a woman who had her troubles was unbecoming, and they wondered that Uncle Oscar could countenance levity—poor Uncle Oscar, to whom a chance to unbend came so rarely!

Grandmamma had resumed her expression of resignation when the little rally began. She looked very sweet and benevolent, sitting at the end of the table, in silver grey satin and fine, white lace. She wore her beautiful white hair arranged in those rolls the French call *anglaises*, on each side of her forehead, and had a trick of patting them gently, to gain time to find a reply, or to give a touch of finality to some decree which she had just pronounced. Aunt Lucretia was something like her mother in appearance, but it was the likeness of a bad imitation. Where Grandmamma was graceful in figure, Aunt Lucretia was gaunt. Her hair was of a lifeless, sandy color, which produced no effect of beauty, in spite of its abundance; and, however costly her clothes, there was always something wrong about them, so that she never looked well-dressed. Grandmamma, on the contrary, never looked anything else.

As Uncle Oscar let that little impertinence of Monkey's pass in silence, Grandmamma took off her resigned expression and put on her look of peace; and Aunt Lucretia ceased to study the contents of her plate, as if,

by concentration thereupon, she could keep herself unspotted from the world. But the silence was becoming oppressive, so I broke it.

"What are we going to do this afternoon?" I asked, generally.

"What would you like to do?" Uncle Oscar replied, with a flash of animation.

"Drive us somewhere," I said. "It is such a lovely day! I should like to be out the whole afternoon. Monkey wouldn't it be nice if Uncle Oscar drove us on to the woods? Let us take a tea-basket, and have a good time."

"Yes, let us," she said. "Oscar, it would be delightful."

"So it would," he agreed. "What time—"

But Grandmamma caught Aunt Lucretia's eye, and patted her eyelashes.

"You cannot take them this afternoon, dear," she interrupted. "I am so sorry, but I want to call on the Merrytons, and you must please come too. If Cecily and Beatrice must drive, let Kemp take them."

"Are you going to the Merrytons?" Uncle Oscar asked Aunt Lucretia.

"I am," she said solemnly, as if she were taking an oath.

"Then won't my cards do, mother?" he suggested.

"I want you to come yourself," Grandmamma insisted, as if terrible things depended upon it.

Uncle Oscar said so more, but the brightness had gone from his face, and Monkey blurted out: "You're a model son, dear! What a loss you are to the married profession—if it be true that a good son makes a good husband."

Grandmamma looked pained at that, as though the doubt suggested were a reproach to Oscar, and Aunt Lucretia, after giving Monkey a rapid glance, set herself hard to reflect; but I had no clue at the moment to the sudden suspicion which had obviously occurred to her.

"Mamma is so nervous in the carriage, you know, dear, when you are

not there," she said to Uncle Oscar, with an affectionate smile.

This clinched the matter in the usual way. Uncle Oscar was condemned to spend the lovely afternoon dozing up on the back seat of the brougham, with one window a little way open; and we might go where we liked for all those gentle ladies cared, so long as we did not trouble them. Oh, that terrible cloying sweetness! If only they had done things disagreeably, it would have roused him, stung him into opposition, and been the making of him. But they always managed so cleverly to make him feel that anything but acquiescence would be boorish and brutal.

Monkey and I gave up the expedition as he could not come, and she immediately took her leave. She was walking, and Uncle Oscar went with her, bareheaded, down the drive.

"Shall you be at home this evening, at the usual time?" he asked her at the door, as he opened her parasol.

I did not hear her reply. But the question satisfied a little piece of curiosity I had sometimes felt. Uncle Oscar often went out immediately after dinner, and I used to wonder where he spent his evenings, but had not asked, of course, or tried to discover. Had he wished me to know, he would have told me. And he did tell me, too, eventually. He made me understand how, after a long day of Grandmamma's incessant little excursions, enforced by Aunt Lucretia's tender cajoleries, he had looked to an evening spent in Cecily's bering atmosphere as to a means of escape, a safety valve. Without the relief of it, he must have exploded long before he did. If things had been allowed to go on as they were, without interference, he would probably never have exploded at all.

III.

The power of quiet endurance is supposed to be an attribute of woman only, but, like every other attribute,

it is common to both sexes. The distinguishing difference lies, not in the possession, but in the way men and women exercise their common attributes. A long-suffering woman makes no pretence of cheerfulness, as a rule; a man when he makes up his mind to endure, does it pleasantly. This was the case with Uncle Oscar. Hereditarily had been unkind to him, by robbing him of the means of self-defence. Sweetness of manner in the other members of his family cloaked hardness of heart; in him it was a true index of character, which left him open to the assaults of those who did not scruple to impose upon his good-nature. Up to this time I had never seen him show impatience, and I used to think that he did not realize the extent to which he was imposed upon. His manner to his mother was perfect, whatever she exacted, and the other members of his family he treated with unvarying kindness.

Now, however, I began to perceive that something in his habitual courtesy, which, at times, had seemed to me a little exaggerated, was the outcome of suppressed irritation. It was my own suppressed irritation, I suppose, that gave me the clue to his. It seemed to me monstrous of Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia calmly to set aside our plans, as they had done at luncheon, and to carry him off, regardless of his own expressed wishes, to pay an unnecessary call—monstrous selfishness; and I had not recovered my temper when we sat down to dinner that evening.

Aunt Constance, with Cousin Mand, her daughter, and another distant elderly cousin, Grace, were dining with us. Their company meant much melancholy talk about missions, mothers' meetings, bazaars, and the invariable impotence of the poor. The conduct of one starving woman, in particular, was worrying them just then. She had been given a liberal supply of soup and bread when she first applied for help, but she had the assurance to return again the following week, as hungry as ever. And

they couldn't get over it. Good women they were, and charitable, but the kindness which encourages people to be happy in their own way to do something else, and to do it differently. They insisted that it was the duty of the poor to be satisfied with what their betters thought good enough for them; and tried to make them believe that the power to work long hours for the rich, only eating and sleeping in order to keep up their strength for work, was the highest privilege to which they had any right to aspire.

I was well accustomed to this kind of talk, but it got upon my nerves that evening, and drove me to break in at last with the double purpose of causing a diversion and making myself as disagreeable to them as they were making themselves to me.

My usual seat was next to Uncle Oscar, and we used to talk to each other happily whenever was there, but latterly this had not been allowed. When Aunt Lucretia saw two people happy together, she seemed to suspect that something was wrong, and never rested until she had had the pleasure of making them both miserable. For this reason I had been moved away from Uncle Oscar. But that sort of thing, in those days, only made me the more irritable.

"You must have been bored to death in that horrible close carriage this afternoon, Uncle Oscar," I exclaimed across the distance. "I did pity you! Especially as there was no necessity for you to go at all. Weren't you just longing to be out with us all the time in the fresh air?"

"I hope Uncle Oscar did not suffer more than your dear Grandmamma and myself," Aunt Lucretia put in, with gentle deprecation.

"Must have," I said. "You went because you wanted to go. He was dragged off against his will. You don't suppose he liked it—especially when the alternative was Monkey?"

This last shot hit home, I could see. Aunt Lucretia's set smile went out suddenly, and was only recuperated with an effort. Grandmamma patted

her white rolls, first on one side, and then on the other, with quite an agitated touch. Grim Cousin Grace smiled, and Aunt Constance compressed her lips as if she had something in her mouth that wanted to get out. I did not in the least know what I had hit, and I looked at Uncle Oscar to see if he were better informed, but there was not a hint in the expression of his face to help me.

"I suppose they were out, and you got no tea?" I went on, making another half-eye by accident.

"We had the happy sense of having done the right thing to sustain us," Grandmamma assured me, with her most serene smile.

"I expect Uncle Oscar would have found more stimulant in a cup of tea," I observed.

There was a momentary faint flicker of amusement on Uncle Oscar's face. Aunt Lucretia detected it, and blew it out at once.

"Be yourself, Beatrice, dearest," she said. "The original Monkey leaves much to be desired, but a bad imitation of her, poor dear, is undesirable."

"Indeed, yes, poor, dear child," said Grandmamma. "She is much to be pitied. But you have had every advantage, Beatrice, and you really do know better."

"Better than what?" I wanted to know.

"Never mind, dearest," said Grandmamma. "It is not a profitable subject."

She smiled at Uncle Oscar maternally, and rose from the table as she spoke. He hurried to the door, to open it for her and the other ladies. As they left the room, his face brightened for the first time that evening.

I was the last to go, and as I passed him he whispered, "Good-night, Bee. I shall make my escape."

"Thank goodness for you," I said. "Good-night!"

When I went into the drawing-room the three elder ladies had got their heads together, and Cousin Mand was looking all out of it, so I took charge

of her, to the best of my ability, for she was of an intellectual weight that bowed my spirits to the ground. The only way to entertain her was set her going on a subject in which she was deeply interested, and then to give her head. After that, one could let one's mind wander at will, so long as one looked her in the face and seemed to be listening. By a stroke of luck I hit upon the resurrection of the body, and got her safely off to Ancient Egypt, where she enjoyed herself thoroughly among the tombs with the mummies, until it was time to go home.

The confab at the other side of the room was being carried on in undertones, but every now and then a distinct phrase caught my wandering attention—if you can call it attention, which takes no interest in what is being said, and would rather not be caught. But Aunt Lucretia, who had been talking hard, as if in an effort to persuade the others to something, all at once wound herself up to a climax, on a high note, which reached me in spite of myself.

"Dearest Constance, I am afraid I am right," she exclaimed. "Mother dear, you remember what she said about him at luncheon? She said that he was a loss to the married profession. That was what opened my eyes."

"Not at all a nice thing to say," grim Cousin Grace observed.

"She is often not nice in her sayings," Aunt Lucretia sighed; "and one is forced to remember *qu'il faut tout dire arrive a tout faire*. We give her the run of the house, and every opportunity."

"You will have to be careful," Aunt Constance warned her. "All that is necessary is to keep them apart. With a little tact, you need never have her here when he is at home."

"Where is Oscar?" Grandmamma broke in plaintively. "Beatrice, dear-est, where is your Uncle Oscar?"

I turned out my pocket to show that he wasn't in it, and was reproved for treating a question of Grandmamma's with unbecoming levity. But I

wasn't going to give Uncle Oscar away—or Monkey either.

Aunt Lucretia left the room to look for him, and returned without him.

"I am afraid he has gone out, mother dearest," she said, mitigating the blow with a tender kiss.

"It really is a little inconsiderate," Grandmamma complained. "He must have known I should want him this evening."

"Never mind, dear," Aunt Constance said, soothingly; "we all know what men are."

"It's that horrid smoking," Cousin Grace declared. "I don't believe they would be half so selfish if it were not for that. Once they get together, smoking and talking, they forget everything. I can't think how they can waste precious time as they do."

"If only men could be taught to work as you do, Cousin Grace, they would have the same profitable topics of conversation, and they how different they would be!" I ventured. (Elders little bits of woolwork for bazaar represented the extent of her labors and interests.)

"They would, indeed!" sighed Cousin Grace, complacently.

I hurried back with Maud to Ancient Egypt for safety, and was resigned to sit there for the rest of the evening, but my heart was with Uncle Oscar. I was glad to think that he was happy with Cecily; but that kind of gladness does not cheer one, and my spirits went down, and down. Then, suddenly, just as they dropped to the lowest depths, I heard something, and up again they flashed to the zenith. It was Uncle Oscar's step in the hall. In a moment, to my inexpressible pleasure, he appeared at the drawing-room door.

"Beatrice, I want you," he called to me.

"His tone was peremptory, so I knew that he had come to the rescue with something nice in store for me by way of a diversion, for that was the only issue to assume, in order to get me away without opposition.

When Uncle Oscar was peremptory,



Drawn by STEVEN SPURRICK

"HE PLAYED ON, WANDERING FROM ONE THING TO ANOTHER."

the dear ladies always supposed that I had been up to some mischief, and was in for a lecture, a treat of which they would not have deprived me for money, much as they loved it.

Uncle Oscar withdrew when he had spoken, and I ran out to him in the hall.

"It's a pity to be shut up in that stuffy room this lovely evening," he said. "Put something on, and we'll go and see Cecily. Grandamma has enough of the family to entertain her without us. We shall not be missed."

The dear one had returned on purpose to rescue me.

IV.

Uncle Oscar had never taken me out with him alone before in the evening; but everything had been different that day, and I was not surprised. New departures were in the air—so to speak.

We made for a little side-door in the wall that fenced the grounds from the high road. It was a short cut across a grassy space, thick-set with fine old trees, beneath which we walked in the soft, deep shadows so noiselessly that we might have been imperceptible spirits. I slipped my hand through Uncle Oscar's arm, a trick of mine, when we were alone together, which he kindly allowed, but did not encourage. It was my wont to do all the caressing, and his to endure it, kindly but stolidly—so stolidly that it was hard to suppose that he was even aware of my customary demonstrations of affection. I loved to hang on his arm, and lean my head against his shoulder. I used to wear low-heeled walking shoes for the purpose, for, with high heels, I was taller than he was; and it hurt me, somehow, to be taller than Uncle Oscar.

In those days it was easy enough for me to understand what attracted Uncle Oscar to Cecily, for I felt the same attraction myself. Hers was an atmosphere in which my heart, not hopelessly dried and shrivelled, was

bound to expand. She was so genuinely sympathetic, so tolerant, so free of all taint of that poison of the mind which blossoms into carping criticism. I never remember to have heard her hard on anybody, and yet she did not shut her eyes. She was too intelligent for that, too keenly interested in life in all its phases; but she never sat in judgment. What she did was to take conduct of all kinds into consideration, and then she tried to account for the different varieties. Kindly accounting for was her speciality. She could account for Grandamma and Aunt Lucretia, and excuse them on occasions when I had been worked up into a frenzy of impatient rage. But those were occasions, as I afterwards came to observe, when nothing affecting her own dignity and pride had occurred.

It was during the first year of her widowhood that Uncle Oscar had formed the habit of spending his evenings with her. The settlement of her husband's affairs, which had been left in disorder, and the trusteeship of her money, had necessitated many consultations, which it had often suited them both best to hold in the evening. Monotonously frank that it varied the monotony for her to have him come then, and, when business was done, she would beguile him to stay and talk—if you can call that beguiling, which was too openly proclaimed to leave a doubt of her intentions.

"I'm bored to death, Oscar," she would say. "I'm sick of myself. Do stay and talk to me, and make me feel human. I do so hate to be alone in the evening."

And Uncle Oscar had stayed at first with the kindly desire to cheer her. So the habit had been formed. He had not thought of these evenings as of any particular pleasure to himself, or discovered that they were until her mourning was over, when she shut up her house and went abroad. Then he knew by the melancholy blank from which he suffered after her departure what a pleasant difference her

society, as a means of escape from his own family, had meant for him.

That was ten years ago, and their close intimacy, coming about, as it had done, insensibly, and as the result of circumstance, had roused neither question nor comment among their friends. Everybody had taken it for granted that it should be so, themselves included.

Uncle Oscar had looked depressed when we left home, but the balmy coolness of the summer night was refreshing, and by the time we reached the old red-brick Georgian house, fronting the street, in which Cecily lived, was whistling to himself softly, a sure sign in him of rising spirits.

Blackwell, the staid old servant who let us in, honored me with a stare of inquiry, but she smiled a cordial welcome to Uncle Oscar, and it was as if, when she relieved him of his cap and coat, she relieved him also of the last of his depression, and some of his years, for his step was buoyant as he mounted the broad, shallow stairs, and the smile with which he responded to Cecily's greeting was the smile of a happy man.

"I've brought Bee," he said.

Cecily was sitting beside a solid little ebony table, on which stood a shaded lamp. A book lay open on her lap. She put it down when we entered, and rose to receive us, smiling at us both impartially.

"Bee is welcome," she said. Then she glanced at the clock. "I was beginning to be afraid you could not come," she said to Uncle Oscar.

"Then you knew I should come if I could?" he answered, catching at the admission. "We had an interminable dinner to-night. I made my escape the moment I could, and was half-way here when I thought of Bee, and went back for her."

"And oh, but I was glad to be rescued!" I exclaimed. "You can imagine what it was with Aunt Constance, Cousin Maud and Cousin Grace, added to Grandamma and Aunt Lucretia! And the talk."

"Mothers' meetings, I suppose?" she interpreted. "Do sit down."

When we were seated, she observed that they were dear, good, kind, charitable women. We were always reminding each other that they were dear, good, kind, charitable women; it made them easier to bear.

"Yes, they're all that," he broke out to my surprise, it was so unlike what I knew of him to criticise his own people harshly; "and enough to make any man shun dear, good kind, charitable women like the plague. Why can't they leave their dear, good, kind charitableness at home, or keep it for those who care for no other subject; and show an interest in something outside their own petty concerns? The duties of life must be attended to, of course, but they are none the better done for being discussed ad nauseam. But that is the way with women. They make a man dyspeptic."

"Sir," she said, "I am a woman."

"I don't believe it!" he rejoined. "You're a freak — at least, I don't know another like you."

There was a faint, momentary quiver about her lips, as of a smile suppressed. She rose, and he made to rise also, but she stopped him. "At your peril," she said. "You know I like to do things myself."

Then she fetched a small table, and put it beside him. There were cigarettes and matches on it. "Smoke," she said.

He took a cigarette, and struck a match aggressively. The reflection of his grievances had ruffled him again; but I could see how grateful were her little, unobtrusive, feminine ministrations, coming, as they did, after a day of fetching and carrying incessantly for selfish, exacting women. After a few whiffs of the cigarette, the tension was relaxed, and he leaned back in his chair, his equanimity again restored.

"You do as much as they do, but you never talk mothers' meetings; why should they?" he asked at last, but in an easy, interested tone, not carping.

"I don't talk anything much, do I?" she asked.

"N—no," he replied, considering, "yet you are never dull. There is always an atmosphere of pleasant thoughts about you. I feel it the moment I enter the house."

"That is good to hear," she said, looking pleased. "But I have always thought it was you who filled my house with a happy atmosphere when you came."

He let this pass, and smoked for a little in silence, thoughtfully. Afterwards he told me that he was thinking of what she had just said about not talking much, and that it was true in her own house. When she came to us, she was apt to be very much Monkey; but at home, alone with him, she was grave and quiet, not to say subdued—a nicer, more dignified woman than she never showed herself to any of his family—why? He suspected that the answer was to be found in the faults of his family.

I wondered. Cecily, as two different women, gave me for the first time a feeling of uncertainty about her that made me uneasy. It was as if I had awakened to the discovery that I did not know my dearest friend at all. Uncle Oscar laughed at the suggestion: "You must not confound tricks of manner with permanent characteristics," he said. "Our manners, like our moods, are often determined for the moment by the company we are in. Sensitive people of one kind be tray involuntarily the feeling set up in them by the person they are with; and there is another sort of sensitive who detects and reflects the feelings of others."

"Which is Cecily?" I asked.

"Cecily is a mixture," he answered.

"That is what I feared," I said.

"But a good mixture," he maintained.

"Do you know all the ingredients?" I persisted.

"I think so," he said.

* * * * *

Cecily had rung the bell while he was thinking, and Blackwell had

brought in a tray of eatables and drinkables. Uncle Oscar looked at the clock in alarm.

"Is that a hint to go?" he asked.

"No," Cecily answered. "It is a hint to stay late, if you like. I want you to play to me. And I don't want to keep Blackwell up this evening. She has had a rather long, hard day."

Uncle Oscar's face had clouded, but it cleared again at this. He went to the tray and helped himself to something-and-soda-water; then, sitting on the arm of a chair, he finished his cigarette deliberately, as a man does who is contented and at his ease. There was a very much-at-home air about all that he did that night, which it was good to see. In his own family he was usually kept too much on the alert to have time for pleasurable relaxation.

When he had finished his cigarette he went to the piano.

Cecily leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

Uncle Oscar struck a chord here and there, considering; then ran his fingers lightly over the keys. "What shall I play?" he asked.

"Something—something uplifting," she said. "Take me right away—out of all this—"

It was not a thing that I should have thought that he had in him to do, although I knew that he played well; and the request gave me another uneasy feeling—I don't know why uneasy, but it was; the feeling that Cecily knew more of him than I did. I told myself that it was natural that she should, and right, and good for him; but all the same I did not like it. And when he began to play as I had never heard him play before, I was not uplifted, whatever Cecily was; on the contrary, I was deeply depressed.

He played on, wandering from one thing to another, apparently without requiring from her any "Thank you" or "How lovely!" or "What is that?" for his encouragement; she never once interrupted him; but her countenance, while he was playing, expressed all

and more than could have been said; and in her sight, when at last he closed the piano, there was the best praise and thanks.

"One more cigarette, if I may, before we go," he said, returning to his untouched something-and-soda-water.

"By all means," she replied. "Come, Bee, come and have something to eat." She rose as she spoke, and held out her hand to pull me up out of my chair. "What is the programme for to-morrow?" she asked, when we had joined him at the tray.

"The usual thing in the morning, I suppose," he said, with a shrug. "I shall have to act as escort to that horrible bazaar in the afternoon. Shall you be there?"

She nodded.

"I don't know about the evening. What are you going to do? Can't you come to dinner?"

"If I'm wanted?"

"What do you mean by that?" he said, sharply. "You are always wanted."

She laughed.

"Tell me what you mean by that?" he urged.

But she put the question by, with another little laugh.

Uncle Oscar had no clue to what was in her mind, but I had; for I had become aware of a difference in her reception at Seascape lately, a something indefinable, but enough, if she noticed it, to make her feel that it was no longer possible to run in and out, as she had always been accustomed to do, just when she liked, without any special invitation from the ladies of the family.

Uncle Oscar did not press her again to explain, and she let him go—with his thoughts in a tangle of puzzled conjecture.

V.

There was that big, boring Charity Bazaar next day, to which we were dragged, Uncle Oscar and I. He made no objection. He never did. If a thing had to be done, he did it

pleasantly. But I grumbled and, with my usual bad taste, as

Lucretia said.

"I don't see why we should have to go to a beastly bazaar," I protested.

"It is right that we should go, dearest child," Grandmamma admonished me.

"But why can't you and Aunt Lucretia go, and do what is right for the whole family?" I persisted. "You think it right, because you want to go—"

"That will do dear," Aunt Lucretia interrupted.

The carriage was pulling up at the Public Hall, and Uncle Oscar hastily alighted and gave his arm to his mother.

For half an hour he patiently piloted her from stall to stall, and at each she made liberal purchases for which he paid. She had quite a high reputation for the generous support she gave to all deserving charities, and this was the way she earned it. People said it was such a charming sight to see her with her beautiful white hair and fascinating smile, sacrificing herself on a hot afternoon by setting such an example for the benefit of the cause. But she was not sacrificing herself at all. She enjoyed every moment of such occasions, and sacrificed us that her goodness might be vouched for by the devotion of her family, the public display of which was needed to heighten the illusion.

Uncle Oscar not only had to complete Grandmamma's purchases by paying for them, but he had to do the portage. I helped him with that, and we were soon covered with all sorts of horrors, chiefly woolly, which Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia declared would be just the thing to send to some other bazaar.

Aunt Constance and a sheaf of cousins had joined us, so that we formed quite an imposing family procession. At last, however, Grandmamma proclaimed herself exhausted, and sat down. I pitched the things I was carrying on the floor beside her,

and snatched Uncle Oscar's load to throw on the heap, but was not re-proved, for the collection made a goodly pile in full view of the whole assembly, and could not but help to redound to the credit of Grandmamma's generosity.

I wanted to secure Uncle Oscar for myself and get away with him, but he was immediately despatched by Aunt Lucretia to get tea for their dear mother. "And Oscar, dear," she added, as an afterthought, "you had better get some for us all. It will help the good work."

While he was away, Cecily came up to speak to us for a minute, with a big doll in her arms, and a little child by the hand.

"I have charge of these two pretty things," she said, "and must take them to a place of safety out of the crowd. I shan't see you again, probably. But I'll come and dine with you this evening or to-morrow, if I may."

The proposition was received in dead silence. Cecily thought they had not heard: "I want to come and dine with you this evening, or to-morrow, if I may," she repeated.

Not a word. She looked in surprise from one to the other. Then a faint flush appeared on her sensitive white-rose face. Grandmamma patted her anxiously, and Aunt Lucretia stooped on the pretence of rearranging the heap of purchases. Aunt Constance was, apparently, in difficulties with her glove buttons. I would have said something, but, like Cecily herself, I was taken aback, and before I could recover myself she had gone. Immediately afterwards Uncle Oscar returned, carrying a table, and followed by sandy damsels with cups and saucers and cakes and tea. Then other people joined us, and general clatter-chatter became the next distraction. When at last we departed, and Uncle Oscar had put us in the carriage, he excused himself, and sent us home alone; and I did not see him again until we met in the drawing-room just before dinner, and then I had no opportunity of saying a word to him in private. Not

that I had a word to say, for I did not understand what was going on at all.

He came down just before the gong sounded, and glanced round the drawing-room.

"Where is Cecily?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," Grandmamma answered, looking vaguely about her, as if Cecily had been there and had suddenly concealed herself.

"I had no time to talk to her at the bazaar," he said. "But I understood that she was coming to-night."

"So did we," said Aunt Lucretia. "But we only saw her for a moment."

"She had time enough to say that she would come to dinner to-night, or to-morrow night, if she might," I put in maliciously.

"And what did you say?" Uncle Oscar asked Aunt Lucretia, with a shade of suspicion in his voice.

"We left it to her," Aunt Lucretia replied, sweet as ever. "It makes no difference to us, you know, dear. She always comes and goes as she likes."

Uncle Oscar gave his arm to his mother and took her in to dinner. There was a fifth cover laid, which Aunt Lucretia ordered to be removed when we had taken our seats.

"She won't come now, I'm sure," she said. "We must expect her to-morrow."

Uncle Oscar made no remark upon this, and all through the meal, although he talked as usual, I could see that his thoughts were elsewhere.

I hoped he would escape after dinner, but Grandmamma captured him for cribbage before we left the table, and kept him prisoner for the rest of the evening.

Uncle Oscar was in good spirits when we met next day, but I did not see much of him, for Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia had a ladies' luncheon party, from which he was saved by his sex, and so left free to make off for a reviving day on some distant golf links. He would have saved me, too, if I had been by way of taking advantage of his good-nature; but I knew that his day would have been spoiled by the jar attendant on



Drawn by STEVEN SPRUELLER

"BLACKWELL, THE OTHERS, 'OPES THE DOOR FOR THE YOUNG LADY, AND SHOWS HER GO!"

the inevitable struggle he would have had to go through in order to rescue me, and I refused. If I had not, Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia would not have let him go in peace, for they were bound to have at least one victim, especially after a bazaar.

The bad air, general discomfort, and crowding at bazaars, which exhaust most people, only stimulated these admirable women, and made them more actively exacting than usual; so that the release of one of us by the blessed accident of the luncheon party happening the next day, was an exhilarating relief, even to me, who had, for a holiday task, to help to entertain a party of ladies all suffering from a chronic sniff, brought on by the habit of disparaging everybody. But it did me good to think of Uncle Oscar out on the breezy links with nothing to trouble him, and something to look forward to. For I knew that he would be thinking, as I was, of Cecily, and this evening, which must surely bring her back to us.

Evening came, and Uncle Oscar returned. I heard him go to his room, whistling to himself softly. And dinner-time came—but no Cecily.

When dinner was announced, Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia would have gone in to the moment, as usual, but Uncle Oscar stopped them. "Stay a minute," he said to old Johns, our butler.

Johns stayed by the door.

Then Uncle Oscar turned to his mother, and there was enough in his face to set her patting her anxieties quickly, first on one side, and then on the other.

"Where is Cecily?" he said.

"Really, Oscar, dear—" Aunt Lucretia interposed.

"It was my mother to whom I spoke," he said, silencing her.

Then he waited, and Johns waited, and I waited, all looking at Grandmamma; and Grandmamma rose to the occasion, calm and smiling.

"You were asking about Cecily, dear?" she said. "Do you know if she is coming, Lucretia?"

"I do not," Aunt Lucretia said, speaking, as usual in times of trial, as if she were answering upon oath.

"What did Cecily say yesterday?" Uncle Oscar asked me.

"Cecily said: 'I'll come and dine with you this evening, or to-morrow, if I may.' " I answered; speaking also, involuntarily, as if I were upon oath, and devoutly thankful that I was not one of the culprits.

"Well?"

The meaning Uncle Oscar put into that word made me quail, although I had nothing to fear. I had no idea that he could speak like that. But those two sweet women met the attack with innocent, uncomprehending smiles.

"That was all, dear," Grandmamma said. "That was all, I think?" she said turning to Aunt Lucretia.

"Yes, that was all," Aunt Lucretia declared.

"Nothing else was said?" Uncle Oscar asked, looking from one to the other suspiciously.

"No, nothing," Grandmamma answered instantly, not seeing, in her haste, all that the answer implied; but Uncle Oscar saw.

"I understand," he said. "Cecily asked if she might come to dinner, and neither of you said a word."

But Grandmamma was one of the dear, good, sweet, womanly women of a bygone day, who made a fine living by managing men. Those that are left of her way of thinking nowadays are anti-suffragists. Uncle Oscar, with his simple directness, was no match for one so well versed in the art of cajolery; give her time, and she would wriggle out of anything.

"No, dear," she replied, still smiling, but sighing at the same time wearily; "we neither of us said anything. There was no need. Silence gives consent, you know. A nod and a smile is enough for a child of the house like Cecily. You would not have us begin to treat her formally

now, surely? It would quite alter our relations." Her voice was flagging.

"You are exhausted, mother, dear," Aunt Lucretia exclaimed. "Oscar, how can you keep her here waiting for dinner until she faints! Cecily asked herself to dinner, and she has not come, nor has she been polite enough to send an excuse. This is the second evening I told Johns to expect her. She is really too casual. She has forgotten all about us, probably, and gone off somewhere else. We might drop the subject now, I think, and go in to dinner."

Uncle Oscar gave his arm to his mother. He had not looked either at her or Aunt Lucretia while they were speaking, but at me, keenly. It was not possible for him to cast a doubt upon the veracity of his mother and sister by asking for my version of the story, nor for very shame could I speak and show them both disingenuous; but he must have seen enough in my face to be sure that he was being cajoled, for, although he let the subject drop, he was evidently not satisfied.

During dinner Grandmamma said she would like him to play cribbage with her when he had had his cigarette.

"I am sorry I cannot," he answered, shortly. "Lucretia must play with you to-night. I am going out."

"But I play so badly," Aunt Lucretia remonstrated plaintively. "You will improve if you practise," he said.

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia exchanged disconcerted glances.

"But I would rather play with you, dear," Grandmamma persisted.

"I am sorry, mother," he answered, with decision. "I am going out directly after dinner."

The shock of this announcement silenced them, and I also was surprised, but I was glad too, very glad. The worm had turned. Uncle Oscar was for going his own way at last.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, there was no question of cribbage.

Grandmamma patted an intermittent accompaniment to her thoughts on the arms of her chair. Aunt Lucretia knitted fiercely. She was in the habit of putting the energy into her work which, in other people, would have resulted in a display of anger or agitation very damaging to a reputation for sweetness and self-control. Their few remarks to each other bore reference to something that had been already well discussed. They spoke out before me, not caring, as I thought, whether I overheard them or not. Afterwards, however, it appeared that they had forgotten me. It was easy enough to do so in that big room, for I was sitting apart, beyond their circle of light, in the seat I preferred when I wanted to be quiet and read in the evening. Not that I was reading. I had tried, but I could not concentrate my attention. The scene before dinner had been unprecedented in my experience, and I still felt that there was agitation in the atmosphere. For the first time since I had lived with them, there seemed to be a difference of opinion between Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia, and presently something like an altercation began, a thing startling enough in itself to attract my shocked attention, even if I had had no special interest in the subject.

"It is quite possible," Grandmamma was saying, "that you and Constance are mistaken. You neither of you pretend to be infallible, I suppose. And certainly the result of your diplomacy was far from happy this evening."

"I am not mistaken," Aunt Lucretia answered emphatically. "Surely there was proof enough of that in what happened this evening? Would he have been so put out if it had been anybody else? She is not nice, and I have always said so. And I have always said that she was designing, but you would not listen to me."

"I have always heard you tell everybody that she is delightful, charming—I don't know what," Grandmamma querulously objected.

"To other people, yes," snapped Aunt Lucretia, unabashed. "So she is, in a way. But that only makes her all the more dangerous. She has set herself to fascinate him, and she will do it if we let her have the opportunity."

"But if this had been going to happen, it would have happened long ago," Grandmamma argued.

"Not necessarily," Aunt Lucretia maintained. "And, at any rate, it did not happen long ago. It is only lately that there has been any change in their attitude towards each other. And the thing must be stopped"—her knitting-needles flew—"or, just think what the loss will be to the family!"

"But his happiness," Grandmamma feebly protested.

"Bother his happiness," Aunt Lucretia burst out, forgetting herself completely for once. "I mean—" She pulled herself up short. "He is happy enough. And, certainly, she would not make him any happier. It would be altogether a most unsuitable thing—"

At this moment I thought I heard Uncle Oscar come in, and jumped up to go and meet him.

Aunt Lucretia and Grandmamma started guiltily. "Is that you, Bee?" Aunt Lucretia exclaimed. "What are you doing there?"

"Attending to the conversation," I replied.

"It was not intended for your ears," she said. "We did not know that you were there."

"I am sorry I did not know that you did not know. I came in after you, as usual," I explained.

"You are not speaking to your aunt in at all a proper tone," said Grandmamma. "You heard what we were talking about? Well, I must request you not to repeat the conversation."

"There is a great deal at stake," Aunt Lucretia supplemented, "and the loss may be as much yours as anybody's."

"If you mean money by that, Aunt Lucretia," I answered, "I have

enough of my own, thank you. And, if I hadn't, I should not intrigue against the happiness of anybody in the hope of securing some of theirs."

"Intrigue! What do you mean?" Aunt Lucretia demanded.

But I would not answer. I just gave her a look and stalked out of the room.

In the hall I met Uncle Oscar.

"Have you seen Cecily?" I whispered.

"No," he answered. "Blackwell said that she was not at home."

"She refused to see you!" I exclaimed.

He shrugged his shoulders and went into the library. I followed him and shut the door.

"What does all this mean, Bee?" he demanded in a disheartened voice. "Why doesn't Cecily come as usual? Why did she refuse to see me to-night?"

"If you had seen the family at the bazaar, you'd know!" I exclaimed. "The way they looked at her! And the dead silence in which they received her suggestion that she should come to dinner! I don't believe she'll ever come into your house again. I wouldn't!"

"But why on earth should they insult Cecily? Why should she be driven out of my house?"

"They've got it into their heads that you're in love with each other," I blurted out.

Uncle Oscar looked stunned. Such a notion had evidently never suggested itself to him for a moment.

"That—we are—in love—with each other," he repeated. "Cecily—in love—with me!"

He looked in my face for a moment in his bewilderment, and then he began to walk up and down the room; and as he did so his countenance gradually changed. The trouble passed from his face, and was succeeded

by an expression that was new to me, an expression that wiped out years of his age, and changed him for the better, to an extent that I could not have believed possible had I not seen the change occur.

"But why should they object?" he said, stopping at last in his walk, and looking at me with a queer, embarrassed smile.

"Oh, your money, of course," I answered flatteringly. "They don't want to lose your money. And Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia would hate to turn out for Cecily. They've a fine position at Seascap so long as you're a bachelor you know."

"My happiness doesn't count then, I suppose," he said bitterly.

"Aunt Lucretia says you're happy enough."

"Bother Aunt Lucretia," he said; "there's one little person in the house, at all events, upon whom I can count to be disinterested. You don't know what you've done for me, Bee, you don't know what it means to me—"

His voice broke, and I ran out of the room for fear of seeing more of his emotion.

VI.

Uncle Oscar was up and out as usual early next morning, exercising his thoroughbreds. We all breakfasted at different times, which meant breakfasting alone, a privilege which Uncle Oscar and I valued dearly. He was always up and had breakfast, and gone out to exercise his horses, before anybody else was down. Grandmamma breakfasted in bed, I in my own sitting-room, and Aunt Lucretia downstairs in the breakfast-room: "Not for my own pleasure, dearest, but that discipline may be maintained in the household," as she explained to me.

That was to make me feel ignoble, because I had just been clamoring for a sitting-room and the right to as much privacy in my life as I required.

Those two dear women did give us a time about that sitting-room, but that was nothing new, for they were always in opposition to everything, and they never played fair. They knew it would make Uncle Oscar feel mean if they drove him to put down his foot as master of the house for my benefit, yet they did drive him to it, and I not only got a sitting-room, but the one I wanted, with the right to furnish it as I chose. Why they should have objected I cannot imagine. There was room enough in the place for us all to camp apart, with a separate retinue. It was change of any kind, I suppose, that they dreaded. They made me feel quite uncomfortable when I had to have my hair done up, and my dresses lengthened, they so evidently disapproved of my growing up at all.

We all met at luncheon for the first time that day. Uncle Oscar looked so well that Grandmamma commented upon it, and thought that his ride must have done him good.

"And, oh, by the way, Oscar, dear," said Aunt Lucretia, with the air of one who is frothing up things in general, to take the fitness out of them, "I have seen Cecily. It was as I thought. But she is coming to dinner to-night."

"What was as you thought, Aunt Lucretia?" I asked demurely.

But Aunt Lucretia had a fine flare for an imperipience, especially when to reply would have been to give herself away. She had mastered the useful art of ignoring anything inconvenient that might be said, and she put it in practice now. I longed to look at Uncle Oscar, but forbore, lest she should suspect that there was an understanding between us on the subject.

"I shall miss Cecily this evening," he said, in his usual quiet way. "I am sorry. I am dining out."

"Oh, what a pity," Aunt Lucretia exclaimed—as if she had forgotten.

So that was to be their tactics. Cecily was to be encouraged to come

in the house as much as possible when Uncle Oscar was out, and skillfully kept away at other times. And the plan was well worked—so well, that Uncle Oscar himself became uneasy. Things were so arranged that he and I seldom had an opportunity of speaking to Cecily for a moment alone at Seaside, and our visits to her house were made formal by the presence of an invalid friend, a new importation, who seemed likely to become a fixture.

"Why don't you come as usual?" I heard him question her in an undertone at dinner on one of the now rare occasions when she was with us, and he was at home.

"Don't I?" she said. "I am constantly here."

He was not satisfied, I could see, but conversation flagged round the table at the moment, and he could say no more.

On another occasion, when he was putting on her cloak in the hall, he said: "I suppose you will avoid me tomorrow, by not coming to our picnic?"

"I never avoid you, Oscar," she answered.

"It is odd, then, that I should see so little of you," he said drily.

"I can't bear to hurt people," she pleaded, rather piteously—"people who have been kind to me. I only want to keep the peace. Don't you understand?"

There was no time for more, for Aunt Lucretia swooped down upon them at that moment, and saw Cecily safely shut up alone and off in the carriage herself.

But Cecily had said enough to ease Uncle Oscar's mind. He believed that he understood at last, fully; and after that he was content to wait for a propitious moment. He could not bear to hurt people either, and his hope was that the family attitude would change of itself, in good time, if he waited.

Things went on like this for some few weeks, but it was a happy time

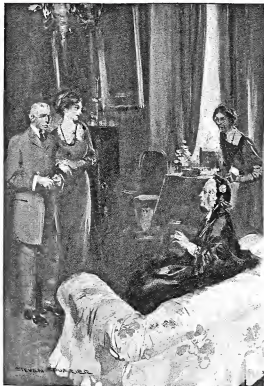
for Uncle Oscar. It was delightful to see him, he looked so young, his step was so buoyant, and he became so keen to do things. The dull, apathetic indifference with which he had been wont to acquiesce in the arrangements made for him by his mother and sister was superseded by a lively disposition to resist their incessant exactions. He managed to evade them by making engagements for himself, and at unexpected times he caused consternation by interfering peremptorily in the ordering of his own house. Grandmother and Aunt Lucretia were alarmed by these strange departures at first, but before long they gathered hope from the change, and encouraged him to take up new interests. If his mind were occupied with things in general, they reasoned, it would probably lead to the exclusion of the one thing in particular which they dreaded.

Cecily's inconvenient invalid left her at last, and Uncle Oscar hoped to be asked to resume his evening visits, but she excused herself—in such a way, however, as to encourage his hopes. She wrote to him on the subject.

"I have not changed," she said, "but your mother and sister have. You must see that yourself. They would not approve now of your coming to see me at irregular hours, and I cannot allow anything of which they do not approve; so make it easy for me, Oscar, dear, as you have always made everything easy for me for so many years, by agreeing that it is better that you should not come. I shall miss you dreadfully in the evenings, more than I could bear if you did not cordially agree that there is nothing else for it, that it is best for us all that it should be so."

Uncle Oscar showed me the note with his new young smile of content and happiness. "You see what she says, Bee, that she will miss me dreadfully," he repeated several times. "But it won't be for long."

He went off whistling to himself softly. He was always either singing



Drawn by STEVEN SPENCER

"I JUMPED UP, AND CLAMORED MY HANDS ROUND HIS ARM."

or whistling now, when he was morning about the house. He made me think of the birds when their songs come back in the spring. Pursuant that he had dropped, he took up again at this time—his piano, for one thing. Latterly, we could scarcely persuade him to touch it, but now he needed no persuasion. He played incessantly, and with such expression as I had only once (that night at Cecily's) heard him put into his music. Yet those ostrich women neither heard nor saw anything of the difference in him. The symptoms of what was threatening were sufficiently marked, one would have thought, but they remained blind to them, for the most part, and, for the rest, mistook them. Their self-complacency at this time was sickening. They gave the "dear Lord" the discredit of having favored their heartless manœuvres, and blessed him on their knees. They talked about healthy natural affection always prevailing in the long run against unwholesome fancies, provided wise friends interfered in time to prevent such fancies going too far; and they congratulated themselves upon being wise friends. What is called natural affection seldom suffices to fill the heart and round life with a satisfying sense of fulness and completion, and no one could say that Uncle Oscar's life had been so rounded by his relations; but that they ignored. What was his happiness to them, compared to the run of his beautiful place in the present, and the hope of a share of his fortune eventually?

An obvious change in Cecily's attitude towards the family also helped to confirm their delusion. She was so often "not at home" when they went to see her, so often "engaged" when they sent her invitations, that it became evident that she was avoiding them and their house.

Gradually, therefore, they concluded that she had given up what they coarsely called "the attempt," and their suspicions subsided. Thus they left themselves quite unprepared

for the blow when it did come, and the effect was crushing—crushing to all of us, for we were all hard hit, and equally unexpectedly, although in different ways. It was a bolt from the blue, with a vengeance. One day, Uncle Oscar lunched with us in the highest spirits; the next he was gone—without warning, without explanation. A curt note to his mother merely to inform her that he would be away for some time, being all the news we had of him for a fortnight. He was the most open of men, and had never left home before, even for a day, without saying where he was going, and why; so that the effect of this new departure upon us all was startling. Aunt Lucretia boldly declared that "that woman had succeeded in her wicked designs, and had carried him off." She had the carriage out at once, and went to see for herself; and she found Cecily quietly presiding at a committee meeting in her own dining-room, and was promptly routed for putting in an appearance, as she was not even a member of the society which was holding its session. "The Society for the Suppression of Silent Smiles of Slow Disparagement," a sub-society which had been formed to carry to completion the work begun by "The Society for the Prevention of Evil Speaking."

Uncle Oscar put an end to our suspense at last by walking in to dinner one evening, after we were seated, and taking his own seat, with an apology for being late, as if he had never been away. But it was a different Uncle Oscar—an Uncle Oscar whom even Grandmamma knew better than to question. The Uncle Oscar to whom we were accustomed had been genial, good-natured, easy-going to a fault; this was a hard, cold man, against whose stern decision it was plain that it would be useless to appeal.

I cannot remember how we got through that terrible meal; except that very little was said, and Grandmamma's fluttering little hand patted her white apron, first on one side,

and then on the other, incessantly. Aunt Lucretia sat pale and rigid, but made a gallant attempt to eat and talk as usual.

Before we left the table Uncle Oscar signalled the final extinction of their tyrannical sway over me, and the establishment of his own new dispensation.

"Go and get your things on, Beatrice," he said. "I want you to come out for a walk with me."

At any previous time such a proposal would have thrown Aunt Lucretia and Grandmamma into immediate opposition; but that night although they exchanged glances expressive of disapproval, they did not dare to say a word.

Once we were out of doors, and alone together, there was no need to tell me that Uncle Oscar was in trouble. I slipped my hand through his arm, and he pressed it to his side; but he did not speak, and I could not. After the strain of the tension at dinner, I was near to tears.

It was a moonlight night, soft and balmy as the one on which we had gone together to finish the evening with Cecily; and he started off at once in the same direction. What was his object, I wondered? But I did not care so long as he let me be with him to share it. A sensation of unreality began to lay hold of me as we crossed under the shadowy trees to the little gate in the wall, like shadows ourselves, our steps inaudible on the springy turf.

Uncle Oscar unlocked the gate, and we pressed our hand to the high road. He drew my hand through his arm again, and we walked on together into the town, the silence still unbroken. So we passed through the quiet streets, until we came to Cecily's house, opposite to which we stopped. We were on the other side of the road.

"Look!" he said.

I looked up at the drawing-room windows, which were lighted. On the blind of the centre window of the

three there was a shadow, a clear black silhouette—of a woman with heaving shoulders and face covered with both hands, a woman sobbing in an agony of grief.

"Oh, come away," I cried, clasping Uncle Oscar's arm.

"It has been like that every night since," he groaned—"since she refused me. I have seen her so . . . I rode in . . . I've been staying at the Links Hotel . . . She refused me because of some cursed intrigue that has been going on lately at Seascap to prevent our meeting. She's too proud to enter any family under the circumstances. And that's what she's been paying for her pride."

"Oh, but isn't there something to be done?" I cried. "Let us go to her. Surely she loves you?"

"Surely she loves me," he said. "But she won't marry me. They've treated her like a vulgar adventuress, and she resents it, naturally. Their whole attitude towards her lately has been an insult. She won't marry me, and she refuses to see me again."

"That's nonsense," I exclaimed.

And then I broke away from him, and ran across the road, and rang the door-bell, and pushed past Blackwell when she opened the door, and rushed upstairs.

The drawing-room was empty.

"Cecily! Cecily!" I called to her from the landing outside the drawing-room.

But Blackwell interfered. She had followed me upstairs, and spoke with the directness of anger.

"You've no call to come forcing your way in like this," she said; "and me ordered to keep you all out—and quite right too. We don't want any of you. We've money enough and to spare."

"Oh, Blackwell, you know I'm not like that!" I said. "And poor Uncle Oscar, he's broken-hearted."

"He didn't ought to have let himself be domineered over, then," she answered tartly. "A man what's not master of his own house isn't the man for us. And you can tell 'im so—"

She stopped short, and looked beyond me. I turned, and found that Cecily had come downstairs from her room. Her face was haggard and white, but she was quite collected.

"Blackwell, you forget yourself," she said severely. "And you forget yourself, too, Beatrice. You are intruding. Your family has insulted me grossly, and I will not see any of you again."

"It is Uncle Oscar you are punishing, then," I said; "and you are either a mad woman, or a wicked one, to do it. He has always been an angel of goodness to you. But you are all alike, you women, every one of you that he has ever wanted his kindness upon. You've sacrificed him, all of you, for your own petty purposes, your own contemptible pride."

"I hope he may be more fortunate in your affection," she said nastily.

"I hope he may. And, Cecily," I blurted out, "when you indulge your feelings in future, don't do it between the lamp and the window blind."

I had intended to warn her decently, to save her from making a public exhibition of herself, but this was the way it came out in my exasperation.

She colored crimson. "Blackwell," she ordered, "open the door for this young lady, and show her out."

And I went without another word, convinced that a stone wall was as likely to be softened by stroking, as her wrong-headed determination to be altered by anything that anybody could say.

VII

Uncle Oscar did not ask me how I had fared. He had walked on, and I had to run to overtake him.

"You are out of breath," he said. "I am sorry. I didn't know that I was walking so fast."

He spoke like himself again, to my great relief. In the short time since I had left him he had pulled himself together. He meant to bury his trouble in his own breast, so that I might not be grieved by the sight of it.

"I must just speak to your Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia," he said, "and then this must all be forgotten. Nothing will ever be the same again for any of us, but it is best that they should know at once what the change is to be. They will adapt themselves the more easily."

Many a man would have turned the mischief-makers out of his house, but Uncle Oscar could not do a thing like that. He was above all pettiness. He would not even leave his mother any longer in doubt as to what had happened, lest the suspense should try her. When we got in we went straight to the drawing-room. I had to be present at the interview. He insisted.

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia looked up at us apprehensively as we entered the room. I sat down. Uncle Oscar remained standing. He began at once. Preliminaries were never much in his line if there were things to be said. All his dealings were characterized by simple directness.

"Mother," he said, "I wish you to know that I asked Cecily to marry me. She has refused me, not because she does not care for me, but because she is too proud to enter a family which is hostile to the match."

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia tried in vain to conceal their relief under an affectation of concern, but their meek Christian spirits were not powerful enough to suppress the symptoms. There was no smile on their lips, but triumph shone in their eyes.

"Dear Oscar," Grandmamma said sympathetically, "I am sincerely

grieved at your disappointment. But I cannot pretend to be sorry for anything else. Women know each other's true characters better than any man can know them, and, believe me, Cecily has no heart. It grieves me to say it, and you know I always treated her like a daughter of the house until her obvious design to marry you gave me no choice but to discomfiture her."

"How do you reconcile this accusation of a design to marry me with the fact that she has refused me?" Uncle Oscar asked.

"I cannot pretend to fathom her motive for that, but, at any rate, my dear son, such a union would have meant nothing but misery for you. Cecily is mercenary. She cares for nothing but money. I have heard you tell her so yourself, again and again."

"Then she shall have money," Uncle Oscar declared.

"Wait, wait," Grandmamma interrupted, lifting her delicate old hand to pat her white hair nervously. "Time and change—"

Uncle Oscar caught up the word: "Change, that is what I came to tell you about—the change I intend to make in my life. I shall travel for a time—go round the world for a change—"

"Yes, do," Grandmamma said cordially; "go at once. It would do you more good than anything to travel for a time. A change of scene, and new ideas, will make a different man of you."

"I shall go at once," he said, "but I shall not return to live at Seaside. You and Lucretia can stay here if you like. You have ample means to keep up the place. I shall spend no more money upon it. I have lived the life of a gentleman-lad, here, dancing attendance upon women. For the future I shall live elsewhere, and differently. And before I go I shall alter my will. I mean to leave all that I have to Cecily unconditionally."

"That's no use," I exclaimed.

"Cecily would not take what you left her. She doesn't want your money."

Uncle Oscar looked blank upon this. Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia smiled discreetly.

"And what about me, Uncle Oscar?" I went on passionately. "You're making all your arrangements without any reference to my happiness at all. What is to become of me here alone, when you are gone? It is cowardly of you to desert me."

"My dear Beatrice," Grandmamma exclaimed with dignity, "are we nothing to you?"

"Nothing to speak of," I said sincerely. "Nobody is but Uncle Oscar." I jumped up, and clasped my hands round his arm. "You can't go away and leave me here alone," I pleaded. "Take me with you. Let us make a home together."

"My dear Beatrice," Grandmamma put in again with her little air of finality, "you cannot go away alone with Uncle Oscar. You are a grown-up young woman now, and he is not related to you."

I dropped his arm, and recoiled. I had lived in the house since I was two years old. I knew that we were not blood relations, of course, but the fact had lapsed from my consciousness.

My first feeling was consternation. I looked at him. The color had mounted to his forehead, as if he, too, had been taken by surprise, and he was looking at me earnestly, looking at me. I could see, from quite a new point of view.

Suddenly I saw a way out of the difficulty. I was shaken with laughter. "Oscar!" I burst out.

Grandmamma and Aunt Lucretia jumped in their chairs.

"I shall never call him 'Uncle' again," I cried defiantly. "I don't want him—for an uncle. Oscar—"

Again I was seized with happy idiotic laughter.

He was smiling, too, in sympathy. He was more than smiling. My

thought had reached him. New love, new life!

"Why not?" I hurried at them all. "You must take me," I said to him. "I cannot live without you."

And then I ran out of the room.

I took refuge in my own sitting-room, and sat on the edge of the sofa, listening. At first I feared he would follow me; then, as the moments passed, I feared he would not. How awful, if—I covered my eyes and ears with my hands to keep off the dreadful thought. How could I? How could I? I writhed in an agony of shame.

Then my hands were gently drawn from before my face. I had to look up.

"Oh, Oscar," I cried, "what must you think of me?"

"Pride and you have never been friends," he said. He was laughing at me. "When you wanted a thing, from a child, you always asked for it."

"And I always got it, too," I cried. He sat down beside me, laughed again, and shook his head at me. Then some thought suddenly saddened him.

"I am many years older than you are, Bee," he said.

"Twenty-nine, exactly. Is that your only objection?" I demanded.

I was in deadly earnest, but everything I said seemed to amuse him. He

hesitated a moment now, smiling, then he put his arm round me. I nestled up to him, and laid my head on his shoulder. I was so happy!

"I do love to be near you," I said. "But, Oscar—Cecily?"

He took my hand, and began to play with my fingers, looking at them one by one.

"Shall you feel false to your love?" I asked, with a pang.

"Do I love her?" he asked himself seriously. The shock of her pride and cruelty was beginning to tell. He sat for a while, playing with my fingers absently, and soberly thinking. At last he said: "There never was such a woman as the Cecily I thought her. The woman I saw was the woman you were always making her out to be. That woman was not Cecily. That woman was yourself, Beatrice."

"Then don't let us lose any more precious time," I besat out eagerly.

At that he laughed, and laughed again, and held me close.

It was late, and he rose to go, and I jumped up too, and kicked off my high-heeled shoes, that I might not be taller than he was, when he kissed me good-night.

"What do they say downstairs?" I asked, with my arms round his neck.

"What does it matter?" he answered. "They will never have any more say in our lives."



FARM POINT LIGHTHOUSE
AN IMPRESSIVE BEACON ON THE St. LAWRENCE RIVER

Lighting the Paths of Commerce

By

Charles A. Bowman

"WHAT thou doest, do quickly," has been advice which, in its melancholy sarcasm, has been followed for eighteen hundred years when any special evil has been afoot in the dark. And yet surely the words apply still more urgently when the doing that is premeditated is good! What thou doest, do quickly, for even while we speak those to whom we feel tenderly grow old and grey, and slip beyond the reach of

human comfort. Even while we dream of love, those whom we love are parted from us in an early hour when we think not, without so much as a rose to take with them out of the garden of roses that was planted and fostered for their alone. And even while we tardily forgive our friend, lo! the page is turned, and we see that there was no injury, as now there is no compensation for our lack of trust.—*Mary Cholmondeley.*

TO have an intimate knowledge of Canada's vast waterways one must voyage over the greatest stretch of navigable water held by any particular nation. Canada's coasts, with their magnificent harbors, her lakes and rivers and channels, go to form the basis of what may ultimate-

ly be the centre of the world's merchant shipping.

While yet only in its infancy, each year the volume of inland and ocean traffic increases. Immense canal and dock schemes are under way. Established shipping lines grow larger, and new navigation companies are steadily

The Folly of Delay



THE LIGHTHOUSE DEPOT AT BERESFORD

ily being floated. With coal and minerals in abundance, shipbuilding is forging ahead, in an effort to keep pace with Canada's ever-expanding wheat belt.

The Dominion's destiny clearly mapped out as the granary of the British Empire and wheat-grower to the world—with the grain-producer hard pressing the grain-distributor—the necessity of keeping our great highways of commerce well and truly lighted and defined, becomes apparent to all.

To ensure safe navigation so that the sailor may steer his vessel in perfect security out of the harbors and rivers, upon its voyage over "Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste," many interesting devices are in operation. Perhaps the best known of those aids to navigation is the lighthouse. The saying that "knowledge is power" is splendidly illustrated by the lighthouse, as it stands, often half buried in surge, covering hidden dangers into sources of safety, so that the sailor now steers for those very

rocks which he formerly dreaded and took so much care to avoid.

Canada is a land of such immense distances one does not always realize the magnitude of her national undertakings. But a glance over the official blue-book, issued by the Marine Department, will provide food for thought. The lighthouse service already has an army of about twelve hundred keepers—giving all their attention to nearly twenty-five hundred lights. To give a fanciful idea of the wonderful illuminating power they develop, Canada's lighthouses could form a complete chain of signals around the world. Were they so placed, equator-fashion, it would be possible for a citizen of Canada to travel around the globe and never be out of the range of some Canadian lighting or signalling station. And the sun would never set on the Dominion's aids to navigation!

Surely if the attempt is ever made to signal to Mars, Canada, with her grand aggregation of lights, varying from small fifty candle-power beacons

to great flashes of one hundred-and-eighty thousand (180,000) candle-power, should cause the Martians to blink.

Many Canadians, and visitors from all parts of the world, look forward each year to the delightful pleasure cruises which our coasts and lakes and rivers afford. Sailing along on a gentle ocean swell, with sun smiling down on the trim green lawn around a white tower, it is difficult to imagine the same lighthouse storm-swept and threatened by the violence of a raging ocean; yet many of them have to bravely front the elements and battle with wind and wave in their most awe-inspiring moods.

These towers have to be built strong enough to withstand powers of nature which are subject to no calculation. When the Atlantic lashes itself into a fury, great waves, even forty-three feet high and measuring five hundred-and-sixty feet from crest to crest, hurl themselves upon the exposed lighthouse at intervals of sixteen seconds, with a velocity of thirty-two miles per hour. The force exerted by some of these waves is almost incredible. A mass of stone, nearly three tons weight, has been thrown from the top of a cliff eighty-four feet above the sea. On one occasion when a heavy jet of water struck the lighthouse tower, a 60-gallon cask, full of rain-water (weighing about 67½ lbs.) was burst from its lashings on the balcony, at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the sea.

Huge blocks of thirteen tons have been quarried out of the rock by the waves at a level of seventy-four feet above the sea. But the

greatest force which has been known to be exerted by the waves was at a breakwater in Scotland. During a storm a monolithic mass of concrete weighing 1,350 tons was moved bodily from its position in the work, and on a later occasion a mass of no less than 2,600 tons was displaced and moved inwards in a similar manner. In both of these cases the foundations on which the mass rested were not in the least disturbed. Fortunately (or unfortunately, according to temperament) few of us ever have the opportunity of studying the lighthouse under such tempestuous conditions.

Travelers are better acquainted with the picturesque lighthouses dotted along the lake-shores and rivers. Some of the inland stations are situated amongst most beautiful surroundings; such as the numerous lights among Thousand Islands, where the St. Lawrence emerges from Lake



A GAS BEUY

LOUDED OFF MARSH HARBOR



MARTIN RIVER LIGHT
SHOWING THE OLD AND THE NEW



NAQUEREAU POINT LIGHT
3 FLARES EVERY 15 SECONDS



BEALE ISLE LIGHTHOUSE
40 FEET ABOVE HIGH WATER



BEATE POINT LIGHT
IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

Ontario. Or those among the wonderful Thirty-Thousand Islands in Georgian Bay. To be a lightkeeper amidst such peaceful scenery would surely appeal to the heart of a Wadsworth.

In many instances the lightkeeper combines with his government service a little farming or fishing, to provide for himself and family. Only in exceptional cases are the wages of a lighthouse keeper high; seldom exceeding fifty dollars per month. Where a station is situated near a farm or other dwelling, the light may only require small attention, and the farmer is usually willing to attend to it for five or ten dollars per month. The annual wage bill for all lightkeepers amounts to about \$400,000.

"Efficiency" is the watchword of the Lighthouse Service Administration. Each year, as the shipping trade of Canada increases, every cent well spent on lighthouse work means insurance in the highest form against loss. It prevents loss. At present Canada is spending \$1,500,000 per annum on lighthouse construction, piers, etc., while those already in existence cost about \$700,000 per year for maintenance.

At extreme limits of the Dominion two powerfully equipped lighthouses have recently been erected. One on Little Hope Island off the Nova Scotia Coast. The other, three-thousand miles to the west, at Solander, B.C.

Travelers on the St. Lawrence pass a very interesting old lighthouse before entering the rapids between Prescott and Montreal. It is known as the Windmill Point Light, and marks the scene of a fierce battle on November, 1838, when Von Schultz and his rebel army made their tragic last stand around the ancient windmill. Hard pressed by the Canadian defenders, the rebels took refuge in the windmill tower. The tower was stormed and the invaders clambered to the top closely pursued by the cruel bayonets of the Imperial troops. There, cornered like rats in a trap, some of the hunted wretches fell be-



CAPE PORCUPINE LIGHT
AT THE LAND- END OF NOVA SCOTIA, NEAR YARMOUTH

fore their conquerors, while others with desperate courage leaped from the parapet in a vain effort to reach the river. But such a terrible jump proved to be beyond human power and not one escaped the rocks below. They were picked up mangled or dead at the foot of the tower. At a later date when the Fenians invaded Canada, from Ogdensburg and Sackett's Harbor, an effort was made to capture the windmill, but the local troops repulsed them with great gallantry and the Fenian Raid came to an inglorious termination. The windmill is now equipped with a modern acetylene light which may be seen after passing Brockville, ten miles above it.

Acetylene as an illuminant has been developed in Canada to a high point of efficiency. It is especially used in a particularly effective automatic buoy—invented by a Canadian and manufactured in Canada. This buoy, a veritable floating lighthouse, is charged with carbide of calcium and floated in the lake, river, ocean or wherever it may be situated. Water makes contact with the carbide through a hole in the submerged part of the buoy. When the gas has generated to a certain pressure the water is driven back and generation of gas is suspended,

until sufficient has been consumed to reduce the pressure and allow the water to once again make contact with the carbide—and so on until the charge of carbide is exhausted. One



GASNET ROCK LIGHT
LOCATED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF FUNDY

charge will suffice to keep the busy working for five or six months without attention.

Travelers, or residents near Canadian shipping centres, may have noticed the floating buoy, as it flashes and extinguishes, every few seconds. The light is caused to flash by means of an ingenious device, termed an occulting apparatus, which cuts off and re-admits the supply of gas to the burner at the desired interval. A small "pilot burner," which is alight all the time, does the operation of re-lighting.

For the acetylene lights on land the gas is usually supplied in large tanks from a generating station. Several maritime nations are copying the Canadian system, and acetylene buoys are being shipped to all parts of the world.

A very powerful illuminant is obtained from petroleum (coal-oil) for the larger lighthouses. The oil is pumped to a vaporizer at a pressure of forty-five pounds per square inch, and then passed to an incandescent

burner. The burner, with its incandescent mantles, may be equal to about fourteen-hundred candle-power, which, in itself, is not sufficiently bright. There are two methods of magnifying the light and projecting it as a beam in the desired direction. So long ago as A.D. 1763, experiments were made with a reflector to collect the rays of light from the burner and project them in a parallel beam. This is the original method, and the principle is still in favor for small lights, up to about thirty-thousand candle-power. The reflector is made of sheet copper with a bright silver-coated surface, and is so shaped that no matter at what angle the rays of light from the burner strike its surface, they are all reflected in a perfectly parallel line.

At a later date a celebrated French mathematician, named Fresnel, devised a method whereby the light could be refracted through a lens, and this method, greatly improved, is now in universal use. The lens is not of solid



THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE RACE
WHICH SHOWS OUT A ONE MILLION CANDLE POWER BEAM
EXCEED FIVE MILES



C.O.B. "HINDOO"

READY TO LEAVE PROMPTLY WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE

form, such as we meet in telescopes, camera, etc., but is built up in prismatic sections, with the burner in the centre. Lighthouse lenses can scarcely be compared with camera lenses. Some of the great lights, such as Belle Isle, on the Newfoundland Coast, are fitted with a lens of nine feet diameter. Although a light of this magnitude is only "officially" visible at twenty-eight miles, on a clear night it is possible to see it flashing seventy miles away!

To obtain a revolving flash the lighthouse is fitted with very accurately balanced driving mechanism. The lens is mounted upon a large cast-iron table of circular form, which, in turn, rests upon a hollow cast-iron float. The whole is caused to revolve by powerful clockwork; thus obtaining a revolving flash. The revolving parts may weigh two tons, but by floating the lens, table, etc., in a circular bath of mercury, instead of running on rollers or ball-bearings, very little effort is required to turn this mass.

All this revolving machinery may be at the top of a tower four hundred

feet above sea level, and it must be very carefully guarded from the elements. It is entirely enclosed in a circular lantern of perhaps eighteen feet in diameter. The lantern walls are made of heavy cast-iron plates securely embedded in the top of the concrete tower. Upon the circular cast-iron wall specially manufactured sheets of lantern glazing, ten feet high, are mounted in rigid steel and bronze frames. The lantern is roofed with dome-shaped copper sheets. Every part, inside and out, is kept scrupulously clean.

One can well imagine that the lightkeeper's position in a giant lighthouse is no sinecure. In a violent hurricane the wind pressure on the lantern may reach a pressure of forty pounds per square foot,—while wave pressure has been registered to above three tons per square foot. To the contemplative mind such energy allowed to spend itself fruitlessly, in these days of mechanical ingenuity, is a matter for regret. Could some of the force developed by wind and water only be harnessed, it would be possible to install powerful electric dynamos

sufficient to give the most magnificent light ever devised. And not only could there be motors for revolving the light, but it would open up a new field for fog-signalling apparatus. At present the fog alarm is obtained by compressed air blown through a siren. It requires an expensive outfit of boiler and steam engine before the air can be compressed. Even so the noise is far from rivaling thunder.

There is an ample field for brilliant young Canadians to devise improved

aids to navigation. If the inventor could perfect a method of projecting waves of sound in parallel lines, similar to the projection of parallel light-rays, it is certain he would be received by the Lighthouse Administration with open arms. Or even if he could invent a perpetual motion device for revolving the light, he would surely make his fortune. In the meantime we may safely trust to the present lighthouse administration to keep Canada in the vanguard of the lighthouse world.



MAKING A DANGEROUS ROCK

THE LAKE ON ALBERTA RIVER, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

Dreaming and Doing

NOTHING is commoner than to hear men say: "If the conditions by which I am surrounded were different from what they are, I should be such and such a kind of man and do such and such things." Now, the meaning of these words usually is: "If it were easy to achieve noble character and to accomplish worthy ends, then I should certainly aim at both." But what would be the merit of such conduct? Who deserves any credit for that which costs him no sacrifice

and no labor? We never think of praising the idle boatman that simply drifts with the current, but all our admiration is stirred by him who, when it is necessary, rows against the stream, putting forth his full energy at every stroke till the muscles stand out like knotted whiplashes on his arms. Instead of dreaming about what great things we should do if we only had a better chance, let us begin to do them now.

In the Dog Days

By

Carl H. Grabo

THE Junior Partner removed his feet from the desk with a bang, and tossed a roll of specifications to the Senior Partner, remarking, "The lunch is on you! Beddoes has made an error."

"No!" exclaimed his companion incredulously. "Well, I think the better of him. Now we know he is human, fallible, and trustworthy. Better raise his pay."

"What he needs," said the Junior Partner, "is a vacation."

"We might try him out on that Oregon contract in September," suggested the Senior Partner. "That would give him a change."

"We'll bear it in mind," said the J. P.

"By the way, what was Beddoes's mistake?" asked the Senior Partner.

"Forgot to take into account the weight of the snow on the superstructure."

"Why, man, they don't have snow in southern Texas."

"Government report," said the Junior Partner, "states two instances of a precipitation of three-tenths of an inch. It melted almost as it fell, to be sure."

"Astounding aberration for Beddoes," murmured the Senior Partner. "Must be due to the heat."

Indeed, something was the matter with the "Errorless Wonder," as his envious fellows had dubbed him. What the matter was, he himself did not know, and, not being introspective, he was unlikely ever to find out.

When the good-looking draughtsman who smoked the bulldog pipe drifted over to his desk and remarked, "Too cussed hot to-day to work, ain't it, Beddy?" an explanation seemed to be suggested. Yet heat had never before seduced him from his errorless way.

Returning the specifications, the Junior Partner remarked casually, "Better calculate the weight of the snow, too, Beddoes. There is a record of a light fall." Beddoes was too much surprised at his own oversight to feel any mortification.

In the late afternoon Beddoes, seemingly cool and fresh, clung to a strap in a packed and perspiring trolley-car. Still unaffected, he ate moderately of the hot and heavy supper—ham, fried potatoes, coffee and pie—prepared by his landlady, Mrs. Shorts.

"It ain't a day as makes you hungry, is it?" said Mrs. Shorts, as Beddoes refused a second quarter of pie. "This noon I felt that luscious I couldn't eat nothin' but a piece of cold steak an' a cup of tea."

Later, as Beddoes sat on the front steps in shirt-sleeves, Mrs. Shorts appeared in the doorway for a breath of air. "This is the kind of a night a young girl wants her young man to take her to the park an' row her on the lagoon an' treat her to ice-cream. Don't you know any girls, Mr. Beddoes?"

"Come to think of it, I don't believe I do," Beddoes replied. "But the park may be cooler than this." He went into the house for his coat, put

Schmidt on "Structural Strains" into its place on the book-shelf, and turned down the student-lamp. Then, with an unwanted sense of freedom, he strolled towards the park and his favorite bench in a retired corner.

The only occupant was not unfamiliar. As usual, she sat well to the extreme of her end of the bench, and Beddoes seated himself at the other. His companion glanced at him almost with recognition in her eyes, and Beddoes quite automatically remarked, "It's very hot this evening, isn't it?" "Very," assented the girl. "But the park is so much better than a stuffy flat."

Conversation languished, as Beddoes tried vainly to take up the chain of fancy where he had dropped it on other evenings: If one were to construct a viaduct over the boulevard and the lagoon beyond, a distance of two thousand feet, and this were made eighty feet wide and calculated to accommodate a solid stream of automobiles moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour—but it was no use. He was in no mood for dreaming.

"Do you live near-by?" he inquired suddenly.

"Three or four blocks from the entrance," the girl answered, with a touch of surprise in her voice.

"I live about the same," said Beddoes, in a burst of frankness, and added, "I like to come to the park on hot evenings."

"Yes," said the girl, in a tone inviting further conversation. But Beddoes felt suddenly that he had been very bold, and he relapsed into silence.

The girl watched with secret amusement the preliminary symptoms of his next conversational move. It took him ten minutes to make it, but its daring astonished her.

"My landlady remarked this evening," ventured Beddoes, in a rather strained tone, "that on a hot evening like this young ladies liked young men to treat them to ice-cream. Is that true, do you suppose?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the girl.

"There's an ice-cream parlor right beside the park entrance," said Beddoes hopefully.

"I know there is," and she laughed, very pleasantly.

"Will you—come with me and—have a dish?" asked he very stiffly—as he felt.

She hesitated, became serious, and then, after a glance at him, said graciously, "Thank you, I shall be glad to."

In the glitter of the "Refreshment Palace"—so designated by an electric sign—Beddoes first saw his companion to advantage. She had dark eyes that pleased him, and dark hair about a square face, and a chin pointed and resolute. Beddoes didn't know whether she was pretty or not, for he had no standards of comparison.

She, on her part, seemed quickly to overcome some constraint of manner, and treated Beddoes straightforwardly.

"I have, of course, often noticed you on our bench in the park," she said, "and I wondered who you were. Isn't a city strange? You know people by sight sometimes for years and never speak. I don't like it. I can't get used to the unfriendliness of it. You see, I lived in the country until I was sixteen."

"I suppose it is unfriendly," responded Beddoes, "only I never thought of it before. I've never had many friends, and I think of my own work mostly, so I don't feel the need of them. I'm an engineer," he continued, in answer to what he took to be a questioning look—"bridge-building."

"And I am a stenographer," said the girl.

They lingered at their table in the corner, saying little, but with a pleasant sense of companionship.

"It is nearly ten o'clock," declared the girl, at last. "I must be going home."

She rose to go, and Beddoes, as of right, went with her. At the corner of her street, she stopped in dismissal.

"Thank you," she said, "I have enjoyed the evening very much."

"But you haven't told me your name," said Beddoes, acting on a resolution he had been slowly evolving.

"My name is Ruth Holmes," she told him, without hesitation.

"And mine is Harry Beddoes," he returned. "Good-night."

"Good-night."

On the next evening, somewhat earlier than usual, Beddoes was in his place on the park bench. He did not recognize her at first as she came near, for she was dressed in white, and he had always before seen her in dark gowns. The change struck even his blunted perceptions.

"I like you in that white dress," he remarked, but at this she became embarrassed, and conversation languished for the remainder of the evening. She would have no ice-cream that night. She felt too tired. However, she let him go with her to her corner, and she said good-night very pleasantly.

It became habitual, the evening meeting. Nothing was ever said by way of promise, yet each evening he looked for her, and each evening she came, talked, ate a chocolate "sundae" at the Greek "Refreshment Palace," and permitted him to take her to the corner of her street. She did not ask him to call, and the thought of it never entered his head.

The days were of unbroken heat, uniform, persistent. For three weeks the city gasped and prayed for a pitying rain or a reviving breeze. The nights were glorious, deep as blue velvet, with stars like sequins; and with the coming of a new queen moon the world after sunset became an enchanted place.

Beddoes bore the day's heat cheerfully, and looked so cool and fresh that his presence irritated the entire office. When he blossomed into a red necktie, a delegation waited on him and demanded an explanation. And Beddoes, move to an unusual lightness of spirit, told them that the tie was not

new, but was an old white one which was suffering from sunburn.

But such was the pertinacity and prying curiosity of the office force that Beddoes's romance (he did not think of it as that) could not long remain undetected. His first intimation that he was found out came when he discovered on his desk a poster such as those used for advertising in the street-cars. It was bordered with pink cupids, and its chief feature was the portrait of a bird unknown to ornithology. Beneath in large letters ran the legend—

GREENBAUM FEATHERS
THE BEST. FOUR-ROOM
FLAT FURNISHED COM-
PLETE FOR \$84.49.
LONG TIME EASY
PAYMENTS.

He felt the eyes of the office upon him as he carefully read the poster, held it at arm's length to get the full beauties of its impressionistic art, and placed it in a conspicuous position on his desk. He evinced no embarrassment, much to the disappointment of the observers.

The handsome draughtsman drifted over to his desk. "Good ice-cream joint near the park entrance, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very," answered Beddoes. "I don't remember seeing you there, though."

"You were much too busy to notice me," said the draughtsman. Then, confidentially and in a stage-whisper audible to the entire office; "She's a peach. Congratulations."

"You needn't be in a hurry," said Beddoes calmly.

Nevertheless, it was with a new expectation that he awaited her arrival that night. But she did not come. He remained in his accustomed place until ten o'clock, and then went home, feeling strangely desolate. In the office the next day the red-haired stenographer observed that Mr. Beddoes

had evidently been "thrown down," for he was "as glut as a boiled owl."

When she had not arrived at half past eight of the same evening, Beddoes resolutely walked to her street. He did not know the number, so he walked slowly, scanning the front of each apartment building. He saw her at last, seated on a doorstep in the shadow, and went up boldly.

"I'm glad you've come," she said.

"I missed you last night and to-night," he replied.

"The heat and my work have been too much for me. I've stayed home from the office two days."

She spoke listlessly, and Beddoes could see that her face showed signs of weariness.

"I'd have gone to the park had I felt able," she continued. "But I thought maybe you'd come."

"I waited in the park last night," he said simply. "To-night I knew something unusual must have happened."

They sat quietly for a time. Then she went on half to herself: "I wish sometimes I'd never left the country. If I could have got more education—enough to teach school—I'd have stayed. In summer I long to go back. But there is nothing to do, and I have few friends there, and none to whom I can go for help. But there are many worse off than I, I suppose. The poor girls that work in stores—they have a much harder time, and so little to live on. I can live decently, at least. But there is no future. I just go on and on, and there is nothing to look forward to. Is it like that with everybody, do you suppose? Does everybody feel that way?"

"I didn't use to feel so," said Beddoes, "but lately I've been getting restless, and I've been making up my mind to go West. I've half a mind to go to the Pacific Coast and start in to work for myself. There are many enterprises out there—water-power and irrigation projects—and I'm a good enough engineer to fit in, I

think. I've been well trained. I'm tired of staying here, working in an office."

"When are you going?" she asked at length.

"I haven't decided, but I've been thinking of it for several weeks. Why don't you go West, too?" he added. "You have nothing to keep you and perhaps you'd like the new country better than the city."

"It's different for a woman," she answered. "A woman isn't so independent. I think I'll go in now. Thank you for coming."

"You will come to the park to-morrow evening?" he asked.

She hesitated. "If I'm not too tired."

"Please do," he urged. "I want to talk with you about my plans."

"I'll see," she replied. "Maybe."

"I'll count on you," he said eagerly. "Please come early."

She was not as early as he wished, and he walked up and down impatiently until he saw her coming slowly towards him.

"It is going to rain at last, I think," she said, looking not at him, but at the clouds. "Have you decided when you'll go away?"

He got up and stood before her. His voice was a bit tremulous. "I've decided to go to-night if you'll go with me."

"Go with you!" she faltered incredulously.

"Yes," he said. "I bought two tickets, and I have the marriage license, and there's a minister lives near here. I have the addresses of three, in fact." He took the license from his pocket and dropped it in her lap. She twisted it with trembling fingers and looked up at him, her face scared and white.

"And I have the ring, too," he added, pulling a box from his pocket.

"Oh, I can't, I can't," she said—"not this way."

"I know this is abrupt," he went on. "And I have no reason to believe you care enough for me to do it. If you

don't, I can't bear to stay. I'll have to go alone. If you do, why should we wait?"

"I care for you a great deal," she said softly. "But don't you see?—we can't be—married this way, so suddenly. It isn't right. And my place, too. And I haven't any clothes, and my things aren't packed, and—Oh, we can't!"

"Look," he said. "To-night it's going to rain. The weather will change. Let's go now and keep the memory of these meetings here unchanged. We've been—I've been, at least—very happy meeting you here, and I'd like to go away before things are different."

"I've been happy, too," she said, and took his hand in both of hers. They were trembling, and her voice trembled, too. "Dear, don't you think we'd better wait? I'll marry you, truly I will. Give me a few days—give me until to-morrow."

"I have the tickets in my pocket," he said resolutely. "And I have here all the money I possess—six hundred dollars. I have sent my valise to the station. It is only eight o'clock, and the train doesn't leave until midnight. We can be married, and you can pack enough things to take with you. The rest you can have sent along afterwards. Come, dear, there is plenty of time. Won't you do it?"

She began to cry. "You are so—so persistent," she sobbed.

He knew he had won as he lifted her from the bench and kissed her. The park policeman politely looked the other way when they went by him. She was dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, but Beddoes had his arm around her.

The Junior Partner slowly read the last page of the letter before him, and

then as slowly began at the beginning and reread the entire communication. Conflicting emotions were written on his face. Finally he leaned back in his chair, and faced the Senior Partner. "Well, Walter," he said, "the mysterious disappearance of Beddoes, or the wonderful error of the Errorless Wonder, is explained."

"Wasn't sick or hurt, I hope?" said the Senior Partner.

"Beddoes," explained the J.P., "is married and has gone West to grow up with the country."

"Whom did he marry?"

"He doesn't say, but from rumors which have come to me, but which I have not until now repeated, I fancy that she was a dark-eyed stenographer whom he used to meet in the park."

"The Errorless Wonder!" said the Senior Partner. "The man devoid of sentiment! The mathematical machine! Who'd have thought it! What's he going to do for a living?"

"Says he's going to start in for himself on the Coast. He is decent enough to add that he'll be glad to continue on those estimates for the Pecon ironworks, if by so doing he can be of any service to us. Furthermore, he does not ask for the month's pay due him."

"I think," remarked the Senior Partner, "that Beddoes is a man of possibilities. He has shown himself to be distinctly human. If you'll toss me the telegraph pad, I'll wire him to go to Portland and look over the ground for us on the Stevens project. Agreed?"

"Sort of a wedding present," assented the J.P. "Give him best wishes from me and the office."



ORIGINAL COLORS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT

—Courtesy of John Ross Robertson

When Canada Raised An Imperial Regiment

The Story of the Old Hundredth

By Phil Ives

WHILE changed in name and no longer a distinctly Canadian regiment, the Old Hundredth or Royal Canadian Regiment still preserves many of the special observances, handed down from past years, which render it of particular interest to Canadians.

The 1st Battalion of the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadian) was formerly the 100th Foot, the 2nd Battalion, the 100th Foot. The 1st Battalion was originally raised in 1760 and disbanded in 1763. Raised again in 1780, in 1781 it was selected to form part of an ex-

pedition against the Cape of Good Hope, but the troubles in India increasing at that time, it went on to India, where it was engaged for four years in the field. In 1784-85 it returned to England, when it was disbanded. In 1805, it was raised again and served with distinction in the war with America in 1813-14, at the storming and capture of Fort Niagara on the 13th of December, 1813, the 100th Regiment was very conspicuous by its daring, and for the part played by it in this action, the regiment was granted permission to bear the word "Niagara" on its colors and appoint-

ments. Again on 5th July, 1814, Major-General Rialé advanced against the Americans 6,000 strong and attacked them with a force of British numbering only 1,500 of whom 400 belonged to the old hundredth regiment. Although their efforts were not crowned with the success they deserved, still they showed great courage under a heavy and destructive fire from the enemy in greatly superior numbers and position.

The regiment was disbanded in 1818, but was raised again by Canadians in 1858 who wished to give tangible proof of the devotion of Canada to their Queen and to the defence of the British Empire, when the whole world was shuddering at the atrocities of the Indian Mutiny and when British supremacy in the east seemed for a time to be trembling in the balance.

Canada previously, when the Crimean war was raging, had expressed her willingness to raise a body of troops to assist the mother country in her need. But their services in 1854-5 were not required, and the regiment was not actually raised until 1858, although a great many people still believe that they got as far as Gibraltar in 1855, when peace was declared with Russia.

The newly raised regiment was inspected on January 10th of that year, by His late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who conferred on it the highest honor in his power by attending at Shorncliffe Camp and presenting it with colors, this being his first public act, since he had been gazetted to a colonelcy.

It is worthy of notice that the first authoritative use of our national emblem—the maple leaf—by the Imperial Government was when it was embroidered on the regimental colors of the regiment and presented by the Prince of Wales. The maple did not come into use in Canada until September 8th, 1860, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Toronto. On this visit all native Canadians joining the procession, whether identified with the national societies or not, wore the

maple leaf as an emblem of the land of their birth. *The Globe* of this date has the following paragraph in the report of the procession where it states:

"Then walked the Canadians some with silver maple leaves, and others with those supplied by nature."

Amongst the first officers of the Old Hundredth Regiment were Colonel, Major-General Viscount Melville and Lieutenant-Colonel George de Rottenburg, C. B., serving in Canada at the time. Major Dunn, V.C., Brevet-Lieut-Col., was an old Upper Canada boy, son of the Honorable John Dunn, formerly the Receiver-General of the Province of Upper Canada. He received the V.C. in the Crimean war and an address and sword on his return home by the people of Toronto. Major Dunn previous to joining the 100th, had been in the 11th Hussars. He belonged to the Light Brigade, and was one of the famous Six hundred. On the retirement of Colonel de Rottenburg in 1861, he became commander of the regiment. Some years after he exchanged into the 33rd and in January, 1868 on the march to Magdala, in the Abyssinian expedition was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while deer shooting. He was buried at Senafe, much beloved and regretted by the rank and file. Capt. John Clarke, who was afterwards employed in Toronto, upon the recruiting staff, although not a Toronto man himself, was closely connected by marriage with one of the best-known Toronto families, having married Miss Widmer, daughter of the late Dr. Widmer, who served as surgeon in the Peninsular war with great distinction.

Captain C. J. Clarke was an Upper Canada College boy, son of Dr. Clarke who resided in Toronto. Previously to joining the 100th, he was captain of the Yorkville Cavalry.

Captains T. W. W. Smythe, George McCartney and Richard C. Price were all Canadians. Lieutenants Louis A. Cassault, L. C. A. L. de Bellefleur, Philip Derbyshire, Alfred E. Ryleart, (Upper Canada College), Chas. H. Carriere, Brown Wallis, (Upper Can-



PRESENTATION OF COLORES TO THE 100th REGIMENT BY THE LATE KING EDWARD WHEN PRINCE OF WALES

— Courtesy John Ross Robertson

ada College) and Hy. T. Dochesney were all Canadians. So also were Ensigns: Jno. Gibbs Ridout, (Upper Canada College), Hy. E. Davidson, Chas. A. Poulton, T. H. Baldwin (both Upper Canada College boys) and W. P. Clarke.

Lieut. Cassault served in the Crimea and afterwards became lieutenant-colonel of the Canadian militia, and was made C.M.G. for his services during the first Northwest Rebellion.

There was much excitement in Toronto during the formation of the Old Hundredth Regiment. The first detachments left Quebec for England early in the month of June, 1858, and two other detachments followed shortly afterwards. After being stationed at Shorncliffe Camp for a short time to receive the necessary training, they proceeded to Aldershot, and in June, 1859, the regiment sailed for Gibraltar, from there, in 1863, to Malta, returning to Canada in 1866. In 1863-64 there were no fewer than three officers of the regiment wearing the Victoria Cross, quite a record, we believe.

Whilst serving in Canada it took part in the celebration of the Confederation of Canada, now known as "Dominion Day," July 1st, 1867, and ever since the anniversary is regular-

ly observed by all ranks of the regiments wearing maple leaves in their headgear; the regimental colors, as well as the officers' mess table being also decorated. These leaves are specially selected and sent out from Canada to the regiment, wherever it may be serving. Special athletic sports and a ball are also held.

When practical, the colors are trooped. The regiment, which has for its badge the plume of the Prince of Wales, and in each of the four corners a maple leaf, is one of the few regiments in the British army having a Dominion-beyond-the-seas or colonial title. The battle honors borne on the colors are to-day: "Niagara," "Central India," "South Africa, 1900-02." Uniform, scarlet; facings, blue; regimental district headquarters and depot, Bix. The commanding officer, Colonel Alastair Macdonald, and the 1st Battalion is now stationed at Blackdown, Farnborough.

Its nicknames are numerous and curious, and are as follows: "The Crusaders," so called from the fact of its having been raised so that in case of it might assist in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny; "The Wild Indians," owing to the mistaken English idea that it was recruited from

the backwoodsmen of North America; "The Beavers," because in former years the "Beaver" of Canada was borne on the appointments of the 1st Battalion; "The Old Hundredth," on account of its rank and file being much older men than in other regiments at the time it was first raised, and from its being the "sooth Foot," was named "The Centipedes," which title is supposed to be the invention of some witty Spaniards when the regiment was stationed at Gibraltar. Needless to say, all these queer and distinctive names are carefully preserved to this day by the regiment with pride.

The original colors of the sooth (now the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment,—Royal Canadians, having, with other infantry corps, lost its numerical distinction) were a few years ago presented to the Dominion of Canada, and now hang over the clock in the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa, serving as a mute memorial of the only colonial regiment ever raised for general service in the British Empire.

During the Boer war, the 1st Battalion formed part of the 8th Division, under Sir Leslie Rundle, and was brigaded with the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and the 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.

Of Sir Leslie Rundle's operations Sir Conan Doyle speaks as follows: "So well, however, did he select his

position (Wittebergen), that every attempt of the enemy (10,000 under De Wet and Painsloo), and these were many, ended in failure. Badly supplied with food, he and his half-starved men held heavily to their task, and no soldiers in all that great host deserve better of their country." Although De Wet and a certain number of Boers eventually slipped out, the exertions of our troops were rewarded by the surrender of General Painsloo and 4,150 men. Nine soldiers of the regiment won the medal for distinguished conduct during the South African campaign.

Very few members of the Old Hundredth remain alive to-day. Sergt. Chas. Senmore, late of the Toronto police, died three years ago; Carroll Ryan and Thomas E. Champion, who both took up journalism, died this year; Henry J. Grassett, late of 10th Royals, Chief of Police, still remains. He held a commission in the regiment for nine years, being adjutant for some long time. Hugh Rowlands, V.C., at one time Lieutenant-Governor, who distinguished himself in the Crimea, was for a short time junior major in the year 1860. Robert Ed. Colborne Jarvis was a subaltern in the sooth in the early days of his military career, and was with Lord Roberts on his march to Candahar.

Henry A. Jones, one of the well-known Brookville family, was one of its junior officers, who died several years ago.

Faith and Doubt

"If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them; if you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it." Excellent rules for everyday practice. Too many reverse them and preach their doubts, while they bury

their faith in silence, sharing their sorrows with anyone whom they can induce to listen to them, and accepting their joys as a matter of course, or even bearing them with resignation.

The Sire Lives in His Son

By
Patrick Vaux

"WELL smash 'em."
"We'll smash 'em all right.
Our time's—"

A gout of brine had spouted over the weather screen of the bucketting bridge, and deluged the commanding officer's face. Spitting out a mouthful of salt water he moved closer to his subordinate.

"We'll smash 'em," he again croaked triumphantly. "The Flying Squadron is driving them down on our guns. We'll clear this side of the Atlantic of 'em. Rather!"

Without a light showing the destroyer was storming through the gusty night. Her officers and men on the brine-lashed deck, though alert on lookout, knew well what the wireless cabin below was saving them from. Not human eyes now, and human ears, but the electric spark crackling betwixt the antennae of the transmitter, sought for further news of the enemy's approach.

At last the long-threatened war had broken out.

In a whirlwind of blood and devastation Germany was essaying to crush the British Empire. While the enemy's High Sea's Fleet was seeking to wrest the command of the sea from the British Atlantic and Home Fleet, their Raiding Squadron had been sweeping British commerce off the West Atlantic till a Flying Squadron co-operating with the Canadian naval force, was at last bringing them to book for their wanton destruction.

At Halifax, Rear-Admiral Dickson with the Canadian Squadron was now hurriedly re-coaling. His cruisers and

a few intermediate craft he had flung out in a fan-shaped disposition, covering forty miles, from the northeast to east by south, against the enemy's sudden descent.

The northerly wind was blowing hard and raising a heavy sea, that hammered over the weather bow of the destroyer, and enveloped her fore parts in incessant spray and broken water.

From her three funnels, the belching smoke caught in the eddies of the squalling wind, swirled down, enveloping bridge and lookouts in its stifling, hot, filthy murk.

Coughing and cursing, the commanding officer leaped a few feet to starboard to evade a downward rush of fume, hot scoriae and small clinker alined at his face, and stared, night binoculars up at his eyes, into the wavering darkness filling the northwest. But just then the junior officer had jammed the whistle back into the mouth of the wireless cabin voice-tube.

"C. I. C. in communication, sir," he reported. "News apparently coming in to him."

As the lieutenant made his way aft to the chart table, to slip his head and shoulders under the weather screen and peruse the decoded message in the light of the shaded glow-lamp, the faint thunder of guns took his ear.

"Yes! We're at it, we're at it," he rasped to one of the men holding aside the chart-table flap.

"Topaz and Bellona report in touch with the enemy. Are falling back, much damaged. Units eastward to

cover them till ordered rejoin fast wing now moving out to reinforce."

These were the orders wirelessly by the Commander-in-chief's flagship, now energetically slipping moorings to proceed to sea with her squadron.

The next minute the Reindeer had swung to eastward to aid in succoring her hard-pressed unarmoured consorts. At top notch of her speed, she hurried forward, strained in every inch of her taut steel hull. A mountainous sea careened her almost to the coamings of her after hatches. The following instant she was hove up, stern in the air and all screws racing madly.

Intently her bridge listened to the rapidly nearing guns, their deep rolling reports greating on the ear.

"They are coming down ahead," the sub-lieutenant jerked out, his lips close to the commanding officer's ear.

"Yes! Coming down ahead, and smartly. Our vessel's way to their starboard, somewhere. Being overhauled, too."

The lieutenant brushed the water out of his eyes, and again levelled his binoculars ahead. The hail rang from forward lookouts.

"Two steamers ahead."

He strained his sight. Excitement thrilled him in every nerve and fibre. It came to him he had rather the strangers were the enemy. The fighting instinct of the Anglo-Saxon had mastered him. His blood thrilled to heroic traditions.

The night was thick with small rain and spindrift driving before the squally wind. The destroyer rode low and obscure.

Her it was to engage.

"Yes! . . . them . . ." the commanding officer jerked out inclusively, as he threw off his oilers. "Two cruisers in line ahead . . . Our two right-way off their starboard bow. There, they're answering," as specks of fire gleamed momentarily in the darkness far off the destroyer's port bow, and the thudding of 4-inch quick firers rang out faint, but emphatic.

"Something of a running fight for

us," he added, "if we can make it. . . By heaven, though, I don't like boxing myself up in the conning tower."

Rapidly the warships coming down ahead loomed into the obscure silhouettes of Kaiserin Augusta and the Prinz Heinrich. With their port batteries gouting fire and destruction, they seemed as if heading for the Canadian's port bow.

As the lieutenant entered the conning tower the leading enemy flashed out her fore bridge searchlights and revealed the destroyer, and instantly the thundering of her starboard battery rolled through the night. Shell and projectile screamed about the Reindeer. There came fiery streaks, ear-splitting reports, as the Prinz Heinrich also opened her cannonade. But the enemy's elevation being yet too high, the British destroyer escaped destruction, having only her pole mast and wireless gaff shattered, and the top of her after funnel blown away.

The lieutenant was peering out at the sight slit, between the top and upper edges of the conning tower, at the swiftly nearing cruisers. Unconsciously he bit his lower lip in the stress of his sensations.

A shot from the Kaiserin Augusta smashed the base of his forward funnel, and the smoke and flame of hard-pressed furnaces, licking the deck, trailed in ruddy clouds to leeward. Two men crouching by the torpedo tube amidships dropped, hushed and tattered by slivers of bursting shell, and others, assailed by the shattered funnel's suffocating fumes, slid overboard to the heaving of the hull beneath them. One unit of No. 2 after tube had been almost cut in two by a small shell. As a man jumped into his place, a shot wrecked the quickficer near by, and the wreck of it crushed him under.

The commanding officer shuddered. He gripped the smooth small wheel the tighter. Twisting and turning, the destroyer uselessly tried to escape the relentless searchlights, as she tore forward to the real encounter.

Below her ruptured deck her sweating stokers toiled before the furnace

fires—never questioning—never faltering. Louder than the hissing and the rumbling of their red-hot boilers sounded the rattle and thud of the guns. Again and again the destroyer lurched on, projectiles heaving her. Barges and circulating pumps and ejectors were already working full strength in a useless endeavor to keep the water under.

A splinter of steel had pierced the lieutenant's left shoulder, sticking like an arrow in the coining wound. But in his tense state he was unaware. He only knew of the leading enemy, her great stem almost abreast of him. He jammed his wheel hard over even as he rang his port engines full speed astern, and then he closed the circuit, firing his amidship torpedo tube.

A little puff of smoke burst out on the destroyer's port beam, and with a glint of silver the torpedo shot into the swirling waters.

There came a stunning crash—it seemed just on his forehead. He found himself to be severely cut on his hands and face, his uniform ripped into rags, with the fragments of red-hot metal, which had battered him on a projectile demolishing the cap of the conning tower. It was with a supreme effort of will he kept conscious.

As he brought the destroyer on her course again, he wiped his blood-filled eyes and stared furiously at the Kaiserin Augusta.

With a huge gap in her unarmoured side, where hit by the 18-inch torpedo, forward a little of her port shoulder and beneath her protection belt, the cruiser was rapidly taking a heavy list. Her head was falling to port, lower and lower, amongst the seas. She was a doomed vessel.

But along the Reindeer's deck everything but the conning tower had been shot away and wrecked. It stood entire, but dented and cracked by the impact of shot and shell. From the guns, light and heavy, of the Prinz Heinrich, was hiccoughed destruction. Again projectiles smashed into the destroyer, for every second the enemy

was getting back his nerve and securing alignment on the target.

Time was telling in his favor. The British torpedo craft gave a downward lurch, but, recovering herself like a live thing unwilling to die just yet, she staggered onward. Her speed was falling. Death was coming to her in seconds. Her commanding officer sneezed. He trembled a little, but was not aware of his recalcitrant body. Not his mind, not his heart, but his physical being rebelled against the pain—the anguish. The Real Man of him knew only of Duty. The Sire was living in his son, even as on Quiberon Night and Trafalgar Day.

Then the enemy cheered like maniacs when steam shot up from the ruptured stockhold of the destroyer. But her officer had shoved his rudder hard over, and slowly his sinking craft swung athwart the armored cruiser. She was within torpedo range at last.

A broadside of shot and shell from her literally stopped the Reindeer. Under the weight of projectiles poured in upon her, she went apart, falling in pieces like something of brown paper and cotton wool.

Yet even as the missiles tore her asunder the lieutenant fired his two after tubes. And of the weapons, one went wide of the cruiser's bows by about four feet. But the other ruptured her amidships, and under her 4-inch armor. In her very vitals she was stricken.

As the waters poured in an irresistible flood into her crowded stockholds, the hubbub of hell raged on board her. With an awful onrushing from her 875 souls, she went down—her bilges burst by the exploding boilers.

Next morning only fifteen survivors, including the sub-lieutenant of the Reindeer were picked up by the American schooner, Boston Ann, clinging to a quarter-deck grating and other pieces of wreckage.

But it was through the Reindeer that the two crippled cruisers of the North American Squadron made Bermuda in safety. In her sacrifice she had them succored.



PEACE OF THE DEAD IS A CHINESE CEMETARY

The Highbinders' in Canada

By

R. Bruce Bennett

WITH the suggestion of Bert Harte's "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar," the prevailing idea of the immigrant from Cathay, is that he is of intricate methods individually and secret societies collectively. When one hears of such organizations as the Highbinders' Society, this impression becomes more decided. It will be found, however, that human nature is little different in the Chinese than it is in the Caucasian, and the apparent mystery of the Chinaman is due to his reticence. This unwillingness to unfold himself to everyone he meets is not because of ignorance, but rather of a high intelligence, for the Chinaman, though he may be heathen from the Christian point of view, is accredited by people who know him, as

being equal in anything which calls for the exercise of intellectual ability.

So the development of the Highbinders' Society has not been the result of any particular love of secret fraternities. It was instituted with the definite purpose of restoring a dynasty that had been deposed from the throne, but by the time it became known on the American continent it had degenerated into an organization not unlike the Italian Mafia or Black Hand, which has, of late, become so notorious. The record of the Highbinders in the Pacific Coast has been of blackmail and murder, which was the natural outcome of the quality of its membership. Still, every murder credited to Highbinders has not been committed by them. The remark has not been unusual when a Chinese murder occurred, "It was done by High-

binders." A Chinaman may have been the criminal, but then every Chinaman is not a Highbinder. As the still-letto marks murder by an Italian, so there is distinction in the Chinese method of killing. It is a proved fact that while he may be vengeful, for uncontrolled human nature is always so, the Chinaman abhors the presence of blood on his person. For that reason he rarely uses a knife, or, if he does, the knife remains where it is placed. He prefers an axe, which will give him a safe distance from the spattering life-fluid, or a bloodgeon. The revolver is also a handy weapon. This peculiarity is one which has few exceptions.

Tradition of the origin of the Chee Kung Tung, the English interpretation of which is Highbinders' Society, is that three hundred years or more ago, there existed in the South of China, near Nanking, a large institution presided over by monks. Over five hundred were in the castle, under which were all kinds of dungeons,

trap doors and secret passages, none of which were known to outsiders. One day, a servant broke a sacred lamp in front of an idol, and being severely reprimanded and dismissed from the service for the offence, he revenged himself by exposing the secret tunnels which led to the castle. He led thither a large party of soldiers, who slaughtered without mercy and set fire to the monastery. All but twelve men perished, and seven of these were so badly injured that they died. The remaining five organized the Chee Kung Tung, which in China is now a branch of the Order of the Triangle, known as the San Hop Woy. The monastery was destroyed during the reign of the present dynasty, and as the soldiers were of the empire, so the object of the society determined itself into substituting a representative of one of the ruling families of the past for the occupant of the throne.

The average human dearly loves forms and ceremonies. This is evidenced in public, religious and even



A GROUP OF CHINESE WOMEN EN ROUTE TO CASABA

private life, but finds particular exemplification in the initiation ceremonies of the various secret benevolent societies. The Chinaman is not a whit different from his white brother, and the initiation ceremonies of the Chee Kung Tung are lengthy and impressive. The signs of secrecy are many and are constantly employed to make the union of brotherhood more binding and complete. Initiation begins at the mystic hour of midnight and continues till six o'clock in the morning. The candidate for membership, after successfully negotiating three red cloth gates, passes through a hoop, which has nine teeth in the top and twelve in the bottom, and this passage is supposed to indicate that he has been born again. As he is reborn, he leaves behind all earthly relatives, and is taken in hand by the "mother" of the lodge. Thirty-six oaths of secrecy are administered as he crawls through the gates once more, and, as he declares his adherence, lighted punksticks are snapped out one by one, to convey the terrible idea that if he breaks one oath, his life will be snap-

ped out just as quickly. The same danger threatens if he fails to execute any command or commission. On towards morning, as the initiate becomes fatigued, come the more solemn ceremonies, such as drinking "holy water," in which is blood, secured by incisions in the finger; passing through burning paper, signifying the gates of hell, when a rooster's head is cut off, representing the fate of the traitor. (The decapitation of the rooster is the most solemn oath taken by Chinese in a court of law.) At six o'clock in the morning, the new brethren are received at a banquet, which they furnish, and the various signs and passwords are then bestowed.

Whoever secures a new member is entitled to a fee, never less than \$1.50, and as much as the new member can be reasonably assessed. If a member who has money backslides, he is blackmailed, and if cash is not forthcoming, then murder is threatened and carried out if refusal is still persisted in. Five times during the year, feasts are held to celebrate the anniversaries of the births of the five original found-



CHINESE SMOKING OPIUM

ers of the Order, and to provide for these a levy is made. The custom has been to select for contributions violators of the law, such as prostitutes and gamblers. This was the prominent feature of the brotherhood, as it was known on the Pacific Coast, where it flourished in the past and is still not altogether unknown. Where these unlawful places were to be found, the Highbinders flourished exceedingly. Members were not molested, or if by mistake money was taken from a fellow-member, it was returned, which accounts for the degenerate quality of the membership, since all Chinese who required protection were quick to join to secure it. If violators of the law had particular friends among the members, the assessment for the feasts was comparatively light. If they had no friends, then the levy was as much as it was thought could be conveniently paid, and never was less than \$20. Guards were appointed to see that the money was forthcoming, and, if it was not paid, the final order for murder was given, and, as a member of the order has stated, "there were always a few hatchet boys or axe wielders to do the necessary work, when assessment was refused."

This member has also made the statement that while initiates are advised not to get into trouble with any one and to live in brotherly affection with their fellowmen, such advancement meant nothing. He had never heard any discussion or any plan in the society for the good or benefit of any person, either in the organization or out of it. Promotion was not according to ability, but wealth.

Occasionally one hears of the dangers that threaten from Highbinders, sometimes when inside information is made public. If murder takes place because of such, the uninformed will mysteriously mutter "Highbinders," but a prominent Chinaman declares that it would be exceedingly doubtful if Highbinders would be implicated. Every murder of an Italian is not the

work of a member of the Black Hand. The Highbinders are not organized for the special purpose of killing, but since the members are of the lowest order, they have no hesitation in taking life to attain their ends. The "hatchet boys" are murderously employed under oath to enforce the system of blackmail, and it is very doubtful if one were apprehended by the law, if vengeance would be wreaked by the organization, on any policeman or judge, if conviction were obtained.

Fifteen years ago or more, Highbinders' societies flourished in Victoria, Vancouver, and other cities on the Pacific Coast, but to-day strict enforcement of the law, and improvement in general conditions has resulted, if not in their effacement, at least in reducing the organization to a weak smoulder. With the desire of the Chinese for a higher plane of life, recognizing as they do that adoption of occidental manners and customs is a factor in success, such organizations as the Chinese Reform Society, are doing good work. Their motives are thoroughly good, they are aggressive and co-operative, and the Chinese that one sees on the streets, and in the life of western cities, in no way suggests the ways that are dark. Instead, they exemplify the progress that comes with education, and the adoption of a style of living, in the average case on an equality with that of the races which lay claim to the highest civilization. Such being the case, it can be easily seen why the Highbinders are disappearing from view. Since the immigrant Italian has no association which has for its object the advancement of its members to the high Caucasian standard, it can be just as readily understood why the only comparison to the Chee Kong Tung, namely, the Mafia, is evident in whatever part of the United States or Canada the laborer from Italy has found a place. On the other hand, less and less is heard of the organization which is distinctively Chinese.

The

Canadian Manufacturer's Vulnerable Spot

By

W. L. Edmonds

NO one now doubts the greatness of Canada's possibilities among the industrial nations of the world. Dissipated are whatever doubts that may have previously existed. Evidence of the vastness and richness of her natural resources are cropping up continually.

Expansion is the characteristic of our industrial life in all its phases. The grain crops of last year are officially valued at over half a billion dollars. And yet it is but the fringe of the enormous acreage of the Northwest that has so far come under cultivation.

The mines of the country last year yielded the handsome sum of \$90,000,000. But large as this sum is so one conversant with the facts believes that it is anything but a small part of what it ultimately will be. No less an authority than Prof. Miller, geologist for the Province of Ontario, says, "we have the greatest undeveloped mining territory in the world, offering the greatest opportunity to capitalists and prospectors."

Nature has provided everything essential to the up-building of a great and prosperous nation. That the world is recognizing this is amply proved both by the teeming thousands, who are rushing to our shores and by the money which is being in-

vested in mercantile and financial ventures in this country by British and foreign capitalists. Probably a billion dollars has been invested in this way. But whatever the actual amount may be, it is undoubtedly large enough to prove that both British and foreign capitalists believe in the future of Canada.

How are we in Canada showing the faith that is in us? We all hold high opinions of its natural advantages and its great possibilities, but do we show in a practical way the faith that is in us? Are we expecting that the Creator, who gave us so richly of these natural resources is in some mystical manner going to work out for us our commercial salvation? Some of us seem to act as if we were traveling on that assumption. We don't want to do anything more than we can possibly help doing for ourselves.

We take the raw material with which nature has endowed us and we manufacture it into finished products—iron, steel, furniture, boots and shoes, clothing and household furnishings of various kinds. But where are our aggressive and up-to-date selling methods? Where is our advertising? Ah, there's the rub!

The manufacturers of Canada have, with few exceptions, not yet learned the importance of national advertising.

It is not necessary for one to specify, but let anyone sit down five minutes and put on paper the names of the firms who are engaged in the chief manufacturing industries of the country. This done, take cognizance of those who are doing any national advertising or advertising of any sort beyond what is on their business stationery. You will not require any additional fingers and thumbs than you already have on which to do the counting. It is deplorable. These things ought not to be.

If there is any time when the manufacturers of this country should adopt an aggressive advertising campaign it is now.

As this country develops and the population increases, the desire of the manufacturers of Great Britain, the United States, and other countries to come up and possess its trade will become stronger and stronger. Already it is pretty strong. In the United States it has already become so strong that it has persuaded the administration at Washington to turn right about face in its attitude towards Canada, and see for reciprocal trade relations.

But the manufacturers of the United States interested in the Canadian market are not sitting quietly by pending the outcome of the necessarily slow and protracted negotiations. They are getting after the business. Where the tariff or transportation difficulties stand in the way, many of them have established branch factories on this side of the border. A statement given out from Washington the other day estimated that over a quarter of a billion of American dollars were invested in Canadian financial and industrial ventures. And the end is not yet. Canadians traveling in the manufacturing centres of the United States have this fact repeatedly impressed upon them. The average manufacturer across the border recognizes a good thing when he sees it, and he certainly sees a good thing in Canada, to which so many of his fellow

countrymen are migrating. "We are looking into the Canadian market and are thinking of starting a branch factory there, or, "We have decided to start a factory there," are expressions frequently heard.

They are welcome. To every one of them is extended the right hand of fellowship. Every factory they put up adds to the wealth-producing possibilities of this country. But while they produce wealth, it is to be hoped that they will also act as a stimulus to our own native manufacturers, who are not yet alive to their opportunities.

A tariff "as high as Haman's gallows" might keep out imported goods, but it won't keep out the enterprising foreign manufacturer who desires to establish a branch factory in Canada. It hasn't in the past, and it certainly will not in the future. The inducements are too alluring to be ignored by the enterprising manufacturers and capitalists of Great Britain, the United States and other countries.

Nothing that outside influences can do will, permanently, at any rate, protect the Canadian-established manufacturer from the competition of his foreign confederates. If the tariff or distance handicaps them they will, as they are doing, start branch factories here. The only thing that will "save his face" is the employment of up-to-date selling methods. And in this must be included an aggressive advertising campaign. There are already some Canadian manufacturers who are doing this, but they are, as I have already pointed out, few and far between.

Competition, either home or foreign, cannot permanently be eliminated. That is a fact which every manufacturer in Canada should clearly understand. The most effective permanent modifier of foreign or any other competition is advertising plus a good selling organization. And the better the advertising the greater its effectiveness.

Well-advertised goods bring better prices because the demand keeps the supply moving. It is the goods that are comatose or dead that lie on the shelves or in the warehouse or factory. Advertising not only moves goods; it imparts stability to values. Advertising, like fuel under the boiler, gets up steam. And the better the fuel, the better the results.

Advertising imparts value to the good will of a business. Advertising may, in fact, be said to be the creator of the good will. Reputation is the concomitant of the good will. If the reputation is bad the good will certainly cannot possess value. Quality is the chief foundation of reputation, but as long as quality is hid under a bushel it may just as well not have an existence.

Lift off the bushel and turn on the light of publicity. Then comes reputation and good will; and the better the light, and the more continuously its rays are focused on the firm and its products the more will reputation be enhanced and the value of the good will appreciated.

It is only the man who wants to "gold brick" the public who can afford to do fraudulent advertising. He who is in business for to-morrow and the next day and the next, cannot afford to endanger his reputation by fraudulent practices, and especially when he trade marks his goods. A trade mark, therefore, whether a design or a name, is a guarantee of merit. It is only he who is an imbecile who would trade mark an article that had not merit; and the average business man is by no means an imbecile.

Tariff protection is a good thing. Without it the manufacturing indus-

tries of Canada would not be where they are to-day. But protection alone will not carry an industry very far. Its fathers never intended it should. Their purpose was that it should be a shelter which would shield the young and growing industries of the country against the biting north wind of foreign competition and aid them in reaching maturity. It was never intended, as some seem to think it was, as a substitute for modern and progressive business building methods.

Protection plus publicity imparts life to trade and makes it strong, healthy and stable. The manufacturing industry that puts its trust in tariff favors alone and ignores advertising is a lame bird. It is traveling with one wing, and a wing, too, that a hostile Government might clip or even lop off at any time. The advertising wing, however, is not subject to the whim of government or any other adverse outside influence. Its usefulness and permanency is determined by the enterprise, aggressiveness and ability of the advertiser himself.

The old Government tax on advertising is dead, and no power on earth will ever be able to raise it. The only tax on advertising to-day is the ignorance and unbelief of the non-advertising business man.

Naturally, manufacturers who have not developed the publicity wing are in a partially perturbed state of mind over a possible lower tariff on the products of United States and German factories.

Let them by all means, if they so desire, try to save their protectionist wing from being clipped, but in their concern for the one, it is to be hoped they will not continue to overlook the other.

The truth is that a man's life in his family, with his wife, with his children, with his mother, with his neighbors, is not made up of grandstand plays and all that sort of thing. It

is made up by a series of little acts, and those little acts and those little self-restraints are what go to make up the same character.—President Taft at Salt Lake City.

A Pair of Spendthrifts

A Story of the Cumberland Dales

By Oswald Wildridge

HE was a tourist, by all the marks of the craft, and when he halted by the bridge at Burnfoot with a request for direction on his way, he informed us that ours was the third date he had traversed since sunrise. He had also passed through the wilds of Black Sail—which may account in part for certain impressions of life that he had gathered—and he stated with pride that he had "seen everything and missed nothing." Afterwards, he perched himself on the parapet of the bridge, and favored us with a homily on the influence of environment, from which we learned that the severity of the mountains must make also for severity of character. He told us something of the slum life of great cities, and showed us how, by a natural process, the people who dwelled within their equal depths were as graceless as their homes, their conduct void of beauty, and their hearts empty of love. He then proceeded to construct what he called "a parallel," and, swinging his pointing finger around the amphitheatre from Scawfell Pike to Crimble Crags, he demonstrated to us how the men of the hill country must be strong men, but also hard and barren of all tenderness.

He was a young man, this tourist body, with a fine gift of speech, a brand new alpstock, and Henry Jenkinson's "Guide to the Lakes," and we listened to him with the humility we always rendered to the voice of instruction; but when he had gone

upon his way to explore the heights of Wrynose Pass we thought with gratitude of some of the men and women living their lives upon the foothills and in the inner solitudes of the fells, of Margaret Steele, of Grayrigg, of John Fletcher, of Hunday, of David Branthwaite, our doctor, whose manner was certainly as rough as the hills, but whose heart was as tender as that of the gentlest of the women. Also, we wondered whether it might be that in the slums of the great cities Love was, after all, more powerful than squalor and distress.

While we debated the problem, who should drive around the bend but David Branthwaite himself; and when he pulled up for a word, Andrew Matterson, of Nephryll, mentioned the revelations made by the discursive tourist. David listened with obvious impatience, growled something about a "featherheaded gommel," and declared that in the whole of the dale he was only acquainted with one really hard case—Marta Dockway, of Brackenbwaite—and he was not even certain about the depth of Martin's hardness.

"But there," he added, "I've no time to stay and listen to such stuff. I've a mighty long round just now, what with Nicholson's work on top of my own. I've the full length of Kirdale to go yet, with a call on the little schoolmistress at Down-in-the-Dale at the end of it."

And then, anticipating an assured inquiry, he added: "The lassie's bad,

and to-day I've got a hard job before me—the hardest of all next to telling a body that there's no hope for the one that canna be spared. I've got to pronounce sentence of banishment. It takes a strong man to stand the winters we get up here, and if she's to keep her life she'll have to leave the dale."

In David's day Kirdale was a law unto itself in the schooling of its children. At the Twin Hamlets we had no difficulty, for our dale is one of the kindly ones, with a fine spread of homes on the foothills and a cluster in the valley itself, so that the school is large enough to carry a school-house by its side. But over on the farther side of the Serres the homes of Kirdale are widely scattered; all told, there is only a handful of them, and in those other days the dalefolk met the demands of the situation by making a portion of their payment in kind. A homeless wanderer, the teacher passed from house to house, and when he had been entertained for a term at each one, he began the circuit of the dale afresh. It was a hard life, even for a strong man, though not without abundant compensation; and when the men in authority promoted a slender slip of a girl from the south country to be the first schoolmistress of Kirdale, we were stricken with amazement, and predicted disaster. There was offence also, for certain of the dalefolk were persuaded that they were being treated with scorn, and at many firesides there were heard the mutterings of revolt.

As a matter of course, the spirit of opposition extended from the system to the individual, and Joan Naylor was threatened with a show of the cold shoulder because she was coming to attempt the work that only a man could perform. Never, however, did rebellion have so short a life. As one of the leaders of the movement, Thomas Fairish was deputed to meet the stranger at Dalefoot, and it was generally agreed that if any man was qualified to "put the madam in her proper place," and show her that

"she'd cam where she wasn't wantin'," Thomas was the one. But when Thomas found himself looking down into the wistful face of a tired and delicate girl he remembered his own daughter, and instead of a stern "Good-day, ma'am," it was a case of "I'm glad to see you." Afterwards he tucked her snugly in his gig, and when they passed through Neither Kirdale he was telling her that she had come to a hard place, but the dalefolk would do their best to smooth the road for her.

It was arranged that Joan should spend her first fortnight with Elizabeth Key at Down-in-the-Dale, and when the gig pulled up Elizabeth opened her door, armed with a dour manner and a battery of frigid words; but somehow the dourness melted, and the words of thinly-veiled hostility became words of the kindest welcome.

"Eh, my bairn," she murmured, "thoo does laik tired, and I've warrant thoo's hafe famished. Niver mind your traps. Thomas man see to them. Just you cum inside and rest yourself, and I'll have a cup o' tea ready in a neash time." For the remainder of that eventful evening Joan found herself "mothered," almost as much as if she had been in her own home, and when her first letter went out of the dale it carried to the mother in the south an assurance that "if her girl wasn't looked after it wouldn't be the fault of Elizabeth Key." Among the others it was agreed by the end of the first week that the new schoolmistress seemed to be a "likable lassie," and in the matter of her work judgment was suspended by consent. With a month gone by Joan Naylor could count on an open door at every house and a welcome at every hearth.

After the lapse of days, moreover, we learned that the mother in the south was an invalid and a widow; it was also noticed that the life of Joan Naylor had no luxuries; that her garments, though neat, bore the marks of hard wear; that she was a famous hand at giving to an old gown or an

old hat the grace of a new one; and it was observed that on the day she received her salary she never missed a visit to the postoffice at Nether Kirkdale, whence, according to the gossip, a large share of the money earned among the mountains of the north was transferred to the plains of the south. Another incident of note lay in the fact that, by certain devious means, some of the dalepeople managed to obtain the address of the invalid mother, and now and again a hamper carefully packed with real Cumbrian butter, eggs laid on fell-side farms, a cut from a native ham, or a clunk from a fitch of home-cured bacon, was despatched from Dalefoot, the gift being significant not only of sympathy for a suffering mother, but also testifying to affection for a daughter of quality.

And now, here was David Branthwaite, with his sentence of banishment and the task from which he shrunk. It was made known to us later on by Elizabeth Key how he managed it, and from that day there was added another link to the chain which bound us to the doctor.

"He's a masterful man is David Branthwaite," said Elizabeth, "and a grey rough type with his tongue when he's got a cross-grained body to deal with; but his faithfulness is as steadfast as the hills, and his tenderness is past the power of words to tell. The schoolmistress says that he minds her most of the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

II.

One drab November night we gathered around the kitchen hearth at Nephgill, and for an hour we did our best to extract the marrow from a few political bones. At the end of the hour, however, the talk began to flag, and the gathering was threatened with conversational failure until old Michael Scott, of Ellerked, came to the rescue. "I doot," said Michael, "that politics isn't seah verra tempt-

ing to-neet, and I'm thinking we'd better be talking about men—they're calus interesting." And then, like the wily being that he was, he added: "I met Peter Wagh to-day, and he toldme a nice crack about 'old doctor.'" This was quite enough. For the rest of the evening, until Mistress Muttonson had supper on the board, we discussed David Branthwaite and his mixed manners. And while we all agreed with Michael Scott that David was "the most through-and-through man in all the dales," we also agreed with Robinson Graham that he was "a rare mak' of inconsistencies." Again and again had we found him professing indifference about many things which really cut him to the quick, and it was said of him that he would sleep like a top over his own troubles and worry through a sleepless night over those of his people.

About the time that the schoolmistress of Kirkdale tendered her resignation, the doctor appeared to strike a new vein of irritability, and there were certain of his patients who declared that there was no pleasing him. It was clear that he had something on his mind, and one day, as he drove out Hardknott way, with Dash in the gig by his side, he gave old Meg a loose rein and took the terrier into his confidence.

"I've been a bit too free with my money, liddle," he said, "and I'm beginning to feel the pinch. I must really try and save a bit, though saving's a stiff job at my time of life. And I've had a lot of calls lately. There was that operation on Martha Jackson. Sir Robert's fee ran to twenty pounds, and I hadn't the heart to let John know that it cost more than ten, for I'll warrant the lad was hard put to it to find that much. I couldn't stand by and see the woman slip away and leave a houseful of bairns, could I, liddle? And the look that John gave me when I told him that Martha would live was worth ten pounds of anybody's money. Then I bought that new electric contrivance to treat Jossey Adair with. And—oh,

dear me, this want o' money's a terrible thing." Then he smiled grimly. "Wish you and me could only tumble down a gold-mine, Dash."

With another mile ground out he began again. "There's no help for it. I'll have to call on John Fletcher, though it's a shame, for I'm always getting my hand into his pocket. Still, he'd be hurt if I didn't do it, and the little schoolmistress must be given her chance and her mother must be saved from heart-break. So we'll call it settled, liddle. I think I can manage about twenty pound myself, and tomorrow we'll away to Hunsday and I'll ask Fletcher for the rest."

Now it happened that just at this moment he glanced up the flank of the hill on whose breast the house of Branthwaite stands, and at once the corners of his lips tightened.

"The selfish car!" he muttered. "What a power of good lies in his hands, and he'll not use it. He's grown so near that he wouldn't part with the reck off his porridge if he could help it. He's just the man I want, but—"

The frown upon the doctor's face flickered into a sort of smile. This was followed by a chuckle of some significance, and David shopped his leg. "I'll let John Fletcher bide a day or two," he said; "just while I have a shot at Martin Dockwray." And then he again addressed himself to the terrier. "Dash, my liddle, to-morrow we'll have a night out. I'm going to sleep in one of Martin Dockwray's beds, and you shall stretch on his hearthrug. I've done a bit of blood-letting in my time, and now I'm going to see if I can fetch it from a stone."

Accordingly it happened on the following night that about the hour wherein most of the dalepeople sought their beds, the doctor's gig lumbered along the laneway to Branthwaite, and the doctor demanded the hospitality which no one in the dale ever denied him—a bed for himself, a stall for Meg, and house-room for his dog.

Among the homes of the dale we counted Branthwaite a place of quality, and its master might have ruled in our midst, a leader of men, if he would have paid the price which real leadership exacts. Instead, he preferred the way of the selfish life, with no interests outside the boundaries of his own acres, and no love except that which he concentrated on his only child. In his case, as in so many others, fatherhood stood for redemption.

He was perplexed by the doctor's visit, for he suspected that if David had followed his bent he would have picked an old grandfather's chair in a farmhouse kitchen rather than a seat of luxury in the Branthwaite dining-room; but it was not until the night was far spent that he delivered himself into his visitor's hands with a reference to the hardships of the doctor's life.

"Hard?" David pulled himself together for the blow he had prepared. "Ay, hard enough. Nobody but the doctor knows how hard—but—I canna help thinking that it's harder for the folk. I tell you what, Martin; ye should count yourself one of the lucky ones. You've had your share of sickness to battle with, but you've been spared the agony of poverty, and of all the agonies there's none so great as sickness and poverty when they go hand in hand. It's a fearful crucifixion when the best-loved is down and in want o' things that cost money and there is no money to buy them with."

"As for the doctoring, it's simply a heart-break—when I order a woman body to rest if her life has t' be spared, and there's a pack of wee bairns calling for every minute of her time and every ounce of her love, and the mother's rest means neglect of them. And again, when I tell an over-worked man that it's no physic he needs, but chickens and soups and jellies to build up his strength, and all the time I ken that when the rent's paid and the bread-and-butter have been bought there's verra little left—I tell ye, man, that at times like these words seem to

be a mockery and doctored a sham. If it wasn't for the men with the helping hand I've got about me I couldn't bide it. I'd be running away. Of course, I've never bothered you, Martin, but there's been no disrespect in that, I've known full well that you'd be having folks in plenty pulling at you, and there's reason in everything—even in charity and helpfulness."

Across the intervening strip of hearth Martin Dockway threw a look of amazement. For the moment, indeed, resentment was dismissed by perplexity. This was surely a new David Branthwaite that he was entertaining. The old David was a man of the volcanic type—one whose scorn was brutal, whose blows fell hard like the beat of a sledge-hammer; but this was one of the crafty men who dealt in words of subtle irony.

"I've got a case on hand just now that's worrying me a lot." While Martin wrestled with astonishment, David was off again. "It's the little schoolmistress of Kirkdale. Maybe you'll have heard that Nicholson's indoors with his bronchitis again, and I'm working his round. She's a fine lassie, is the schoolmistress, but she's not tough enough for life in the dale. Our keen winds and the hard round have nearly killed her, and I'm having to send her home till her mother. Worst of it is, the mother herself is a sickly sort of body who never has a day's health from year-end till year-end; and, bit by bit, I've wormed it out of little Joan that there isn't enough money for one of them, let alone the pair. You ken her, don't you?"

Dockway nodded his head. He was frowning and fidgeting because of embarrassment, but he was losing none of the story.

"Ay, I thought you couldn't have missed her. Somehow, she reminds me of your own lassie; got a glint of the same blue in her eye, the same lift in her voice; and when she looks up at you she's got that same wistful little trick that sets your own Mary off so fine. Man, what a mercy it is

you've been able to give your bairn all she needs. What if she had been like the schoolmistress, who'd die if she stays up here and who's got to starve if she goes home!"

"A hard case, certainly—a very hard case—but," Dockway pondered among his words badly, "but there ought to be some way of meeting it. Is there no organization?" Here he detected the steam-signal as it flashed into being, and covered his blunder with a hasty question, "Is she going home?"

"That I can't tell ye at present. What she ought to have is a sea voyage; it'd set her up. But that's out of the question. Next best thing is a month on the south coast, with plenty to eat, nothing to do, and a free mind, so that she could pick up her strength and get fit to earn her living again, and I'm away in the morning to Hunday to beg another Good Samaritan turn from John Fletcher. He has a fine notion of using his money, has John, and I've never known him refuse me the help I've asked of him. It's true that I'd rather not do it, for I'm terrible hard on him, but I can't let the lassie slip away for the want of a few bits of gold and silver."

So far as direct application to the case of Joan Naylor goes this was David's last word. For a brief spell he lapsed into silence, only it was not the silence of surrender. After the manner of his own terrier, he was merely changing his grip. When he spoke again he had what appeared to be a new theme.

"It seems like old times, Martin," he said, "to be sitting in your room with yourself on the other side of the hearth."

"It's fine to see you here," Martin responded genially. "It must be quite a handful of years since you and I spent a night together."

David gazed reflectively into the fire, as though he might be reckoning up the time. He was a man without mercy when it suited his purpose, and he meant to be very hard now. "I'm just thinking," he said at last. "I

mind one time—when I was here alone for a while. It's one of the things that helps me to think well of humanity. That night, as I sat in this very corner, I looked straight into the heart of a woman and saw the store of love that lay within it." From this point David slipped deeper into the Doric of the dales—one of his tricks when he was strongly moved. "You were upstairs yezel," Martin, and your life was hangin' by a wee bit thread. I'd been with you the day throo and I kenned full well that in another hour you'd be at grips wi' death. So I slipped away for ten minutes to prepare for what I knew was in front. And by an' by Margaret followed me in, the room an' doon she dropped by me side and, laying her hands on my knees, she tried t' beg for your life. It was mighty little speech that sorra had left her, but, eh, man, what she did say was full o' power. 'I canna do without him, David,' she cried, and then she told me a bit about the wonderful love you'd given her and your devotion to your bairn. And after this her voice grew quite awesome and a new sort of trouble crept in till her bonny eyes and she told me of her hopes for you. 'He's a good man,' she said, 'but away fro' his own home he's been a bit careless, not hard, but a little bit careless. He's missed his chances—that's it—he's just missed his chances—but he's young yet, and if he's spared I'm sure he'll grow into a man of power—One of those who help to keep the world sweet and clean. So, you'll do your best, David, won't you, if only to give him his chance?' Eh, man, it must be fine to ken that there's one body in the world who thinks of you as Margaret thought of yoursell."

Dockway made no movement. He was sitting with clasped hands, his head down-bent, a man bereft of speech. After a pause David began again:

"I mind another time I sat here. Your bairn had need of me then. And it was yoursell who came and begged

me to do that which I was willing enough to do without any asking fra anybody. I mind hoo you paced the floor in your agony of mind and hoo you opened your heart to me. You said you'd been living a selfish sort of life, with little thought for the weary and heavy-laden outside your own walls, and you promised that if only God would spare the life of your bairn you'd use the power that had been given to you, so that the weary should be helped to their rest and the heavy-laden be eased of their load. No doot you've kept the promises you made. I haven't heard much of your benefactions, I'll own, but then you'll be just like other folk I could name, and not be for letting your left hand ken what your right hand is doing."

One more count in the indictment still remained. It concerned the night whereon Margaret Dockway went home and the promises that were then renewed; but half-way through the doctor pulled out his watch and then rose sharply to his feet. "Good gracious, man," he exclaimed, "I've talked the morning in. Just get me my candle, and I'll away to my bed. I dinna ken hoo you can listen till my hours."

Now it happens that when the master of Branthwaite left the doctor at his bedroom door he himself returned to his sitting-room, and there remained until the light of dawn was breaking on the hills. It also happens that when David resumed his journey in the morning Martin Dockway had a message for him.

"Thank you for your call, David Branthwaite," he said, "and I'm hoping that again you will make me home a resting place on your way. When Mary returns she shall come and see you and tell you the same thing. You have reminded me of many things I had forgotten, and I am making no more promises—only, in the matter of the schoolmistress, I have this to say to you: You shall not go to Hunday, nor shall you ask John Fletcher for his help. I have nothing more to say

—you are at least gifted with discernment. Now then, away with you to your sick folk."

Three days later David again drove up the hill to Brackenthwaite, and again was Martin Dockway assailed with reproach, only this time the doctor's manner did not at all agree with the words he used.

"You're a downright spendthrift," he cried, "and a miserable schemer in to the bargain. No doubt you think it was a clever trick going all the way to Netherport to carry out your plots and plans, but I saw through it all, even the mask of the Netherport postmark."

Here the doctor held out his hand. "I'll have a wag of your paw, Martin Dockway, an' it's a joy to ken you. Eh, man, but it's mighty. A voyage to the West Indies and back for the

little schoolmistress and her mother, and a bundle of crinkly-crunkle Bank of England notes into the bargain. And you didn't sign your name till your gift. Just put a bit note inside which said: 'A Thank-offering from the Man who Forgot.' You've given the dale a rare puzzle; the folk'll spend the winter in trying to guess the name of that man."

"You must never tell it, David—never," Dockway begged. "You have saved me from myself—and it's just between you and me."

"I'd like to shout it from the walls of Gath and cry it from the roofs of Ascalon," the doctor gravely responded; "but—I think I understand ye, and I've no fancy for spoiling your reward." And then, as a sort of disconnected afterthought, he added: "I'm thinking of your wife's father, Martin. Margaret kenne'd her man."

Joy-Makers and Kill-Joys

By

Dora McEgari

THE day will come when every sincerely good human being will be as careful not to be a maker of sorrow as not to commit deeds that are dishonest and cruel.

There are those who, on their path through life, quietly trample under foot the little flowers that grow by the wayside. Their brutal hands break and bruise all that comes in their way, and put aside with scornful indifference obstacles that annoy or impede their progress. The violent, the sullen, the unjust, and the jealous, torture the lives of others quite unconsciously, so freely is it admitted that detestable dispositions of this class do not debar possessors of

them from being esteemed. This is exactly a point on which humanity needs to be reformed.

Defects of character should be considered moral blemishes and treated as such. Public opinion alone can bring about a change in our manner of regarding these defects. The great essential is to change the current of thought, and, however feeble the beginning, it will with time grow and eventually will control men's minds. When once admitted that to torment one's neighbor is equivalent to stealing his purse, people will not so easily give way to their irritable, imperious, intolerant, and unjust tendencies.

Important Articles of the Month

To Keep Young and Vigorous

A HELPFUL article on Nature's laws for the preservation of youth and vigor is contributed by Dr. H. Lindblom to the *Business Philosopher*. The writer admits that in years man does grow older, but he does not see any more reason for him to grow old in mind or heart, or to lose energy and suppleness of body, than for the animals, which maintain their vigor and beauty of form to the end of life.

In order to grow younger as you grow older, practice mental magic. The body is a materialization of your mental images. "As a man thinketh is his heart, so is he."

See yourself, in your mind's eye, always as beautiful, active, and vigorous as in the prime of youth, for "a man is never older than he feels, and a woman never older than she looks."

"But," you ask, "how shall we keep our feelings and our looks young?"

That is simple. Bathe daily in the sparkling waters of cheerfulness and in the milk of human kindness. Learn how to relax completely in body and mind. Never entertain discordant and destructive thoughts and emotions.

Mental magic alone, however, is not sufficient to prevent the aging of body and mind. We must also live in harmony with the laws of the physical plane.

No matter how good a watch you have, if you allow it to fill up with dirt, dirt and corroding acids it will soon lose time and finally stop entirely. This is exactly what happens to the human clock when it "grows old."

Growing old consists in the accumulation of waste, and morbid matter, earthy deposits, destructive acids and alkalis, causing the stiffening and

hardening of joints, bones, veins and arteries and the gradual loss of physical and mental energy.

Do you ever stop to think how this clogging and corroding of the wheels of life is promoted and accelerated by wrong habits of eating and drinking? Food chemistry as taught by the school of Nature Cures clearly shows that excessive use of starch, and starchy foods is the most prolific cause of disease and of premature old age. These classes of foods create in the body a large variety of destructive acids and alkalis, such as uric acid, sulphuric acid, oxalic acid, xanthic, creatine and other poisons.

Flesh foods especially favor these morbid accumulations because they are already saturated with the waste products of the animal carcass.

The poisonous nuxinins of coffee and tea are almost identical with uric acid. While at first they over-stimulate the organism, the second and lasting effect is to benumb and paralyze heart and nerves and to retard elimination, thus causing directly and indirectly retention and accumulation of waste matter in the body.

For these reasons, we realize that the only way to keep the system pure and sweet and its vibratory activities vigorous and harmonious, is to reduce in the daily dietary the allowance of starch and proteid food and to use a larger proportion of fruits and vegetables, whose alkaline elements tend to dissolve and eliminate the acid crystallizations and deposits in the tissues.

This becomes more imperative as we grow older. A young and growing body physically active in play and sport, needs a great deal of proteid to build and replace the rapidly changing and growing cells and tissues.

When we pass the meridian of life growth ceases; there is much less physical activity and therefore much less need of starch, fatty and albuminous

foods. Therefore, as we advance in years these foods should be reduced in amount and replaced by the dissolving and eliminating fruits and vegetables. But conventional habits and some doctored advice usually favor the opposite course.

"You are growing older," says the traditional doctor. "You must have plenty of strengthening foods—meats, eggs, fish, and honey. You need some form of stimulant. Coffee or tea, and an occasional glass of beer or of Somo-boddy's Old Malt, must last you."

Frequently we hear the statement, "I'm the young people in the house are now living on the natural diet. But, you know, father and mother are getting old, and they must have their soup and meat to keep up their strength."

Reverse the prevalent ideas on right living, and you are just about right.

The older we grow, the less we need of the heavy, clogging foods, and the more of the light and purifying.

The majority of people eat too much anyway. Habitual stuffing, practiced through many generations, has made it second nature. Many consume the best part of their vital force in ordering, storing, digesting and eliminating superfluous quantities of food and drink. Every ounce of food in excess of actual needs wastes vital force. That is why the ancients said, "Pleasure neither no student liberally," a full stomach does not like to study.

Vital energy required to remove useless ballast cannot be transformed into mental or physical energy. Vital force is a primary force. It cannot be created. It comes from the source of all life, and is independent of the physical body just as electricity is independent of the bulb which it fills with light.

Food can only furnish fuel material for the flame of life and keep the human organism in such condition that vital force can manifest itself in it and through it.

If food and drink could give "life" they should prolong it indefinitely. In that case the glutton and drunkard would live the longest. But common experience teaches us that the man temperate in all things, best preserves his physical and mental vigor and lives the longest.

Keep in the light. Cultivate the air and light both. Nothing sweet or sensual grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its forms of expression; it is responsible for the greater part of human suffering. The only thing to fear in the world is fear.

Don't live to eat but eat to live. The rock is the chief executioner of King Death.

In the morning do not say, "I am another day older and so much nearer the end"—say, "I feel one day younger."

How can we grow old with all clarity before us?

The great masters or teachers tell us that in the future life, the blessed olden days appear in the vigor and beauty of mature manhood and womanhood.

Be as a child. Live simply and naturally. Steer clear of advance and worry.

Cultivate the spirit of content. Nothing ages and furrows the brow so quickly as a nagging discontent, suspicion, and jealousy.

Before going to sleep, throw off all the cares and anxieties of the day, and attribute your physical and mental vibrations to harmonies of rest and peace and love.

purchase the entire stock of a bookseller, and it is a well-known fact that, on the receipt of a third order containing of about 1,500 manuscripts from Thorpe the bookseller, he ordered the whole lot. At one except he acquired the famous Meerman library of Greek manuscripts; and large numbers of the book and manuscript sale catalogues of the latter half of the last century, sent by dealers to Sir Thomas Phillips, have passed through the present writer's hands, and these are freely marked with the initials "T.P." against various items. His orders to the dealers were usually written on half-boots of note-paper, and of these I have a couple of interesting examples. One is dated "M.R. 21 N. 48," and it comprises an order to Bosse the bookbinder for 100 lots with the prices of each, the total amount being £156 17s.

It is possible, indeed highly probable, that Sir Thomas Phillips preserved a record of his disbursements. A writer in the Quarterly Review of May 1843 questioned if "all Europe could produce another individual gentleman who, in his ardour for collecting books and manuscripts, has disbursed, like Sir Thomas Phillips, £160,000"; and to this it may be added that he was collector on all hands for nearly thirty years afterwards, his passion for books and MSS. being manifested up to the last days of his life. He was for upwards of sixty years an assiduous collector, and probably from first to last he spent a very large fortune on books and manuscripts. Whatever the amount of his actual expenditure may have been, it is quite certain that the prices he paid were ridiculously small as compared with those of to-day.

Private sales have been made from time to time to the Prussian Government, the Governments of Belgium and Holland, the British Museum and the Bodleian Library.

But apart from these private sales, and from the stacks which must yet remain to be disposed of—and we know from the arbitrary notices of Sir Thomas Phillips that the spacious residence, Thirlestane House, Chatterham, was literally filled with the library of printed books and manuscripts—that has already been sold at Sotheby's will form more than sufficient material for a very long article. Including the portion to be sold during the present month, the almost incredible number of manuscripts on vellum reach a total of nearly 2,000! Sir Thomas himself has told us: "An amazing my collection of manuscripts, I commenced with purchasing everything that lay within my reach, to which I was instigated by reading various accounts of the destruction of valuable manuscripts. . . . My principal search has been for historical, and particularly unpublished manuscripts, whether in Greek or Latin, and especially those on vellum. My chief desire for preserving vellum manuscripts arose from witnessing the unnecessary destruction of them by goldbeaters; my search for charters and deeds by their destruction in the shops of glaziers and tailors. As I advanced, the ardor of the pursuit increased, until at last I became a perfect vellemaniac (if I may coin a word), and I gave any price that was asked."

But these MSS. are for the most part of interest to scholars only, and cannot evoke any very great interest in the general public.

In forming his wonderful collection, Sir Thomas Phillips was doing a service of the highest character to students of all ages and countries. His collection may appear to be rubbish in the eyes of ninety men out of a hundred, but he has at all events conferred incalculable benefits on historians and students of the present and future times.

The King of Manuscript Collectors

Sales from time to time at the auction rooms of Messrs. Sotheby in London, of portion of the Phillips collection of manuscripts have led W. Roberts to set down in the *National Review*, some facts about this extraordinary collection, and the man who assembled it. Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., will remain for all time a striking figure in the annals of collecting, for he was by far the greatest collector of manuscripts who ever lived.

He lived at a time when this particular branch of collecting was in its infancy, and when, by an extraordinary coincidence, the opportunities for purchase had never been so numerous. He was born in 1792, and died in 1872, and ever since his death, the work of dispersing his collection has been in progress, and is still far from completion.

He bought library after library of manuscripts; it is said that he would

Time Saving in Trade Operations

A workman who performs some ordinary task, such as laying bricks or driving nails, may waste a second or two every time he handles his brick or his nail. The amount is so slight that neither he nor any one else thinks

of it, yet it may amount to a very considerable fraction of the operation, say one-quarter. Saving it would enable a workman to do in three hours what he now does in four, and that with less exertion, for the movements ex-

cuted by the workman during this wasted time often consume more of his energy than if it had been usefully employed. Frank B. Gilbreth, a New York engineer and contractor, has been making a study of the motions necessary to carry out various industrial operations, and he has succeeded, he thinks, in finding many points where saving of this kind can be effected. In an article on "The Economic Value of Motion Study in Standardizing the Trades," published in *Industrial Engineering* (New York, July), he takes up particularly the operations necessary in bricklaying. We read:

Laying brick on a wall from a floor, from the height of the floor-level up to 3 feet 6 inches high, can be done with greatest speed when the brick are each maintained at a height of 1 foot 8 inches plus two-thirds the height that the wall is higher than the level of the floor on which the bricklayer stands. The brick should never be higher than 3 feet 8 inches under any circumstances.

By maintaining the height of the brick in this relative position to the height of the wall, the brick will always be in a position that permits the bricklayer to accelerate the speed of transportation of the brick by using the path of the quickest speed.

While bricklayers know nothing about this in theory, they very soon discover it in practice. Greater output will be noticeable as an immediate result of maintaining the bricks as nearly as possible at the heights above stated.

Again, Mr. Gilbreth finds that bricklayers often make quite unnecessary motions, especially in a series of movements that have become automatic. Combinations of motions, in fact, deserve close study. He says, for instance:

The motion used to spread mortar may be combined with the motion used to batter the end of the brick laid just before the mortar was thrown. Thus, the two operations may be transformed

into one and a saving of time and motions will result. In fact, so doing may have other distinct advantages, such as leaving better keying for plastering direct upon the wall.

This subject of combinations of motions can hardly be touched here. Its full treatment involves all other variables, and it can never be considered standardized till each separate motion is a standard.

Another interesting thing that appears from Mr. Gilbreth's observations is that the time consumed in extra movement is often worth more than the advantage gained by the movement. For example, he says, a bricklayer should never stop to pick up dropped mortar. The mortar dropped is not so valuable as the motions necessary to save it.

Among the other factors considered by the writer in this study are the separation of motions into grades, and dividing the grades of work according to the skill required; the direction of a movement—often a very important item in time-saving; the reduction of the necessary momentum and inertia, as by minimizing starts and stops; the elimination of unnecessary distances, making motions as short as possible; and the determination of the path of economy and increase of output. He says:

The determination of the path which will result in the greatest economy of motion and the greatest increase of output, as a subject for the closest investigation and the most scientific determination. Not until data are accumulated by trained observers can standard paths be adopted. The laws underlying physics, physiology, and psychology, must be considered and conform to. In the mean time, merely applying the results of observation will reduce motions and costs and increase output to an amazing degree.

The path most desirable is usually that which permits gravitation to assist in carrying the material to place.

The Mysterious Duke of Connaught

A stranger to the world. Such is the keynote of the numerous newspaper descriptions of the Duke of Connaught, who, it is expected, will succeed Earl Grey at Ottawa next spring. A writer in *Current Literature* has gathered together from various sources, much interesting material about the Duke, which serves to emphasize this characteristic of his nature. He has at all times shunned the crowd. He has brought up three children in complete seclusion. He avoids with an almost morbid dread anything calculated to render him the cynosure of the public eye.

The business is life of the Duke of Connaught is soldiering. He knows all about guns, uniforms, ammunition, ordnance and commissary stores. He has made a specialty of inspection. His task, has for years past been to make sure that the standard of efficiency laid down by the army council is kept up. It is the knowledge of detail possessed by the Duke that has won him his peculiar distinction as the greatest martinet in the service. He will worry himself into fits over the shoes worn by a regiment. Time and again he has invaded a parsonage in India to see whether the layabouts are clean. It is known by sight to thousands of private soldiers in the British army from Egypt all the way to India. His hours of inspection are never perfunctory. He has spared the food, tested the medicine and even carried the accompaniment of the private soldier in performance of his perpetual inspection. Although not particularly popular with the officers, the Duke has won an enviable place in the affection of the privates in the ranks, to whose health he attaches great importance. The non-commissioned officers esteem him highly because of his unceasing efforts to improve their status.

The reserve for which the Duke is noted has been ascribed to an inveterate shyness. He is very easily discomposed.

In this respect he differentiates himself markedly from the royal family gen-

erally, all the other members of which seem to enjoy publicity. The Duke of Connaught, on the other hand, brought up his small family of two daughters and a son not only in great simplicity—accentuated by his comparative poverty—but in something very like asceticism. When his daughter, the Princess Margaret, married a Swedish Prince a few years ago, the ceremony of the British public was intense. The Duke had never before emerged from the royal circle, her life, like that of her brother and sister, having been spent mostly in trips from Baginboda, the quiet home of the Duke, to Windsor, where the court was in residence and from Windsor to Osborne when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to India, their children were left in the care of Queen Victoria, who was then travelling in the remotest seclusion. The Duke was well pleased with an arrangement that appealed so much to his own instinct for privacy. Few indeed are the Englishmen and Englishwomen outside the royal circle who can speak from personal knowledge of the traits of any member of the family of the Duke of Connaught. The Duke and his consort—who was a Prussian princess—the Duke's daughter, the late Princess Frederika Charlotte—have been seen with their little family at the opera now and then. Since the marriage of the Princess Margaret with Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been extensive travelers in remote regions of the earth. They have remained comparatively strangers to the British people.

The relations between the late King Edward and his brother were very close, and the Duke might almost be described as the censor of the King's life.

The two were somewhat intimately associated in their financial affairs. The late King Edward was notoriously deficient in the business instinct. For this reason he deferred very much to his brother, who never liked the tendencies of the late King to associate himself with financial romances. The Duke of Connaught has always been a great shakler for the properties. It is an open secret that he viewed with disfavor the somewhat wild career of his late brother's associates. King Edward received more

than one entirely from the Duke to abandon the society of some favorite who for no reason or another was not deemed good company for a British sovereign. The late King always pleaded that, the objectionable person was witty or interesting or good company. Disputes between royal brothers were apt to grow heated, according to the Paris *Matin*, but King Edward invariably yielded the point. In this fashion the Duke of Connaught had established for himself the position of a censor over his late brother's life. "His late Majesty occasionally rebuffed, but in the end he was always glad to come to terms. He could not afford to risk an open rupture with the most esteemed of all the late King Victoria's children." King Edward was wont to refer to the Duke, it seems, as "sober, honest and industrious."

Some of the Duke's personal characteristics are described in interesting fashion.

One of his "ids," as the *Figaro* calls it, is early rising. Another is well polished boots. He has a peculiar dislike of slovenliness in personal attire. To a young officer who apologized for the state of his sword upon inspection, the Duke said: "Your sword is no good that you must be an old offender, sir." This is one of the royal jokes and upon it is based the inference that no excesses carry the slightest weight with his Highness. He has a well earned reputation for severity in dealing with the offenders of officers generally. He has a peculiar horror of divorce in the British

army. He never recommends for promotion or for distinction of any sort an officer who is known to gamble or to be addicted to excess in drinking. He has likewise a decided contempt for the society type of military man who strolls complacently in London ball rooms and makes his uniform a passport to exclusive functions.

The dry wit for which the Duke is famed rather than famed inspires an occasional anecdote in the Paris papers, but he is, nevertheless, not brilliant in conversation, as was his brother, the late King. "Sold too, eh," he repeated in his hard voice, when a saboteur's grandfather was alleged against him as an officers' man, "well, that's not so bad as a grandfather who sold promotions." The words were spoken in the presence of a general whose grandfather had been notoriously venal. One of the Duke's disciplinary hobbies has to do with swearing. Military men must not say "damn" in the presence of a superior officer although they may employ the expletive in reproving a subordinate. A dispute as to the sobriety of a certain colonel was summarily settled by his Highness. "Just able to walk straight, was he," repeated the Duke. "That's sober enough for a civilian but it's very drunk for a soldier." To a Japanese frigate who wanted to know the best port of the at of war, the Duke replied: "The mercy." Of the Duke of Wellington upon whose birth day the Duke of Connaught was born sixty years ago, his Highness once remarked: "He was a great soldier but because he knew how to fight, but because he knew when to fight."

by telling him, or her, that the chances of being killed by lightning are less than two in a million; they will remain just as frightened for all this mortuary knowledge. And after the storm has passed and nerves are steadied, the woman who was so frightened a few minutes before will start getting supper on the gas stove, smiling through her fears that the danger has all passed, and only laughing if you venture the remark that twice as many people are killed by gas stoves as by lightning.

Mr. Shafer points out that lightning-fear is very much akin to the fear of the supernatural. They are really scared by the noise of the thunder.

Let us forget our inborn fears—a relic, perhaps, of prehistoric days—and analyze this thunder storm which makes the heart to quake and the nerves to tingle. The air is full of moisture, as is evidenced by the great black, lumpy, cumulus clouds, which in mountainous countries float even below the mountain peaks. In a few moments, with the temperature rapidly dropping, these tiny drops of moisture condense and become too heavy to be supported in the air, and then we shall have a shower. This moisture, these clouds, this rain, anyone with eyes can see and understand.

But now the lightning begins to flash! Steady the nerves now, and remember that each minute particle of water in the air, the sky also contains a tiny bit of electricity, and as the water condenses into raindrops and showers to earth, even so the particles of electricity condense and unite into the air, or, better speaking, the water in the air becomes overcharged, and we have a shower of electricity.

Look out and you will see the raindrops dasher to earth in a pleasurable life-vivise summer shower. Watch and you will see some terrific out of the deaths of a cloud, as black as night, a bolt of electricity which dashes to the ground and disappears. If the waters of the upper air were dammed back by some invisible force until the increased pressure forced an opening, then descended to earth in one mighty stream, it would mean certain destruction to everything it struck. Imagine a column of water, like a gigantic water-spout, striking a building, a village, or a city; the result would be as destructive as lightning, if not more so.

The particles of moisture accumulating in the upper air are free to drop to earth as soon as they condense and unite until they are too heavy to float. The particles of electricity gathered in the upper air, which is moist enough to be a good conductor, are effectively insulated from the ground by layers of more or less dry air, which is the best non-conductor of electricity in the world. This electricity is "dammed back" until it reaches a pressure sufficient to break down this resistance and dash to earth in a single gigantic spark or flash.

It is the gaseous particles composing the atmosphere, heated to incandescence by the electrical energy breaking down this resistance, which we see, and not the electricity itself. Electricity cannot be seen.

Lightning traveling from one cloud to another, or from a cloud to the earth, has no special direction any more than that it takes the easiest path. As the atmosphere, especially in a storm, is full of whirles, eddies, and waves like water, but unlike water being of different degrees of resistance, the lightning travels in a rather zigzag path.

The closing of windows and doors to stop draughts during a thunder storm is ridiculed.

A great many people actually believe that lightning can be hurt by a touch with a wire draught. With a terrific speed of lightning—146,000 miles a second—there is no danger of its being blown aside from its course, only that the wind might, and probably does, change the direction of the air currents, but not to such a degree as greatly to affect the direction of the discharge and carry it into a building. There is absolutely no record that I know of where a discharge of lightning from a cloud struck the side of the house and came into an open window or an open door. Houses are struck, but they are always struck on the roof first, and nearly always on the very highest point of the roof at that, unless the current leaps off a telephone or electric light wire. This is because, with the enormous voltage or pressure of lightning, dry wood is almost as good a conductor as copper wire is to a weaker current, and lightning, traveling leaves in the easiest path, quickly leaves the air, which is a non-conductor, to run down the wooden timbers of a building.

Robbing the Thunderstorm of its Terrors

Why are so many people, brave under all other circumstances, so deathly afraid of thunder and lightning?

This is a question which Donald Cameron Shafer asks and answers in *Country Life in America*.

It is not because lightning is so dangerous, for it isn't half as dangerous as going out of the house on an icy morning, walking down the cellar stairs or a hundred other things we do every day, without a thought of personal

harm. More people are killed each year by falling building material, more die from fright, than are killed by lightning. The Census Bureau shows only 143 people killed by lightning in this entire country during the year 1908, and only thirty of these people were killed in the states. Heat and the sun killed 743 during the same year; 393 died from cold and freezing, and 4,393 were drowned.

But you will find it quite a waste of time during a thunder storm to try to ease the fears of a person who is afraid

The Efficiency of Scotland Yard

The Crippen case has brought the name Scotland Yard into prominence in American newspapers, and this has naturally given rise to some curiosity as to what Scotland Yard really is and what it accomplishes. A writer in the *New York Evening Post* gives an interesting account of the Yard and its methods.

Scotland Yard is the greatest crime-detecting organization in existence. Any person versed in detective work will admit as much. No country has a more effective bureau. The New York Central Office is not its equal—certainly not its superior, taken as a whole. Its men have many characteristics which seem unfamiliar—even absurd—from an American viewpoint; but the things they accomplish are great.

Sir Edward Richard Henry is present commissioner of police in London, and receives £5,000 a year. He is the man who suggested thumb-prints as a means of identifying criminals. This system has been adopted in most of the countries of the civilized world.

Sir Melville Leslie Macnaghten is at the head of the detective service and receives £1,300 a year.

The police headquarters of the metropolitan district of London is at Scotland Yard, and from this post the C. I. D., or Criminal Investigation Department, takes its name. Frank Frost, whose name has appeared frequently in the London cables on the Crippen case, is the superintendent of Scotland Yard.

Prevention is the key to much of the work of Scotland Yard. As the writer points out, there are not so many serious crimes committed in England as in America, and the police bend all their energies to prevent crime, so that they will not have to go to the effort of hunting down the criminal after the wrong has been committed.

It has a huge number of stool-pigeons and informants. None of these are ever known as being in the employ of "the Yard," but they go their accustomed way, mingling with their own sort, be-

lieve murderers, thieves, anarchists, or what not, and from time to time they give the police hints of what is going to happen, and the police see to it that this plot is frustrated.

Meetings are held in Hyde Park, and Socialists make violent speeches. These are always a good agents of Scotland Yard in the audience. They are not those tall, square-shouldered, square-faced fellows, such as a sophisticated New Yorker can pick out of almost any street crowd as "plain-clothes men." They look like all the others. Perhaps one of them is that very boldhead who is going to get up presently and make a speech suggesting that the King be hanged and that the Parliament buildings be burned to the ground. He is the fellow who, if a plot ever is formed to get his advice into effect, will inform Superintendent Frost secretly in time to have the ring-leaders clapped into iron.

There are hundreds, indeed, probably thousands, of these informants in the pay of the Crown, although their names never appear on any payroll. The existence of this great staff of stool pigeons is one important difference between the London and the New York police systems.

Scotland Yard is under the Home Office of Great Britain, and the Crown pays its informants liberally. So it comes to pass that most of the crimes in England never take place at all. They are headed off, and the criminal seldom knows how the police found out what was afoot. It is necessary to get ahead of the criminal, because, once a crime has been committed and a man arrested on suspicion, the arrested man has the benefit of all doubts. The entire burden of proof is on the police and the prosecutor.

The London detectives have one great source of assistance which is only in a small degree available in New York. This is the great army of public eavesdroppers and expressmen.

By contrast, suppose a case in which the New York detectives arrive at a

steamship pier a half hour too late to apprehend Mr. Calligraphy Thwaites, who has just arrived from Europe after swindling a confiding widow out of \$25,000. They go across West Street and ask John Eckhardt, the expressman, where he took the trunk of the elusive Mr. Thwaites. Perhaps he tells; but, if he has been properly managed by Mr. Thwaites, he will be more likely to tell the wrong address. The detectives have no way to make him tell the truth.

In London the licenses of all the hackmen and expressmen have to be passed on by Scotland Yard. When a man from "the C. I. D." walks up to a London cab-driver, therefore, and says: "Hawkins, where did you drive that gremlinman with the auburn hair and the bottle-green suit at 7.15 this evening?" Hawkins is very likely to answer correctly, as well as promptly, for he knows that one well-attended lie on his part is enough to assure the revoking of his license.

The Greatest Shipowner in the World

A good sketch of Lord Furness, one of the new Radical peers created by the Asquith Government, appears in the *Penny Magazine*, from the pen of W. Manchester. Lord Furness, who was formerly Sir Christopher Furness, and prior to that plain Mr. Furness, has had a wonderfully successful career as a business man.

He was born in 1852, of humble parentage, though his mother belonged to a family of some distinction in the country. The future peer's first situation was as an errand boy. Thus he began at the very foot of the ladder. Denying himself but ill appreciated, he quitted this post and joined his brother, who had begun in a small way to trade in foreign produce. From the first the trading instinct was strong in the lad, and at a very early stage in his career asserted itself. At that time, most of the foreign produce which comes to the ports on the northeast coast came via Hamburg. When the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, young Furness was traveling on the firm's business in Sweden, Denmark and Germany. He was at Gottenburg when the startling news reached him, and in a single glance he read its importance and possibilities. There was neither time nor means to communicate with his brother. He acted on his own initiative and bought largely on the firm's account. It was a bold step for a youth to take, but it resulted in large profits. This established his reputation. At nineteen he was the firm's chief buyer, and in a short while he was a partner. Under his vigorous lead every day saw the business extend. They chartered vessels

to import their produce from the United States. That led in a very short time to the purchase of their own vessels, and in 1871 the firm bought their first steamship. From that hour began a policy of extension with very few parallels in the history of shipping. Shipowning led to ship-building.

In 1883 Christopher Furness acquired a controlling interest in E. Withy & Co., shipbuilders, of Hartlepool. Prior to this partnership with his brother had been dissolved, and the younger man identified himself with the shipping side of the concern. Ultimately Withy's business was amalgamated with that of Christopher Furness, and was known as Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd. It has grown enormously. According to the figures which were published at the beginning of the year in *The Steam and Shipping*, showing British society of over 50,000 tons gross, it appears that in January, 1889, the Furness Line owned thirteen vessels with a gross tonnage of 15,317 tons, the average size of each being 1,180 tons. On January 1, 1910, the Furness Line owned 46 vessels with a gross tonnage of 331,539 tons, the average being 3,796 tons. Lord Furness may be spoken of as one of the largest. If not indeed the largest, shipowner in the world, controlling as he does some 135 vessels. Here also it may be mentioned that the firms he is directly interested in employ 46,000 persons, and the annual pay roll is over £2,800,000. In addition, he has large interests in other lines. At a very early stage of the development in modern vessels, Lord Furness saw the economic value of the big cargo-carrier, and about 1880 began building vessels for the North Atlantic trade capable of carrying dead-weight cargoes of 10,000

to 14,600 tons, which have proved dividend earners of a very satisfactory kind.

Of his other activities and associations, a long list is given, showing a remarkable connection with all phases of British commercial life.

What is the secret of his success?

First of all and most conspicuously, foresight—an intelligent appreciation of coming events, a swift and accurate apprehension of their significance. He has never acted without seeing clearly; but then he has seen clearly the facts which count before other men. Then a certain daring in action. What he has seen he has acted on. Many men have the gift of foresight, but very few have the courage which permits vision to dictate resolution and command action. With most men "the native line of resolution is stifled over with the pains of thought; and enterprises of great pith and moment . . . lose the name of action." Linked with these two is an extraordinary mental "grasp," not only of a scheme as a whole, but of its details, a power of organization, which enables him to "grasp," as it were, with both hands a fresh proposition, and by sheer mastery to carry through what may have seemed to others an impossible scheme. A

singular tenacity of purpose, method, thoroughness, mark his conduct of affairs, coupled with an almost unique power of concentration and sustained labor.

In a word, Lord Passess has proved himself to be one of those master-minded in the realm of practical affairs whose presence and active interposition at a critical moment turn defeat into astounding victory. He has not been invariably successful, but still so uniformly successful that sums of lesser powers and courage have felt justified in pinning their faith to him. It is not too much to say that Lord Passess is a type of the successful business man whose peculiar physical organization pre-eminently fits them for the rough-and-tumble of commercial life, while their mental qualities, courage, discernment, rapidity of judgment, are just those called for in the world of business. Lord Passess has exhibited these qualities supremely. He has not been afraid on occasion to risk largely on the soundness of his judgment, on his correct anticipation of events. What has occasionally, perhaps, seemed to men of lesser capacity, a veritable gamble has been, in very truth, merely a just forecast, by reason of which and depending on which he has acted, knowing all the while that a very trifling risk was really incurred.

with the primary functions of sex itself; they have been evolved; they are of germ-cell origin, and are inheritable in that sex only to which by Nature they belong; they are half-marked by God for creative purposes; they are, in a word, the primary qualities of sex. The instincts of Mother-love, of self-sacrifice, of usefulness—these are in Woman essential for the fulfillment of the idea of the species, without them the race would die—these are inheritable, ingrained elements of Womanhood. The feminine qualities have not, on the other hand, been evolved by God, they have been inculcated by Man for purposes of an artificial social life.

Before making this discovery Mrs. Stohard had been studying Lester and Geddes and others as to the evolution of sex. From them she had learned with emotion that the female is, indeed, "not only the primary and original sex, but continues throughout as the main trunk, while to it a male element is afterwards added as a mere afterthought of Nature"—a variation of the original female sex.

Pursuing her studies still further she found that by feeding frogs well nearly all their tadpoles were female, and in moths also if you want males you starve the caterpillar:

If higher and lower degrees of nutrition are symptomatic respectively of higher and lower grades of evolution then the sex which is the result of the better nutrition which needness the higher grade must itself belong to the higher grade. If it be true that superior conditions produce—other things being equal—superior results, surely it must be true that the result of superior conditions, even though this result may be female, will be something which is

superior to the result of inferior conditions—even though this result may be male.

A further study of the characteristics of sex in the lower creation led her to this discovery:

For I found that throughout nearly or quite the whole of the invertebrates, and to a considerable extent among the vertebrates, the male has remained an inferior creature. It is difficult to identify any qualities which by their universality of application to one sex alone can be recognized as fundamentally characteristic of that sex. Even such habits as those of incubation and care of the young—usually regarded by Man as inherent functions of femaleness—are not by any means so regarded by Nature. It seems clear, therefore, that many so-called characteristics of sex are not truly characteristics of sex at all, but are the result mainly of pre-dominant habits due to circumstances and environment.

As creatures were once only female, multiplying by division without variation, it was necessary for Nature to create a male to give the monotonous female a chance of improvement, so citizens being monotonously male may need the female vote to improve the race. Mrs. Stohard says:

May not the failures of our social organization be equally due to the parthenopathic system of government—parthenism, that is, by one sex only—which has hitherto prevailed? When Woman is no longer set aside as unsexually, may it not be found that she is, equally with Man, a portion of the revealed Word of God, which is, to the love of the world, now excluded from the sacred volume on the bookshelf of the State?

The Womanly and the Feminine

A brilliant and audacious article, entitled, "The Eternal Womanly," is contributed by Mrs. St. Clair Stohard to the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mrs. St. Clair Stohard, after being disgusted by the fine ladies at Monte Carlo, recovered her balance by visiting Corsica, where she made her great discovery:

God had made us womanly for His purpose; man had made us feminine for his. The inferiority of Woman is in respect of her May-machin femininity, not of her God-made Womanhood. Woman is equal to the Man as touching her Womanhood—only inferior to the Man as touching her femininity. Male and female created He them—not manliness

and femininity. In Nature there is neither manliness nor femininity. Woman has been judged by that which is only a fringe tacked on to the real garment of Womanhood—by her femininity. Thus has become dragged out of place, of service mainly for the attraction of dust and dirt. But it is detachable, and Womanhood is still unsoiled. It was not of femininity that Genesis dreamed when he wrote "das ewige Weibliche treibt (sic) uns hinein!" Not the eternal Feminine! Gott bewahr! But the eternal Womanly! This mis-translation has been almost an introduction to a true understanding of Woman's destiny as has been the rib-theory of her creation in Genesis.

The womanly characters are those which are essential for the preservation of the species; they are concerned only

Inoculating Against Hunger

The problem of securing enough nitrogen to supply the ground with plant food, is one that is becoming more and more pressing, as the supply of natural fertilizers diminishes. Some interesting discoveries have of late been made, tending towards the solution of this problem, and these discoveries are explained by Katherine

Newbold Birdsall, in *Harper's Weekly*. The principle is thus described.

Certain plants have the property of absorbing nitrogen from the atmosphere through the medium of rootlets of nodules which either the fungus or bacteria from the air, and this nitrogen can be used in place of expensive commercial fertilizers. The most beneficial nitrogen gathering bacteria form excrescences

called "nodules" on the roots of certain plants of the pod-bearing family. These plants are called legumes, and include clovers, peas, beans, alfalfa, peanuts, etc. These bacteria have the function only to perform; they form a co-partnership with the plant to supply it with nitrogen. They gather in great numbers on roots of legumes, forming nodules, which are large colonies of bacteria stored with nitrogen. In exchange for sugar food which the legumes give the bacteria, and on which they thrive, the bacteria gather nitrogen from the air and feed it to the plants as desired. The plant, by giving two per cent. of sugar, receives ninety-eight per cent. of nitrogen from the bacteria. When roots of legumes die in the ground, the nitrogen which the bacteria have already gathered and stored in these little bunches or nodules and the roots is given to the soil, which is then rich in nitrogen. When the next crop is planted in that soil, no matter what crop it may be, nitrogen is there. The more nodules, the more nitrogen. Therefore it is to the farmer's advantage to increase the number of the world, to encourage the increase in growth of these nodules.

The more nodules that are formed on the roots, the more nitrogen is fed to the plant, and this makes the plant grow more healthily; makes the foliage deeper in color, more abundant, and of greater food value; the roots are longer and longer; and the stalks taller and sturdier.

Experiments in transferring nitrogen-rich soil from some sections of the country where these bacteria flourish to new localities, to mix with worked-out soil, have been made. Sometimes the experiment is successful; more often, however, some harmful ingredient of the soil is also spread to the new soil. The only safe way is to apply healthy bacteria direct to the seeds of the crop before planting—to inoculate the seeds with bacteria which will gather nitrogen from the air to feed to the growing roots.

After much experimenting an American expert has got to the point where he can supply pure bottled bacteria, alive and healthy and ready for use. These bacteria will thoroughly fertilize the ground for at least three years.

Dr. Rapp-Thomson collects healthy bacteria wherever he can find them and already flourishing, takes them to his laboratory,

puts them into glass jars with a gelatinous plant food and legume seeds, and tests their power under scientific conditions. There he can watch the formation of the nodules on the roots and select only the healthiest bacteria for distributing. In preparing the bacteria for farms and garden use, a needle is thrust into the pure breed of bacteria, and comes out laden with thousands of them. These are quickly transferred to another bottle containing a bed of jelly, which preserves the bacteria for years. The neck of the bottle and the needle are, during the process, passed through flame, to destroy any foreign substance. The bottle is corked with a patent rubber cork through which a glass tube runs, so that air can reach the bacteria. The tube is stoppered with cotton, which prevents the entrance of foreign germs. In this bottle millions of bacteria breed, exerting themselves to absorb nitrogen from the air which filters in through the cotton. The jelly contains no nitrogen—the bacteria work to get it from the air and so keep healthy and active.

The jelly soon becomes alive with bacteria, and the farmer can get his nitrogen fertilizer for all the clovers, all the beans, all the peas, all the alfalfa, all the vetches and peanuts—a different kind of bacteria for each, which can be purchased, like medicine, by the bottle. Pure cultures of active, vigorous nitrogen-gathering bacteria, which need simply to be mixed with sugar and a little water to be shaken well and poured on the seed before planting, cost less than \$2 per acre. This process entails no waste of valuable time, no expensive nitrogen fertilizer; but instead a maximum of benefit to the present crop and improvement to the soil for years to come, with a minimum of expense and labor.

The wonders of science seem limitless and even the most harmful bacteria may yet be shown to have their beneficial uses. The problem of fertilizing the soil will become more important in Canada, when the rich soil of the west begins to show signs of wearing out, and, if this discovery should prove to be all that the scientists claim, it will help to solve the problem.

The Royal Letter Bag

General interest usually attaches to the way in which public personages do things or have things done for them. For instance, it may be asked, how does the King get his mail, how are his privileges that his subjects do not enjoy, how does he answer his letters? To these and other questions, W. T. Roberts replies, in the course of an entertaining article in *Chambers's Journal*.

On an average, close on six hundred letters are received every day by His Majesty, and rather less than half that number by the Queen. To facilitate the delivery of their Majesties' correspondence, special arrangements exist at the General Post-Office for the sorting and clearing of the letters for the King and Queen. Two sorting-clerks are always on duty at the Post-Office attending to the letters coming through what is called in Post-Office parlance the "royal road"—each particular branch of the sorting department being termed a "road." The royal letters are sorted and cleared at once when they come in. Those for the King are delivered in a special post bag to Buckingham Palace seven times a day, and those for Her Majesty four times.

The first letter-bag for the King is delivered at Buckingham Palace at 7 a.m., and contains the greater portion of the day's letters. It is handed to two clerks of the household, by whom it is opened, and who sort the mail into two separate classes, termed official and private. Usually the King's private correspondence mark their letters "Personal" or "Private," and those not so marked are included in the batch of official letters. It takes about an hour to sort the letters into the two classes mentioned, and they are then sent up to the secretary's department to be dealt with by Lord Knollys and the assistant private secretaries.

All the letters in the official class are opened in this department. Every letter when it is opened is impressed with a rubber stamp bearing the royal crown, and initialed by the secretary who

opens it, who also enters in a daily letter-book the name of the writer and the nature of its contents.

The official correspondence is sorted into three classes. The bulk of it is classified as home official and foreign official; but there are always a certain number of letters which do not come under either denomination, and these are put into a separate class termed miscellaneous. This class includes beguiling letters, letters from people seeking the King's patronage for various charitable enterprises, and from autograph-hunters, and letters calling His Majesty's attention to a large variety of matters, such as the attainment of some person to very old age, to the performance of some conspicuous act of bravery, or some case of peculiar hardship or misfortune.

Occasionally the King's letter-bag contains a threatening letter. His Majesty receives fewer letters of this character than any European sovereign, and they as a rule come from people not altogether responsible for their actions. Such letters are handed to the detective department at Buckingham Palace.

All the other letters, together with the unopened private correspondence, are, after they have been dealt with in the secretary's department, sent to His Majesty's private writing-room, where the King goes through the whole correspondence with Lord Knollys.

Apart from the correspondence already mentioned, the King is daily in receipt of despatches sent from the chief Government offices. These are enclosed in despatch-cases bearing white enamel labels with the words "From the Treasury," or whatever the office may be, "to His Majesty the King." The case is locked by the chief of the department from which it is sent, and it is always delivered by the messenger into the hands of one of the King's assistant private secretaries, who possesses a duplicate key.

As a rule, the late King replied to his private correspondence personally.

When in London, if not otherwise engaged, he spent a couple of hours in the afternoon at the Marlborough Club an-

awarding letters; otherwise, he usually got through his personal correspondence in his private room before dinner, between half-past seven and half-past eight. One of King Edward's most regular private correspondents, by the way, was Prince Edward. It is not generally known that the sovereign is the constitutional guardian of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and is vested with complete control over his upbringing and education. Since the Prince left the royal schoolroom at Marlborough House, King Edward had written regularly to him, and received at least once a week a letter from the future heir to the throne.

The King's use of the telephone is considerable and of this Mr. Roberts says:

All the royal palaces are, of course, connected with the telephone. The King subscribes to the telephone service in

the ordinary manner, but in the use of it a very special privilege is granted to His Majesty. Whenever a call comes through the trunk exchange from the King it is given precedence over all other calls. There are, for example, but four wires between London and Brussels, which are monopolized by callers in advance, and each gets a line in his turn, for which he has to wait as a rule about two hours. But when a call from the King comes through His Majesty is given the first line that becomes disengaged, no matter how many other people may be waiting to use it. No trunk line may be used by any person for more than six minutes, and the usual duration of a conversation is three minutes, so that the King has never long to wait for a clear line when he requires to make a long distance call. There is, by the way, no legal limit to the duration of the conversation when His Majesty speaks through the telephone.

Fruits That Need Washing

The best fruits to eat are those with inedible rinds or skins, because in removing these we remove all injurious matter that may have lodged on the outer surface. Fruits with skins that are occasionally eaten, like the apple, are not so good, from this point of view, because we are apt, in consuming the skin, to get with it much that is objectionable; and fruits with no skins, like most berries, are worst of all. These require thorough washing, and they seldom get it. All this and more we learn from a brief editorial in *The Lancet*. The writer falls foul, especially, of the popular strawberry, not only because it is skinless, but also because it grows close to the ground and hence is especially apt to be dirty. We read:

Freshly peeled fruits are probably aseptic, and in this category may be divided such familiar examples as the apple, pear, peach, apricot, orange and banana. The peel in these instances has obviously no part in the dietetic quality of the fruit, and few persons, we imagine, are tempted to consume the protective coating; it has so at-

tractive flavor, and it is commonly tough and indigestible. The strawberry, however, has no shield in the shape of a peel, and it would be very surprising if the fruit as it reaches the consumer was free from external taint, considering that it is peculiarly liable to contamination. It matters little under what conditions the berries or the runners are sown and packed, because before these fruits are consumed they are washed, and hence the impurities due to handling or to insectary packing or environment are, to a great extent, removed with the peel, though we say this with reservations. The strawberry flourishes in a "bed"; it is within splashing distances of the fertilizers used to encourage its growth and maturity; it is soaked by hands not necessarily under sanitary control; and, lastly, in transit it may easily encounter surroundings which need no bacteriological proof to show them as hygienically objectionable. The strawberry should be washed in a process which is simple and not in recognizable degree detract from the highly esteemed characteristics of the fruit, while the small attention which washing involves may likely enough reap a great reward in averting a disaster to health. This injunction is not so absurd or superfluous as some may think, when it is

considered how liable the strawberry is to contamination. Most cleanly disposed people if they visited the strawberry fields in full process of picking would soon regard the washing of the strawberry before it came to the table as before they consumed it as imperative. Apart from the questionable cleanliness of the picker's person, it has to be remembered that the surface of the fruit is liable to be sticky, and therefore to hold on to any impurity

with which it may come into contact. Further, the strawberry's exterior, is bacteriological parlance, affords an excellent nutritive or culture medium for organisms. "Never eat an unwashed strawberry" is therefore neither absurd nor unkind counsel, and those who think that to subject the fruit to such treatment would spoil its flavor are invited now, while strawberries are cheap and plentiful, to make the experiment.

The Sundae and the Soda Counter

The soda counter is reputed to be an exclusively American institution. It has progressed to the stage when its numbers exceed those of the bar. Its patrons include nearly everybody, and its wares have multiplied to a bewildering extent. There was a time not many years ago when sodas and phosphates were the only things to be had. But now no fountain is without a large variety of offerings.

The *New York Post* publishes an entertaining article on the subject of the sundae. The origin of the concoction is thus recorded:

The story is told of the fastidious maiden who removed the fuzz off the top of her chocolate soda and asked the clerk why he couldn't serve the old thing without all that noisy, prickly hot-air. The clerk scoffed at her suggestion, but, hoping to cure her of her objections, gave her a sticky mass of ice cream and syrup. Instead of curing her, he converted her, and many millions after her. Why the concoction was called a "sundae" no one really knows, except that it was originally looked upon as too great a luxury for an ordinary day's treat. The fancy spelling is one of those historic things that grow out of ignorance, and an imitation of the foreign, among the uneducated. It was not a diabolical student, but a soda clerk, who invented that feminize plural ending. He probably did it in recognition of his feminine plural customers.

And who, it may be asked, is responsible for the divers inventions of

the confectioner's art, with their numerous names?

Sometimes the ingenious mixer of drinks himself, in an idle hour; for, strange to say, there are idle times in this business, too—or the cashier behind the desk is blessed with an inspiration. Sometimes one individual can set the style, like the young newspaper woman, in the time of the "Merry Widow," who was in search of a story for the "Woman's Page" and decided that it was time to disenchant an ice-cream dish with the title of the play for which everything from shoe-buckles to hats had been named. She went from one store to the other, asking whether they served a "Merry Widow sundae." When the clerks looked curious and begged for enlightenment, she told them—after some coaxing, of course, just what it ought to contain to be authentic, until she had safely established her inventions all along her path of wanderings.

College students have always been great patronizers of soda fountains, and from college towns come many of the new drinks.

From Smith came the "chocolate mist" soda; from Yassar, the "fudge sundae." At Bryn Mawr, they first thought of adding marshmallows to the sauce, and from a New England institution comes the idea of using maple syrup extensively—as in the famous "maple waf." At Lawrenceville, there is a famous "fudge-shop," where one may obtain a wonderful and a fearful assortment of "fudges," including an orange phosphate served with orange ice and a straw, and no imitable fruit-

punch, but one in the dynamic West the invasions are far more wonderful even than they are here. At Wisconsin, for instance, is the famous "Pal," properly known as the "Palace of Sweets," one finds such things as the aforementioned "lovers' delight." This is composed of a basket, split lengthwise and laid on a foundation of lettuce

leaves. On these are piled three little bunches of ice cream—a pink, a white, and a green one. They, in turn, are covered with cream, sprinkled with nuts, and garnished with green, white, and red cherries. As a final touch, hot maple syrup is poured over the whole thing. Some of the students call this "sure death," for short.

How to Keep Cool

Some practical rules for avoiding discomfort in hot weather are given by W. J. Cromie, instructor in gymnastics in the University of Pennsylvania, in an article in *Good Health*, which is favorably commented upon by the editor of the Literary Digest.

In the first place, says Mr. Cromie, we should be careful to avoid over-eating, a fault to which those engaged in sedentary occupations are specially prone. It is true that the sedentary man needs food as much as the laborer, but owing to muscular inactivity he is not as capable of converting his food into assimilable materials. If he eats two or three times the amount the system requires, says Mr. Cromie, it will not be properly digested, and will cause fermentation, and if this be allowed to continue for some time, it poisons the system and eventually causes indigestion, nervousness, and sleeplessness. It is while in this condition that one suffers from extreme heat. Therefore:

In warm weather, meats, oils and fats should be reduced to a minimum or omitted entirely, and fruits, vegetables and cereals should be substituted. The first and best way to keep cool is to avoid heavy and stimulating foods, and to reduce the amount of other articles of diet to that merely required for the sustenance of the body. Refrain from intoxicants and decrease or avoid tea, coffee and condiments.

A large percentage of the deaths is caused by "infantile diseases," many of which could be prevented if prophylactic measures were adopted. Feeding,

with many mothers is the panacea for all ills. When a child cries from the effects of having been overfed this soothing process is repeated—very often with disastrous results. A noted doctor has said that more babies are drowned in milk than soldiers in salt water. While this is probably a radical statement, still the best baby-food, milk, can be given to excess, and prove injurious. It is positively criminal to feed babies in meats and unripe fruits, especially in the summer.

Next, the author takes up the subject of clothing, which he says should be light, both in material and color, during hot weather, although when one becomes overheated, heavy clothing, such as an overgarment or a sweater, should be put on to prevent catching cold. He goes on:

In occupations where one is subject to severe trials of strength, such as the army, farming, and boating, heavy clothing should be worn even in the summer. It is a very dangerous practice when one is overheated to ride in an open trailer or sit near an electric fan to cool off.

Light underclothing gives a pleasant feeling of coolness to the skin, and the perspiration evaporates more quickly. Underclothing should be well aired at night if one does not make a daily change. Too much clothing worn by day or night has a tendency to enervate and make one more susceptible to sudden changes in temperature.

Sun and air-baths are esteemed of great value by the Germans in their nature-cure system. The sun has a very beneficial effect on the skin and it is found that its rays are far superior to the use of cosmetics. Many persons in

exposing their body to the rays of the sun take too much at one time and thus experience extreme annoyance. Air-baths when taken intelligently harden one's system and consequently enable one to withstand more easily the hot days of summer.

Daily, systematic exercise should not be omitted because the weather is warm. A little taken in the early morning followed by a cool bath will tend to make one cooler for the rest of the day. Muscular work is to the body what friction is to metal. The moral will rest if not used; the body will become diseased if not exercised. A mas-

ter mind is a weak body is like a good blade in a poor half-husid. Therefore, one who deems it inconvenient on account of time or location to take a little daily exercise will eventually have to take time to seek the advice of a physician.

Proper bathing, sufficient exercise, rest and sleep, daily bathing and intelligent exposure to the air and sunlight, the avoidance of stimulants and a cheerful frame of mind, will insure one a strong resisting-power so that he need have no fear of the extremes of either heat or cold.

About the Prince of Wales

In the *Woman at Home* "Lady Mary" tells some pleasant stories about the Royal children—the Duke of Cornwall, his brothers and sister. Of the new Prince of Wales we are told:

Queen Victoria, it was who first called the child "David," being firmly convinced in her own mind that her family and descended from the Palatinate, and was the tribe, of all others, of Israel. The name has stuck, and is likely to stick to the Prince for good.

Queen Victoria, strict enough in her own nursery, indulged her grandchildren, and positively spoiled her great-grandson, at whose command she is said to have stooped down to pick up his toys. Here are two excellent incidents:

When Queen Victoria died, the story told of her little grandson, that he "didn't think granny would like walking after the angels," was a true one; and true also that when he saw his governess, Miss Birkbeck, in tears over Her Majesty's loss, Prince Edward expostulated, "If Heaven is such a nice place as all of you have told me, why ever should you be crying now?"

The late King Edward was known by his grandchildren as "Grandpa King":

"Grandchildren," bawled the King, "are just as great a pleasure to one as one's children, whilst the responsibility of bringing them up is yet shifted on to other shoulders."

Among the stories the King told about his grandsons, this may be mentioned:

Prince Edward accompanied His Majesty to Sandringham for the first time after his accession to the throne, and at St. Paneras Station among the crowd, an old woman cried out, "There goes little Prince Edward," and the child, turning quickly to his grandfather exclaimed, "Did you hear her? She ought to have said, 'There goes little King Edward!'" Well, the speech delighted the King.

The boy had unbounded admiration for his grandfathers, and, though glad to welcome his parents from their colonial tour, added to a dean, "But mother's rather tiresome sometimes. And I don't want to leave Grandpa King." Prince Albert is said to resemble the late King, while Prince Edward takes after his mother's family. The Queen, shy herself, and knowing how much she suffered from her timidity, had thoughts of sending Princess Mary to a boarding-school, but the plan has fallen through, as also that of sending the Prince round the world next year with his brother.

About Princess Mary and the Prince the following very good story is told:

Princess Mary is not a little of a tomboy and the bosom companion of her brothers. Prince Edward, asked if he enjoyed the idea of one day becoming King, gave answer, "Yes! But all the

same it would be a good thing if I could hand the job over to Mary. She is so very clever, you see." Princess Mary, then, is clever, and what is actually more important, has sweet manners, and makes herself liked wherever she goes.

Gold Eagles From Gold Fishes

Where do gold fish come from? Fulton G. Marshall, writing in the *Technical World Magazine*, explains that most of them are raised on a little farm in Iowa, where the Bruce gold fish hatcheries are located. The process of getting the fish ready for the market is thus described:

"The young gold fish are not unlike ordinary, cross-variety minnows. When they are a fortnight old they are taken out of the pond in which they first saw the light of day and are transferred to a shallower pool, where the bright rays of the sun, as it ripens the corn also burns upon the tiny scales the brilliant colors of the rainbow. The little wrigglers expose their sleek, shiny bodies to the rays and as they dart hither and thither in search of food or in play Old Sol gets in his work. The coloring process lasts from a week to four months, according to the weather, the sun being aided by the use of special food and by the occasional cleaning of the coloring pens or ponds. Gradually the bright red, deep orange, shining silver, glittering gold and the many and brilliant hues become permanently imprinted on the scales and the ponds become trimous rainbows of shimmering water.

Once the coloring pens have been passed, the gold fish go into various ponds, according to their size, color, tribe, age and stage of development. The first pond, which gleams with gold, is inhabited by some 600,000 comets, which, when of a marketable size and color, bring from \$10 to \$25 a hundred. The next pond is fairly alive with Japanese fireballs, ranging the color from bright red to black, white, silver and orange. These are more numerous, bringing on the market from \$10 to \$40 per hundred. To the left is a pond full

of valuable and rare telescope fish, with eyes projecting half an inch from their awkward heads. In other ponds are other breeds and tribes, some beating out their prismatic glory on hidden rocks and roots, all at the mercy of the floating carmine, of the air (the lung fisher, wild duck, heron, crane, cormorant and the water fowl) and all awaiting the day when they shall have passed the graduated space in the home ponds and christened into the display world, to the enrichment of the Bruce collection. In one pond are fourteen old spawners, for which the owner will take no prize. They are five large fish, from ten to fourteen inches long and from twelve to eighteen ounces in weight. They are very rare varieties and supposed to be from 15 to 35 years old, for he knows that fish have lived to attain 200 years and still been active and useful enough to escape Orelizing.

The market for gold fish is not decreasing, as the average person (missing the old-fashioned round bowls on the parlor centre table) might be inclined to think. The falling-off in the demand of individuals has been offset by the increased demand of museums and aquariums. Schools are good customers, while there are just enough old-fashioned folks scattered all over the country to want a dash of vibrant, iridescent color in their parlors and living rooms, and who take pleasure in watching the glowing little bodies glide through the water at the call of the crumb, bringing the beautiful in life into the home, even though it be in the limited confines of a small glass bowl.

Men Who Can't Quit

Henry M. Hyde once told a story of the business tenacity of the late Nelson Morris, in the course of an article in *Success Magazine*, which bears repeating.

Some years ago the family of the late Nelson Morris—one of the then three sovereign Princes of Packing and Provisions—wished him to retire from active business. Mr. Morris was very rich; he had reared a family of able and energetic sons; he was approaching the scriptural age limit. His boys knew how desperately hard the old man worked, and they feared the strain would shorten their father's life. With filial affection they urged him to give up hard work. Finally, as the result of much urging, he agreed to a "trial order." He would take a leave and complete vacation and see how it agreed with him.

Accompanied by a few friends, Mr. Morris started to visit a famous resort in the mountains of the West. Arriving at their station the party disembarked. At one end of the platform a freight car was being unloaded. The keen Morris eye noted that the car contained provisions from Washington. A second glance realized the fact that the residents were being unloaded in two great piles, one containing nothing but Armour products, the other only hams and bacon from the Swift warehouses. All the old man's business acumen flamed into instant fury. The car did not hold a single package marked with the Morris brand. A moment later the vacation seeker was at one end of a long-distance telephone wire, and the Colorado manager of the Morris interests was being asked in a rasping voice how it happened that a car of provisions could be unloaded anywhere on earth, one third of which was not loaded with the Morris products.

On the same trip Mr. Morris was taken out to visit a famous ranch. Its owner exhibited with pride his big herd of fancy cattle. Instinctively Mr. Morris ran his expert and professional eye over the bunch and an instant later he was making the quinine ranchman a west cash offer for the lot.

On the whole Mr. Morris found that his complete and absolute vacation did

not bore him nearly as much as he had feared. A little later he was finally persuaded to make his retirement complete. Careful plans were made and carried out for turning over the control of the house to his sons. And, on a day, Nelson Morris woke to find himself entirely out of the game. That whole morning the old man fussed about the house—nervous, worried, and unstable. At noon he had no appetite. Half an hour later he disappeared, and shortly after one o'clock he was back at the yards to stay, with the reins again in his firm hands and a new twinkle in his eye.

Mr. Morris was the type of the old school of business men who could not retire, because playing the game was the one thing in the world which most appealed to them. To quit meant—at most always—decay and death.

But while Mr. Hyde expresses admiration for the men who can't quit, he believes that it is the last test of greatness to look one's self in the face and admit that the indispensable man does not exist.

That is a wise old story which recalls how the junior partner came to the head of the firm in distress. "Young Jones is going to leave us," he said. "Perhaps if we'd raise him a couple of thousand he'd stay. I don't see how we can get along without him."

"You say we can't get along without him?" questioned the senior. "I don't see how we could."

"Well, give him two weeks' notice this afternoon. That'll give us a fortnight to look around and fill his place. Just think what shape we'd be in if he should up and die on us overnight."

Let any man realize how easy his place may be filled and it becomes comparatively easy for him to retire—provided that is what he really wants to do. Nor is it necessary, before embarking on his own private and individual search for happiness, that he shall have accumulated a sufficient competency.

Ten years ago a young man went to work in a large department store as a clerk at the ribbon counter. He was diligent, keen, clever. Presently his

work was noticed by the head of the firm, who was famous for the way in which he detected and rewarded modest merit. The young man's salary was twice raised. He was promoted. A little later he was raised to the position of usher. He was looked upon as one of the coming men in the big business. Then, suddenly, five years ago, it was announced that he had voluntarily resigned. He had bought a little fruit farm in Michigan, to which he and his family had retired. His fellow clerks on the building were inclined to think him a fool. Late in the fall he came back from the farm and took his old place of usher. In the early spring, when the holiday rush was well over, he disappeared again. Ever since he has followed the same routine—eight months on the farm, four in the city, at the old job. Voluntarily he has given up the very flattering possibility that sooner or later he might have become one of the money junior partners in the great business.

His philosophy of life is very simple—a surprising number of people are beginning to think it wise.

"My wife and I have always liked the country," he says. "We like to put in the spring vegetables, to watch them grow and to market them successfully. We like to work with the peach and apple trees; to take care of the ducks and chickens; to live out on the open, with lots of fresh air to breathe and a little lake to fish and swim in. At the same time we don't like to work too hard; we enjoy life in the city, too. So we divided it over and decided that we wouldn't afford to get rich. It would cost too much. Now we're not just about what we want most. Our farm brings us a good living every year and the store is glad to have me back during every rush season."

His former associates see, now, that he has come nearer than most of them to the realization of a definite ideal.

The retired business man, however, really never ceases working, for he merely transfers his activities into new and pleasant channels.

Thrifty wise and blessed, then, is the business man who, in the years of his activity, finds and cherishes a pleasant hobby. And the hobby should be one in which its owner finds a real and compelling interest. A half-hearted hobby is almost certain to spoil his rider.

A Chinese millionaire grew old and tired. His only child, a son, planned to persuade his father to retire by ap-

pealing to his love for trotting-horses. Out of his own funds he bought for five thousand dollars one of the fastest trotters in the country. But he knew full well that if he told the truth about the price paid for the animal the old man would look upon it as a piece of wild and criminal extravagance. So he told his father he had obtained the horse for six hundred dollars.

"There, father," he said, "is a present I've bought for you. The horse has a record of 3:18. I reckon he can throw dust in the faces of the fastest trick boys have got over at the West Side Park."

That afternoon the old man won half a dozen brushes at the West Side track. He came home convinced that six hundred dollars the new horse was a great bargain. He congratulated his son on the shrewdness he had shown in picking it up.

"And now, father," the young man urged, artfully, "I want you to give up business, for a while anyhow. I'll be on deck all the time, and there's nothing particular requiring attention just now."

"We'll see, Johnny, we'll see," was the nearest the old man would come to a promise.

For the next two weeks, however, he did not go near his office. Twice a day he took John R. out in the morning buggy. It was great fun. Business seemed to be altogether forgotten.

The fond son concluded that his grandfather had been completely satisfied in season. The color came back to his father's leathery cheeks. With each day's sport he seemed to grow younger, stronger, more in love with life. Finally one evening, looking out of the front windows of his ancestral home, the young man saw his father come walking up the street. There was a most youthful lustre in his springy gait. In his right hand he carried a long bony whip. The old fellow had burst into the house with boyish boisterousness.

"Well, Johnny, son," he cried, clanking his bony on the back. "I'm sure with old Seth Ballcock at last. I've been waiting twenty years for that chance!"

"What have you done father?" the young man asked, with a fearful premonition.

"Done? Done Seth? Done him good, too. You said six hundred dollars for John R.—the whole outfit, didn't you? Well, I sold Seth for twenty-five hundred for the horse and buggy. Here's his check for it, too. When he handed it to me I walked over and took the whip out of the socket.

"Course, you understand, Seth," I said, "that the horse and buggy don't include this?" "Yes, I understand, John," he said, and then he just laughed. But say, wouldn't he be sore if he knew he'd paid more than four times what the rig cost?"

Then the young man understood, namely, that his father was hidden. So when the estate came into his own hands, in order to make sure that he should be easily able to retire from business, he very promptly announced that he never intended to enter it.

The Biggest Little Man in Canada

This is the title conferred on Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, by Frederick A. Talbot, special commissioner of the *World's Work*, in the course of a lengthy article on the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific. To Mr. Hays he gives the credit for the working out of this gigantic project.

The rise of Charles M. Hays to the front rank of railway magnates of the twentieth century is as dramatic as his movements upon the transportation chess-board. He started at the bottom of the ladder, as a mere telegraph operator.

A characteristic story is related in connection with his upward climb. He had been engaged at his office in some clerical task which had soiled his hands, and he naturally went to wash them. It so happened the President of the railway, in the office which he was engaged, resolved to make an investigation that afternoon as to why the members of the staff always disappeared about half an hour before closing time. The President had a pretty shrewd idea as to the reason, and set out to confirm his suspicions. The first individual he dropped on was young Hays, washing his hands.

"Say, young man! What's the time?" asked the President.

Caught by surprise, the young clerk glanced all round the room before his eyes lighted on the clock. "Twenty minutes to six, sir," was his reply.

The President had narrowly watched the young man, and saw that the surprise was not feigned. With a "Oh, I didn't see the clock," the chief disappeared. Next day young Hays found himself suddenly promoted to a responsible position under the general manager. The fact that he did not happen to recall the position of the clock that particular afternoon was in due a fortunate circumstance in his career.

The origin of the Grand Trunk Pacific idea is thus described:

"While working on the Union Pacific Railway upon the completion of my first term on the Grand Trunk system," remarked Mr. Hays, "it occurred to me that if the Grand Trunk Railway could launch out upon some large enterprise, a new lease of prosperity would result. It had pretty well covered south Ontario, and was suffering from cramp. Rivals had woven a fence of steel around it which prevented expansion. To meet this obvious situation we turned towards the Pacific, which could be made a highly lucrative feeder to the old line. Then the thought struck me. Why not build a new line right through from ocean to ocean running entirely through Canadian territory?"

Canada was just then giving signs of the present big boom, and the time was ripe for the idea. The President approached his colleagues who saw eye to eye with him. The scheme was then laid before Sir Wilfrid Laurier to ascertain how the Government would entertain such a proposal. It was absolutely necessary to proceed very warily as the slightest intimation of a new transcontinental line in negotiation would have brought down a veritable hornet's nest about the ears of Mr. Hays and his friends.

To ascertain how the project would be received by the populace in the country to be traversed west of Winnipeg the farmers were personally visited. These interviews had to be conducted at night-time with circumspection, for they were being held in what was considered hush territory. The deeper President Hays dug into the subject the more firmly he became convinced that his idea was correct and in this he was supported by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The broad scheme was carefully drawn up, and made all seas and shores. The formal then came to London. Fully explained the details to his English co-operators, and then upon his return to Montreal launched the bomb-shell of which we have spoken.

Self-Mastery

A striking series of articles are at present appearing in *Unity Fair* on a system of mental culture practised by a cult in India, which is explained by an Indian writer, S. M. Mitra. One of the recent articles dealt with Self-mastery, and on this subject some valuable suggestions are made.

Men are all more or less creatures of impulse. The great ideal of the Yoga system of mental culture is to train them not to be the slave of impulse, but to keep the impulse under proper control, so that from an unconscious instinct it turns into mature thought. Most of us do not enjoy a strong enough will to prevent an impulse from arising; but if we try to prevent the physical expression of that impulse we can successfully kill the impulse itself. The guardrail against impulses will guarantee to us our heritage and bring forth the thoughtful action.

Now comes the question—how to prevent the impulse from arising. If you try to practise doing things which appear to you to be disagreeable, you train your mind to suppress impulses; as an impulse that is checked dies away by degrees, as a pendulum that is arrested sinks gradually into immobility. If you do a disagreeable thing for a week, or abstain from something that you feel very much tempted to do, you will find that you have acquired mental muscle, which is another name for a strong will. You will then be able to take up still more unconsentual tasks than those that you have tried as an experiment, and gradually you will be able to perform positively disagreeable tasks with the minimum of effort.

Psychology nowadays goes more and more to prove that emotions are the effect of physical influence, not its cause. For example, music, the most emotional of all the arts, acts not through a mysterious influence exerted directly upon the mind, but physically by vibrations which affect the muscular system, the respiration, the circulation, etc. Therefore one secret of throttling an emotion is to be able to

control the muscles by which that particular emotion expresses itself physically. For instance, when you feel lack of confidence in yourself, if you immediately give up a stooping attitude and take a good inspiration in the chest (not in the abdomen) you will find that the despondency disappears and you feel hopeful.

Mr. Mitra says that we should endeavor to make our minds one-pointed, "to cast out all the mental odds and ends which are out of harmony with the idea in hand.

Constant repetition has a marvellous effect on the human mind. As continual dropping wears away the hardest of stones, so does constant repetition make an impression on almost every mind. Once more we have the principle of the survival of the fittest coming into play. In our minds ideas are perpetually struggling against one another for supremacy; and the ideas that are constantly repeated to us become more fixed even when we do not want them. Constant repetition arouses interest, and thus attracts a greater degree of receptivity. First it invites attention, then it arouses interest, and afterwards it creates a desire to follow the subject. The strong-minded and the thoughtful do not seem susceptible to the effects of constant repetition, but the weak-minded, who form the majority, take for granted anything that is often repeated, because their mind is weak and they are unable to resist the mental vibrations caused by such repetition. By constant repetition you hammer away till the weak wills are worried out and no power of resistance is left. They then accept the suggestion in the repetitions simply to get rid of the repetition.

But in the case of repetition practised by oneself for a definite object, each repetition strengthens the will and does not wear it away.

On control of your thoughts depends your success. You must remember that in the history of the world the transitory state has ever been the most un-

pleasant stage. You have to struggle for success, but when you achieve victory you forget the struggles. You have to go through the struggles whether you like it or not. It is much wiser to command yourself first, so that in time you may learn to command your surroundings. You won't

be able to command yourself in a day; Nature refuses to be hastened, and before you try to subdue your actions you must learn to control your wandering thoughts by watching thoughts are responsible for silly actions, and you must first be master of yourself before you can expect obedience from others.

Who is Lord Esher?

W. T. Stead, writing in the *World's Work*, describes in outline the character of one of the most interesting, original and influential of England's public men of the day.

Lord Esher is a man of original genius who has carved out for himself a unique place in the world of affairs, and who is doing so with discarded almost all the usual steps and status by which in this country men ascend to the highest positions. He runs after nothing, but all things seem to run after him. He accomplishes everything without any apparent exertion. He is not a soldier, but he has reformed the Army; not a sailor, but he has done more than almost any landman to keep up the strength of the first line of our defence.

Lord Esher is an intricate paradox. In a country where eloquence is the easiest road to power he makes no attempt at oratory. He lectures sometimes, but never takes part in the tournament of political debate in which almost all men are compelled to win their spurs. No man ever played less to the gallery. He uses no stirring words to sway the fierce democracy. He is seldom seen on a platform and never in a pulpit. He is in some quarters supposed to be a courtier par excellence, but few men whom I know are as free from the glamour of Courts and less fascinated by the paraphernalia and cold and silver sticklers of Royal patronage.

In a democratic age he has never identified himself with any popular movement connected with trade unions, popular education, or social reform. He has never been even an Under-Secretary of State, but he has held the highest offices in the gift of the Crown. He might have been Secretary of War in the place of Mr. Haldane, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, or Viceroy for India.

But he would have none of these things. He has served and done excellent service, too, as the permanent official when the First Commissioner of Works was rebuilding London and burying and crowning monarchs. But no one is less of a bureaucrat. He stands outside alone, but not aloof from parties and their ambitions. He has made a place for himself which no one but he could occupy. Hence it is that all men say: "Who the devil is Lord Esher?"

And the answer to the enigma is: Lord Esher is the man who gets things done.

The true Lord Esher, as food, is a man of letters—devoted to Plato, to Wordsworth, to George Eliot, with a strong penchant for the theatre, given to speculation upon recalcitrant problems of faith and morals, but ever impelled into political affairs by the desire for power and knowledge.

What a young man he made this entry in his diary:

"I went to the Louvre and spent a morning happily looking at the beautiful things. Then I went to the sculpture gallery, and passed through a stage of stormy emotion."

From which it will be seen that, beneath the serene calm of Lord Esher's manner there glows subterranean fire. He will say on one occasion: "A man should dedicate himself to statesmanship and not be seduced by enthusiasms."

Lord Esher has never lacked enthusiasm, although it is often and excused by the most popular idols of the market-place.

His is, however, a Catholic and eclectic nature, and his spiritual training seems to have been shaped between George Eliot on the one hand and Newman on the other hand, with a dash of Newman. In politics he was the son of a Conservative father, who became a Liberal on other than foreign grounds.

who was always strongly attracted towards Beaconfield and repelled by Gladstone, and whose entry into active political life was, as Lord Hartington's secretary, at a time when, as he frankly said, "to create a Liberal is a great trial to a disinterested patriotic politician."

There is in him, therefore, an atavistic tendency to revert to the false

goods of the Beaconfieldian tradition. This, coupled with a lack of touch with the rougher, ruder political forces of our time—with the personality of the Labor party, for instance, he has almost lost "by reason of contact—credulity the chief elements for which allowance has to be made in weighing the judgment of his singularly well-balanced mind.

Motor Cars for the Farmer

Writing in *Motor*, Messrs. Allen and Graham undertake to tell farmers why they should own motor cars. They should have them not only for their own good, but for the good of the country at large, and especially for promoting good roads and for the effect they will have on the nation's prosperity. The writers prepared the article for reading before the National Grange, by whom it will have extensive circulation among farmers. They believe that the car will perform an important service in rehabilitating farm life and in checking migration to cities. He quotes an estimate of the number of automobiles now owned by farmers as 75,000. In Iowa the farmers own 5,000 of the 10,000 owned by all persons in that state.

The farmer has some distinct advantages over the town man in owning a car. He is a man experienced in the use of machinery and hence not only needs no chauffeur, but can make the ordinary repairs himself. He can use his car in other ways than for transportation. It may become to him a portable power-plant, being as it is a 14, 20, or 40-horse-power engine on wheels. With it he can saw wood, chop feed, pump water, or shell corn. While his horse works in the field, the car can run to town with the milk or to the mill for flour. The cost of hauling a ton with horses in rural districts is about 35 cents per mile, but the cost by motor-wagon has been figured as low as three cents—a reduction which ought ultimately to mean a reduction in the cost of living. Other benefits to the farmer from the car are specified as follows:

"Perhaps the most important would be the resulting change in the social character of country life. Man is a

social being. His nature demands changes of scene and companionship, new experiences and recreation. The hope of farm life hitherto been its isolation and hence its narrowness, and while good roads undoubtedly can do much to remove this curse, the automobile can do more.

"Now the automobile creates in this respect a new condition. It puts farm life on a new plane. Machinery does not tire. However hard a motor-car may have been used during the day-time, it is always at hand in the evening to take the farmer and his family to a reunion, a show, a friend's house, a Grange meeting, a party, a sport, a lecture, or what not. On Sundays and holidays long trips up to 100 miles can be comfortably made, and every day it puts within the reach of the farmer's children educational facilities equal to those of the largest cities. The day of the country crossroads school-house has gone. This is the era of large central schools, built and equipped at an expense of thousands of dollars, and only the automobile can render such schools easy of access to the scattered farms. . . .

"There is a growing feeling that farming profits calculated on scientific lines afford a future to fit the ambition of even the most strenuous. The narrow social and domestic life of the country is the only thing that prevents thousands of young men seeking the best country sites open to them. Abolish these drawbacks by the aid of good roads and the motor-car, and the decentralization of the crowded urban populations will inevitably follow. No sensible farmer man will, other things being equal, prefer an employee's position at a limited salary, with the out of living rising all the while, to independence and possible wealth. All who are not to be contented to smother his legitimate craving for companionship and recreation. And where the young blood leads the rank and file will follow.

What the Hague is Deciding

The Newfoundland fisheries case, now being tried before The Hague Tribunal is thus plainly explained by P. T. McGrath in the *American Review of Reviews*:

The questions involved are varied and important. The liberties conferred by the treaty of 1818 were ceded to the "inhabitants" of the United States. The first point to be decided is what is meant by the word "inhabitants." Can vessels flying the American flag employ fishermen not alone residing in the United States, but who may be shipped in Canadian ports or on the high seas of the Newfoundland seaboard, beyond territorial jurisdiction? Newfoundland holds that none but genuine "inhabitants" of the Republic residing in that country and shipped at an American port can be employed, while America takes the position that the flag covers all who may be on board, and that if a ship has her proper papers it is not within the competence of the British or Colonial Governments to inquire into the patriotism of those who may make up her crew.

The second point that arises is what is meant by the liberty to take fish in common with British subjects. Does it give the Americans the same rights in every respect as are enjoyed by the colonists, and if so, does it render Americans liable to the same obligations as are imposed upon British subjects by the Colonial fishery laws? In other words, are American fishing vessels and their crews, operating in Newfoundland waters, bound by the local regulations that may be made from year to year by the island Parliament? Newfoundland contends that they are so bound, but the United States maintains that any such regulations must be by strict agreement, dictated solely, with the object of preserving the fisheries, as if the colonies were conceded the right to make regulations of itself, it could so frame them as to destroy the value of the liberties granted to American subjects by treaty.

The third question arises is as to whether inhabitants of the United States are required to report at the custom-houses, pay light or other dut-

ies, or be subject to any similar regulations. Newfoundland contends that for the maintenance of her rights of sovereignty, the prevention of smuggling, and the carrying out of ordinary jurisdictional powers, she is entitled to require that vessels of every nationality entering her waters must report at custom-houses, and, as they participate in the benefits of her lighthouses and other service, should pay light and harbor and similar dues, whereas the United States maintains that American fishing vessels are under no such obligations.

The fourth question is as to where the three marine miles of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors, mentioned in the treaty of 1818, are to be measured from. This raises once more the whole "headland" question on which there will doubtless now be a definite pronouncement. Britain, as a general theme, maintains that territorial jurisdiction extends seaward for three miles from a line drawn from the outer headlands, no matter how wide the bay that is enclosed may be, and under the exercise of this regulation in bygone days American fishing vessels were seized for fishing in the Bay of Fundy, which is sixty miles across. The United States, on the other hand, maintains that the three-mile limit should follow the sinuosities of the coast, though in actual practice American authorities do not apply this construction to Boston, New York, and Delaware bays, or other wide inlets on the Atlantic coast.

The fifth question involved is whether Americans have the right to take fish in the bays, harbors, and creeks of Newfoundland, and the Mexican Islands, as they admittedly have on the coast of Labrador. Newfoundland maintains that they have not, on the ground that the differing sovereignties implies a difference in the liberties expected, whereas the United States contends that the admitted practice since the treaty of 1818 was maintained has been for Americans to fish in these inlets.

Such is the international problem that presents itself for solution at The Hague just now, and its determination will remove the last serious issue that exists between Great Britain and the United States.

Used Car Business Developing

E. S. Partridge tells in the *Herald Magazine* of the remarkable growth of the business of handling used automobiles.

Few persons realize to what an extent the handling and sale of used automobiles has developed during the last two or three years. Side by side with the general development and rapid progress in the selling of new cars there has gradually sprung up a persistent demand for used cars among a growing class of customers who are either unable or unwilling to pay the full price for the automobile of their choice, or who prefer to purchase an over-hauled high grade car one or two seasons old rather than a new car of cheaper construction and inferior quality and performance.

It is surprising to note the high character of the majority of the present day purchasers of used cars. It is a very common thing to be able to buy a used automobile at a reduction of from one quarter to one-half its original price, and if it is a car of high-grade it may have been run but a few thousand miles, not enough to put it in the faint condition for all around touring.

This applies particularly to cars of high grade, ranging in original price from \$4,000 to \$5,000. Such a car is often in better running condition after one or two seasons' use than when at first purchased. It is usually equipped with several hundred dollars' worth of extras, such as additional shoes, top, etc., for which no extra charge is made.

The person buying such a car from a reliable house comes into possession of an automobile which gives him every comfort and convenience of a new car. There are those who each year buy the latest car and at the same time leave with the dealer the last season's model to be disposed of at a sacrifice. The used car buyer enters on the scene and rears the benefit.

So important has this branch of automobile selling become that the leading houses now have well equipped used-car departments, as much attention being given to this branch of the work as to any of the other various ramifications of the automobile business, such as garage and storage, repair or supply departments.

Metals as Antiseptics

Dr. A. C. Rankin, demonstrator in bacteriology at McGill University, has been making some interesting experiments, tending to prove that in many cases bacteria are killed by the presence of metals in very minute quantities, so that water may be sterilized by merely allowing it to stand in a metal vessel. A writer in *The Lancet* comments on this.

Sundry metals possess not merely a distinct inhibitory action upon the growth of molds, bacteria, and other micro-organisms, but exert even a germicidal power. Water containing the typhoid bacillus and kept in a clean copper bowl becomes sterile. When air is passed through water containing abundant colon bacilli there is no inhibitory effect. Relatively large amounts of pure zinc with large surface area, placed in water contaminated with abundant colon

bacilli and allowed to set for one hour, being about a respectable, but not extreme, destruction of the bacteria. Aluminum and copper, under similar circumstances, have no perceptible effect. The same experiment repeated, but with the oxygen driven out of the water by previous boiling, proved that none of these metals had any influence upon the subsequent growth of the bacteria. From this it would appear that each bactericidal activity of zinc as manifested itself is associated with the coincident presence of oxygen. A much more intense bactericidal action is produced when air is permitted to bubble for one hour through water holding the colon bacilli in suspension in the presence of aluminum, zinc, and copper. With a sufficiency of the pure metal it is thus possible to render the water completely sterile with all three metals, and that when it contains abundant bacteria.

System and Business Management

The Industrial Engineer

By Leonard W. Smith

From *The Silent Partner*

A CERTAIN manufacturing concern had an investment of \$800,000. With this investment it was producing \$900,000 worth of goods a year. The men at the head of the business knew that they were making a poor showing, but to save their lives they couldn't figure out why they didn't do better, nor could they see any way to make more efficient use of the investment.

Finally the concern called in an eastern industrial engineer. The engineer looked the plant over and studied it a while. Then he recommended that the concern spend \$500,000 more and he gave his reasons. The concern did so. The next year it was able to show a production of \$1,600,000 worth of goods—nearly twice what it had been doing.

The engineer had been able to see things that the owners could not see, simply because they were too close to their problem and because they did not understand the science of production.

Now, the average business man has an idea that nobody can possibly be as well qualified to solve problems of his business as he is. The average man reasons that he knows infinitely more about his plant and his product and his patrons than any outsider can know, and if he cannot with all the data at hand, solve a problem, then no outsider possibly can.

But the average man's reason is silly. When a man is sick and in pain no other man in the world can possibly have so complete and vivid a knowledge of the intensity, location and character of the pain as the sick man has. Yet when the doctor comes a very few questions and a very few lame and halting answers enable the physician to diagnose the case.

The doctor knows the science of medicine—and the patient doesn't. And so the industrial engineer knows the science of production and of business—while the average business man does not. That is why the doctor surprises the patient by correct diagnosis and it also explains why the business man is surprised when the engineer solves the problem that the business man considered beyond solution.

Let us consider a few more concrete instances of the success of industrial engineers in solving industrial problems.

A certain concern was making eighty-nine different things, but its profit was only 6 per cent. The firm couldn't see why its profits should be so small. So the engineer was called in. His study showed him that the concern was making a great many items in small quantities and trying to sell all of them. He advised that the firm reduce its line to forty-six items. It did—and profits went to thirty-six per cent.

In another plant they had 400 machine tools and were going to buy a lot more at a cost of \$100,000. The engineer studied the production accomplished on various tools and decided that it was far below possibilities. He suggested a premium wage system to speed the workmen. It was adopted. The men began to receive higher wages than had ever been paid in the history of the business and the average output of the plant went up 30 per cent. The costs, in spite of higher wages, were reduced 22 per cent.

In the two instances given the engineer solved the problem because he knew about what to look for as the cause of the ailment that afflicted the businesses.

The engineer, in tackling the first named case, assumed the general proposition that with a fixed capacity the greater the variety of articles produced the less the efficiency of production per article.

In the second case the general proposition was simply that the more work per man and machine the lower the cost of articles produced.

Industrial engineers are successful in solving business problems simply because they are able to look at each problem as an abstract proposition.

The man who is close to a business is prejudiced, even when he thinks he isn't. If he is making a great many different things he is very likely to be proud of the completeness of his line, and so the idea of reducing the number of his products is not likely to come to him. Again, the man who has an immense number of machine tools thinks that he is carrying out division of labor and specialization to their logical ends, and that whatever may be the reason for his high costs it cannot lie in specialization.

Then, too, the man who sees things done every day in a certain way be-

comes incapable of looking at those things except as entirely proper and natural. Familiarity and habit prevent the man from seeing his own business simply as a business—he sees it always as his business, and he is as blind to its faults as he is to the snub nose and freckles of his favorite child.

Every industrial engineer can give scores of instances in which the trouble he was called upon to get rid of was absurdly simple. The average man is apt to think that the thing that baffles him must be a very deep problem—just as the men who tried to make the egg stand for Columbus knotted their beards and looked severely solemn as they searched their brains for some obscure fact about eggs that would put them on the right track. When Columbus deeded the end of the egg just a trifle and it stood on its end, the wise ones wanted to throw him out of the door.

The industrial engineer is just becoming to come into his own. Now he is called in, in most cases, after everybody connected with a concern has taken a whack at the problem and has failed. But in a few years from now it will be different. Industrial engineers will be consulted as frequently as lawyers are now.

Industry must always be administered by men who are specialists, but the problems of industry will be solved by men who are scientists. This is only applying the principle of co-operation.

The industrial engineer is going to be the main factor in promoting industrial efficiency in the future. It is he who will really direct the world's industry so as to make it attain maximum value and effectiveness.

The world has waited a long time for its industrial staff officers—and the line officers are just beginning to make friends with them.

Getting a Grip on Customers

By Evans Chandler

From Geyer's Stationer

A RETAIL business without the element of personality in it is in danger from a variety of different directions. The "chain of stores" idea, for instance, is based on the assumption that the average man and woman care little about the personality of the merchant from whom they buy their goods, but rely entirely on price and the appearance of the store in the choice of the place where purchases are made. If a "syndicate store" is put up next door to a long established business dealing in the same class of goods, price-cutting is the weapon usually used to get the old trade turned into the new channel, and, if there is no strong personality back of it, the process of winning it away is usually successful.

Just take this example from a manufacturer's experience as an illustration of what is meant. James H. Collins, that very able writer on business subjects, tells this story in the *Saturday Evening Post*. "Some years ago an Eastern wholesale house took one of its salesmen from territory he had covered eight years and sent him down South to establish new connections. Within three months the purchases of several important customers in the old territory showed a marked falling off. The sales manager spent a week looking into the matter, and found that these customers missed the former salesman as a friend. He was a man with a good deal of sentiment and tenderness in his nature. He had a wife, three children and a comfortable home. After looking at samples all morning, he and one of these customers would go to lunch and compare

families. He had new snapshots of his wife and youngsters. He would recall that only two weeks before, when he left the cozy little home, the birds were singing, the grass was green, the sky blue. He would look forward to the first week of the next month, when he could go home again, and to the day in the future when he could retire. He pulled the domestic stop way out, and that, apart from prices, goods and the character of his house, was the only advantage he had over other salesmen. Yet these customers had long been interested in his family, and they missed him as a friend and confidant when he was sent to other territory. The young salesman who took his place had no wife, no youngsters, no home. For all he ever said about it, the grass might be blue and the sky green. So he had to take his chances as an outsider with competitors' salesmen."

Mr. Collins sums up his idea thus: "Skillful personal interest in a customer's grandmother has probably sold more staple goods than all the special discounts and prizes ever whispered."

Another direction in which this matter of personality touches the retailer is in meeting department store competition. The best means for the small dealer to use in holding his trade against his bigger rival is not to try to meet the prices, but it is to put into his smaller business a whole lot of strong individuality—add to it the personal element—and to make the people in his community trade with him rather than with the department store because they like the spirit of the place better, because they like the element

of sympathy and mutual understanding which is entirely lacking in the department store method of retailing.

Still another point where it affects the interests of the smaller retailer is in the relation which he bears to the great mail order houses, which continue to make tremendous strides in the sale of their goods in the rural communities and smaller cities and towns. Here again, price is not the best basis on which to compete. The element of service, plus personality, is the important thing. Every retailer in this country could get out into the middle of the street in front of his store and shout himself hoarse telling the people what a great curse the mail order houses are, but it wouldn't do much good. The thing which handicaps the mail order houses—and their owners realize the fact—is their inability to come into personal contact with their customers. They have to speak through the printed page, they have to sell through arguments in type, and the person who buys from them misses the confidence which he can place in the goods which he buys from John Brown, or some other local storekeeper—a man who shows him the article before he makes the purchase, and who will stand back of it after it is sold. Of course, if the local store entirely lacks these combined factors of personality and a high quality of service in customers, the advantage is lost, and the mail order house rushes ammunition to that spot and reaps the harvest.

Do you know that mail order houses pick out sections where there are no decent retail stores, kept by able merchants, and flood those particular sections with catalogues and other so-called "literature" realizing that their strength lies where the retailer is weak through his failure to press the advantage which he has?

If you are a retailer, suppose that your store was nothing but a big printed book—a pretty poorly printed one at that—and a clerk whose postal money orders could be filled out,

Your customers would have to do all the work—turn over the pages of the catalogue, pick out the goods they want, fill out the orders and mail them—then wait a week or two for goods of uncertain value to arrive. How long do you think you would stay in that kind of business if, right next door to you, there was a neat modern store, with a smiling, good-natured fellow that everybody liked behind the counter—and perhaps a wife and two or three sonny little "kids" in the rooms above in whom everybody was interested? Do you suppose that lower prices alone would keep you going? Look at the mail order proposition from that point of view. Study your own strength, and then press the advantage which you have, and which the mail order merchant knows that you have, but hopes that you won't learn how to use.

Just as there are two sides to every question, there is another important phase of this proposition which ought not to be neglected. With a retail business which depends for its trade entirely on the personality of the man who runs it, and nothing in addition to that, there is always the possibility of something happening to that man and the business going to pieces in consequence. There are a number of ways to prepare for that emergency, and one of them has to do with the idea that a business can be given a personality which reflects the personality of the owner, but which does not depend entirely upon him. In the appearance of the store, in the way the clerks treat customers, in the store's advertising, in the reliability of the goods which are handled, in fair dealing in the fixing of prices, in the promptness with which all agreements with customers are kept, in the care exercised in packing and delivering goods, in the endeavor to do all that is necessary and then a little bit more for the convenience of customers, in the uniform courtesy, kindness and personal interest in every transaction between purchaser and dealer—all

these things, if properly attended to, give a store a personality, and make it the friend of its customers. A retail business which is run this way advertises itself, tells its own story to the public, and it presents the biggest

problem that the price-cutter, the mail order man, and the syndicate store promoter has to contend with in his endeavor to strengthen his foothold. Trade won by these methods has permanent value.

Eliminating Guesswork in Advertising

By Thomas E. Dockrell

From Advertising and Selling

THERE is no greater testimony to the power of newspaper advertising than the fact that it is successful even under the abuses to which it is subject. In most cases it is handled on such "hit or miss" principles that it is a wonder that it can achieve results. Under the present system of paying singular attention to typographical effect, appearance of space and copy, and using only general instead of specific arguments about specific localities, the individual needs of each newspaper territory are entirely overlooked. It is decided by some one so conscientious that he (or they) can afford to ignore all statistics that a certain size of copy shall be used in all places. That certain size of copy is used, without any of the ordinary business attention which, in all other departments, is given to individual cases.

It is obvious that a small advertisement of aeroplanes for sale will be more thoroughly read than will the advertisements of a long-advertised patent medicine because there is a news attraction in the former which is lacking in the latter. It is also obvious that a 3-inch double-column advertisement set in the centre of an entire page of unrelated reading matter will demand more attention than the same advertisement set in the centre

of a page of display advertising. Similarly, it is obvious that an advertisement will demand more attention in a 4-page paper of which only one page is advertising than in a 60-page paper of which 40 pages are advertising. It is also obvious that a quarter-page advertisement offering an unlimited amount of New York Elevated and Subway tickets for 1 cent instead of 5 cents will attract more attention and result in more sales of such tickets when placed in New York newspapers than will the same advertisement placed in the newspapers in Chicago. It is also obvious that an advertisement of an article which has no competitors need not be as large or as frequent as if competitors were also advertising.

It follows that the attention which an advertisement will receive, and the action which it will force from its readers are dependent upon the novelty of the matter advertised to the readers of the papers in which it appears. Also, upon the prominence of the advertisement on the page upon which it appears. Also, upon the proportion of the space used in the advertisement to the total amount of space used in the newspaper. And also, upon the harmony between the article offered and the needs of the people to whom it is offered. The volume of

space which must be used is also dependent upon the absence or presence of competitive advertising.

Since the conditions in every locality vary more or less, and since the volume of advertising carried by papers in different localities varies much, it is obvious that the space used in advertising a certain article at a certain time in different localities should also vary. In papers where only a small volume of advertising is carried, it is not necessary to use as large space as where a tremendous amount of advertising is carried. An advertisement segregated from other advertisements need not be as large as if buried in display advertising. An advertisement where there is much competition should be much larger than where there is none.

The amount of sales-energy which must be expended in any enterprise in order to produce its maximum at a minimum expense must, as nearly as possible, be that amount of energy which is required to make the greatest possible number of sales at minimum cost. In the many United Cigar Stores you find some equipped with one man at a time, some with two men at a time, some with five at a time. The sales-energy of the one store demands one salesman, the sales-energy of another demands two, and of another five.

Now, the unit of sales-energy in a newspaper is based on the agate line. In one locality 100 lines are necessary in another 300 lines, and in another 500 lines. Because there are two kinds of waste. A factory would be foolish to install a 20-horsepower dynamo if the maximum amount of electrical energy required never exceeded 10 horsepower. On the other hand, a factory would be foolish to install a 200-horsepower dynamo if the minimum electrical energy required was 210-horsepower. In the one case would be the waste from overefficiency and in the other would be the waste from incapacity to do the work required.

Look at the matter of localized advertising in another light. Look at it psychologically. Consider all the individual minds comprised in the circulation of each paper as one mind. Here is one mind in New York, here is one mind in the backwoods of Kentucky. Assuming each to have the same amount of money and the same desire for clothes, we must use more sales-energy to convince the mind in New York than to convince the mind in Kentucky, because the New York mind, being more highly educated, is less suggestible, and is also more subject to other influences in the shape of competition. There are many other differences between the two minds which could be taken into account, but this one suffices as an example. You, who read this, can work out the differences in individualities in different localities "ad infinitum." You cannot go wrong, because you are dealing with natural law. Some of these natural laws are so wonderful that we cannot follow them exactly, but we can at least allow them to guide us away from the frailty of our guesswork.

There are two well-known natural laws which the average man does not seem to apply at all in allotting advertising—one is Fechner's "Law of the Threshold," and the other is Weber's "Law of Sensation." An old German named Fechner discovered that a certain volume of stimulus to any one of our senses was necessary before we became conscious of sensation. For instance, he discovered that the eye needs to be exposed to a certain volume of light before it becomes conscious of light. He discovered that you must apply a certain volume of weight in the outstretched hand before the hand becomes conscious of weight. For instance, he discovered that if you stand in the open fields before dawn, when the sky is absolutely obscured and you are surrounded by absolute darkness, and wait for the dawn, the dawn will have appeared before you are conscious of it. There will have been light before you are conscious of

the presence of light. In other words, a certain threshold has to be crossed before your mind receives a sensation from your eye. He expressed the law another way. Blindfold a man, lay his hand stretched palm upward on a table. Lay a handkerchief across the outstretched palm, on the handkerchief put a small feather, put on another small feather, put on another, keep adding to their number, yet the man feels no sensation of weight until a certain amount of feathers have been laid upon the handkerchief upon his palm. He didn't feel the first feather, nor the second, nor the third, nor the fourth. There was weight upon his palm, infinitesimal of course, obvious to sight, but unrecognized by touch. There was more when the second feather was added, and so on. But it was necessary to attain a certain volume of weight before the blindfolded man became conscious of the presence of the weight of the feathers upon his palm.

It is easy to see the application of this law to newspaper advertising. Add all the minds in the circulation of one paper together and consider them one mind, then take the paper which you propose to use in your hand, look it over, see how much advertising it contains then look at the space you propose to use and the individual features of your own advertising, then consider the position in which it will appear in that paper, and ask yourself this question: "Knowing the supply and demand in that territory, knowing the amount of competition, knowing the volume of advertising carried, is the volume of my advertising in this particular paper sufficient to cross the necessary threshold of consciousness in the one mind which I am attempting to reach, so that I shall make upon that mind the sensation I desire?"

Another German, Weber, went still further. He discovered the "Law of Diminishing Sensation." He discovered that once the sensation of light was conveyed from the eye to the

mind, afterwards the proportion of sensation of light received by the mind was not proportionate to the increase in the volume of light stimulating the eye. In other words, as the stimulus was increased the increase in sensation diminished. For instance, if you are seated in an absolutely dark room you immediately intensely feel the sensation of light when four electric lights are turned on. The sensation of light is intense and powerful. But, to give you the sensation of double the amount of light it is necessary to turn on possibly eight or twelve more lights. If you lighted four after the first four, that is if you increased the stimulus of light 100 per cent, you would possibly only get the sensation of 10 per cent. increase. To get an increase of 50 per cent. it is necessary to increase the stimulus 300 or 400 per cent. Similarly, be discovered, that, in the case of a blindfolded man with his palm upward covered with a handkerchief, possibly the application of 30 feathers gave the sensation of weight, but that if he first placed 50 feathers upon the man's hand he had to apply 60 more in order to give him an added sensation of weight, and that then the added sensation was only slight. So that the natural law is that, once a certain sensation has been conveyed to the mind, it is necessary to increase the stimulus which produced the sensation about 300 per cent. in order to get an increase of 20 or 25 per cent. in sensation.

There's the law that explains the complaint of the advertiser who says: "I increased the space without increasing the returns." It probably was not increased enough. There are many reasons for failure and many for success. But, there are other ways of handling advertising than by making it a guessing contest. Rather than let the rudder swing free because we have no compass let us guide ourselves by the stars. In the absence of an advertising compass 100 per cent.

perfect, let us use the 75 per cent. guides we have rather than swing rudderless in the wind of fancy. No man letting his mind rove loose in a guessing contest on an advertising campaign can hope to achieve the results that are obtainable when he uses data

and natural law to help him. The "hot-air," the necromancy, the black magic and the witchcraft are being squeezed out of advertising, and like the rest of business, it is coming under the jurisdiction of Common Sense, the Cost System and the Auditor.

Personal Publicity for the Salesman

By O. J. Vogt

From Island Stationer

A GOOD deal has been said and written about the value of advertising to the salesman. That worthy explorer of publicity and salesmanship, Hugh Chalmers, has covered one phase of the subject so thoroughly that no further comment need be made. However, there is one form of advertising that has received little attention from all students of scientific salesmanship.

Salesmen often point with pride to their personality. A man will change houses and receive higher pay, simply on account of his ability to pull trade. Such men often call it "their" trade.

Houses which advertise extensively claim to own a large percentage of trade. They often appeal directly to the purchasing public, reaching over the head of the retailer.

Salesmen—up-to-date business-getters—are always full believers in advertising. Still, they often neglect that most valuable form of advertising—personal advertising.

There are men who call on their trade comparatively few times a year, and yet there will be something about their personality that paves their way to the private office. Salesmen who call as seldom as once a year often follow up their trade with personal letters, price quotations and similar literature.

A Chicago Board of Trade man calls on the large shippers of the Middle West once a year. His steady companion is a little book, in which he enters what would to some people seem to be the most ridiculous notes, such as: "Very fond of Old Style Lager," "Smokes William Penns," "Strictly prohibition," "Loves to talk about ball games," "Interested in local politics," "Golf enthusiast," "Dislikes broad stories," etc.

In every letter he writes to these buyers he manages to touch in some way upon their favorite topic. Once he meets a man he keeps him "indexed," and helps him ride his hobby as often as possible.

Salesmen who call on trade at intervals of from one to three months and oftener mostly fail to see the value of personality advertising. They mistake acquaintance for personality. When they call the proprietor by his first name, swap stories with the head clerk and jolly the cashier, they think they have made themselves solid.

Let them drop out of the territory for six months; will they be remembered? Most probably not. The new man comes, takes the orders, and, after a few trips, he calls the boss "Joe," the cashier "sister" and buys a smoke for the head clerk.

But you let Windy Jim or Grandpa Dean, Pickle Brown, Soapy Jack, Baggy Bill, Happy Henry or Cracker John leave their territories and you will have inquiries from bank presidents to bell-boys. Why? Because they are advertised. Are you?

If you have been an unknown quantity in your territory, if you have not impressed your trade with your personality, be assured you have not advertised yourself sufficiently. Get popular. Be known by a nickname, a slogan, and you will be popular. Your orders will increase in numbers, new stores will know you from hearsay. The conductor, the busman, the boy on the corner, will all know you when you come to town. Your trade will be glad to see you, their handshakes will seem heartier and their "how-de-do" more cordial.

An Eastern house has a representative call once a year on the Western trade in all county-seat towns of two thousand population and over. He resembles in appearance an English lord and, in his immaculate dress, would be welcome at any social function of the four hundred. His frock coat and high hat are his placard.

Another man whose business requires a good deal of figuring with the prospective purchaser carries a blue and red pencil. He figures with the

blue pencil and then, as if by chance, he marks down the profit in big, red figures.

These seemingly small things are all a great aid in the art of order-getting. The studious salesman appreciates the value of advertising, and studies his own personality with the care of an actor, being constantly on the lookout for a catchy way to place himself conspicuously in the buyer's thought-directory.

As good flour suggests to some Gold Medal, and a good shirt, Cleet's, so through proper personality advertising the dry-goods buyer when short on flannels will think about Louis.

The buyer will always be caused to think, when short on certain lines, of the salesman doing the best personality advertising in that line, in that territory.

While successful advertisers have to keep everlastingly at it, placing themselves prominently in the buyer's way, a personality advertiser must be careful to never appear to be seeking notoriety. He must use diplomacy, tact and good-fellowship with the air of a disinterested third party, always keeping in mind that it is most advantageous to his purpose to have them talk and laugh about him after his departure. And the longer they do so, the better.

Hard Work and Great Men

WHEN we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labor they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Caesar, Henry the Fourth of France, Francis Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities

were all renowned as hard-workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose; how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they kept employed; in short, how hard they worked.



"**W**HOS the blue-eyed little thing?" inquired the smartly-dressed, fat-faced man, tilting back his chair and his silk hat simultaneously.

"Who?" The younger man at the desk spoke absently, without raising his eyes from a broad sheet of paper crossed with red and blue lines and peppered, so to speak, with black figures. "Your pardon, Mr. Fashner—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing of importance. She's rather a pretty little piece—the girl who brought you that statement. Reminded me of my little friend Lottie Helm who's playing at the Octagon just now. You have some nice-looking girls around you, Locksley." Mr. Fashner laughed, and selected an Egyptian cigarette.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the other, making a pencil jotting on a slip of paper. "Excuse me for a minute, while I get out this percentage. . . . Hm! It's as I feared, Mr. Fashner—not very satisfactory." He repeated some figures, the results of his brief calculations.

"No," said Mr. Fashner, frowning as he struck a match, "it's as you say—not very satisfactory. You'll have to buck up, Locksley."

Locksley said nothing. Apologies and explanations did not come read-

ily to him, and he was not the sort of man who makes airy promises. He was wishing Mr. Fashner would take his departure, and leave him alone to think things out.

"Of course," continued the older man, perhaps a trifle patronizing, "we must not expect too much all at once. Still, the business is two years old now, and we should be glad to see a start at profit-making. We are paying you a generous—but I need not refer to that, since I am sure you fully appreciate the fact. Well, I must be getting along. By the by, what is the name of the blue-eyed little thing?"

"I'm sorry I don't know whom you mean, Mr. Fashner," Locksley replied.

"Why, I told you; the girl who brought you the statement."

"Oh, yes—yes. But I didn't notice her. She came from the sales office. That's all I can say about her."

"I thought she might have been your secretary or stenographer," said Fashner with a laugh which was not unpleasant, but rather silly for a middle-aged man.

Locksley smiled in spite of himself. "I'm afraid you would not have called my chief stenographer a 'blue-eyed little thing,' though she does wear blue glasses. She stands nearly six

feet." He sighed. "Poor creature! She leaves us this week because of her sight."

"Hard lines, I'm sure," said Fashner, getting up and putting his hat straight, with deliberation. Then he extracted his pocket-book and took from it a five-pound note. "Put it along with her salary, when she gets it for the last time," he said, throwing the note on Locksley's blotting-pad. Then he held out his hand. "Buck up, Locksley, and let me have a better report of things next time we meet," he said. "I don't blame you, but the others are inclined to get rusty." With a nod he left the room.

"A queer mixture," said Locksley to himself. "Wonder if he'll do as much for me when I leave this place. Hardly—because I'll be sacked," he said. Leaning his head, which felt unusually heavy, on his hand, he began to examine the figures on the broad sheet with red and blue rulings. Presently his pencil stopped at a little block of figures. At the end of a minute's reflection he put out his hand and rang the bell.

Following a tap on the door, a girl entered. Locksley glanced up, and allowed his eyes to linger for a moment. She was not what he would have called "little." His eyes went back to the figures.

"Who is responsible for the making-up of this statement?" he asked.

"I, sir."

"Then can you assure me that these figures—these here"—he indicated them with his pencil—"are correct?"

"Yes, sir."

Locksley stroked his dark monocle, regarding the figures thoughtfully. They showed an appalling drop from the previous week in the lace department.

"Sure they're correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"No mistake in the figures supplied to you?"

"I thought there must be some error when I first got them, so I went to the lace department and made sure."

"Ah! You take an interest in the business!"

She smiled slightly.

"A great many people here take an interest in their own part of the business," he remarked, "but not many, I'm afraid, do so as regards the business. I'm obliged to you. Now I want the lace figures for the past thirteen weeks—it will do in the morning—also the figures for the corresponding weeks of last year. You understand?"

"Yes, sir." She scribbled on a tablet.

He looked up. "You write short-hand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good speed?"

"I believe it's pretty good," she said frankly.

It was here that he noticed her eyes.

"Take this down," he said, and read fairly rapidly from a circular which he took from a basket. "Bring a typed copy with the figures to-morrow morning. What is your name?"

"Mildred Harvey."

"Thank you. That is all just now."

The remainder of the afternoon saw him engaged in receiving callers, interviewing heads of departments, dictating letters. At seven o'clock he dined hurriedly in a restaurant, and returned to the office to wrestle with figures. The man's days were spent in talk, his nights, with rare exceptions, in thought and calculation. John Locksley was strong of mind, as well as of body, but he was beginning to suffer from discouragement; he was an eager worker, but the feeding was growing upon him that he was striving in vain. He could not get away from the fact that Locksley's Stores had failed to "catch on." For the first two months of its existence the enormous warehouse had certainly attracted the public; but now the people came in hundreds, instead of in thousands, and there were spells of actual slowness. Probably the average customer would still imagine that Locksley's was doing splendidly, but such an establishment was doomed an-

less the people came in their battalions. And Locksley knew it. He was tired of asking himself why the public did not over-run the place, why the daily flood of orders by post had dribbled to such a depressingly small stream. He was tired of trying to explain these things by "the general depression in trade," "over-competition," and so on. The cold and simple fact remained—Locksley's Stores had not "caught on" with the public. For the first time in his life—he was thirty-four now—he was losing confidence. Also, he was wishing that he had never come to London.

In a city in the Midlands Locksley had, a few years earlier, undertaken the management of an old-established but failing business, revivifying it and forcing it again to the very heights of prosperity. And then, whilst ambition sang in one ear, temptation whispered in the other. A syndicate comprising seven immensely wealthy men invited him to London. They had the money, he the ability and experience. They wanted his name also. Nominally he was the proprietor of the magnificent building that rose shortly afterwards in one of the western thoroughfares. He was really a figurehead, though, to be sure, he had all the responsibility, unlimited powers of management, and a yearly salary of £1,500. Already he was counting his income as at an end, and his good name as beyond redemption. He could have endured the former misfortune.

Figures, figures, figures! Pounds, shillings, pence—and those silly farthings. Were the buyers or the sellers the bigger fools? What was business at all, except to take an advantage under the pretence of giving it?

Locksley literally sweated over the sheets of figures. He absorbed them, he analyzed them, he wrought with them. But he could not juggle with them. They were black figures; in no way could he make them golden. They represented a deplorable loss on the week's trading.

At one o'clock in the morning he left the office for his hotel, determined to inform the syndicate on the morrow that the game was not worth the candle. But it was not the first time he had gone to bed with that determination, only to wake, not so much with renewed hope as a fierce defiance of failure.

"The statements you asked for yesterday afternoon, sir," Miss Harvey laid the broad sheets at the side of his desk.

"Thank you," he said absently.

"And the typescript."

"The what? . . . Ah, yes; of course." He took it from her hand, and the circular, on which she had written her name, from a drawer. He compared the two, and laid them aside.

"Any customers in the leather department as you came through?" he inquired.

"Eight, sir."

He put his hand on the statements. "There is some work here," he remarked. "Did you stay late last night?"

"I came in early this morning, sir."

Then he looked up. By this time he knew she was pretty, but at that moment he was struck more by her freshness than by her features. In her regulation pale grey dress, with its collar, cuffs and belt of white, she would have attracted most men.

"What is your salary at present, Miss Harvey?"

"Fifteen shillings, sir," she answered, with a slight start.

"My chief stenographer is leaving on Saturday. Do you think you could take her place?"

She flushed, and a small laugh of delight escaped her. She bit her lip, and replied, demurely enough:

"Yes, sir."

"You think you can undertake the work?" Mr. Locksley was used to girls saying they would try.

"Yes, sir."

He looked at her again. She had the happiest blue eyes and the happiest yellow hair and the happiest red mouth he had ever seen. His gaze



Drawn by Leslie Hutton.

LOCKSLEY WAS TRYING TO TELL MISS HARVEY THAT SHE WAS LIKE NO ONE ELSE IN ALL THE WORLD

went back to his desk. Opening a scribbling diary he wrote a word or two.

"On Monday, then," he said. "You will occupy room 44, next door to this. The salary is twenty-five shillings."

"Oh!" she exclaimed softly, and just managed to check a "really?" Recovering herself, she murmured a grave "Thank you, sir," bowed slightly, and left the room.

For the rest of that day Locksley felt unwontedly cheerful. Night, however, with its figures and facts, changed all that.

II.

Locksley, who was peculiarly sensitive in some respects, differentiated between quickness and shapeliness. He admired the former quality and detested the latter. The predecessor of Miss Harvey, despite her poor sight, was what one would call a sharp business woman, and her manner annoyed Locksley, while her misfortune depressed him. Miss Harvey was merely quick-witted and alert, and—in a vague way at first—he found her refreshing. Later, he ascribed this effect to her healthy brightness, her daintiness and her pleasant voice. Later still, he put it down to what he was fain to call her sympathy—not that she had ever even suggested such a thing. Perhaps he thought of sympathy because he wanted it. He had had no time for making friendships in London; and his relatives had shown their regard principally by borrowing the bulk of his income for the last two years. Yet his relations with the girl were absolutely of the business sort. Doubtless she knew more about him than when she first entered his employment; that was inevitable; but he remained as ignorant regarding her as when he had asked her her name. Well, he didn't want to know any more—so he told himself one afternoon as he watched her face while she wrote to his dictation.

A week later Locksley had an unexpected visit from Mr. Fashner. As he entered the room from the corridor, Miss Harvey, a sheaf of papers in her hand, was leaving it by the door leading to No. 44. Fashner came forward with his lips shaped for whistling, which expression became a grin as the door closed behind the girl.

"What! Blue Eyes again, Locksley! Surely you have noticed them by this time."

Locksley had a wild desire to strangle the man.

"Know her name yet?" asked Fashner, placing his hat on one chair and seating himself on another.

"Miss Harvey, I believe," said Locksley stiffly.

"And is that all you know about her?"

"That is all I know about her."

Fashner went into a fit of laughter, which to the younger man seemed as idiotic as it was offensive. "Well, well," he said at last, bringing out his cigarette case: "Well, well. . . . By the way, Locksley, wish me joy, Miss Lottie Helm has done me the honour of promising to marry me." He made the announcement so fashionably, so boyishly, that Locksley's resentment fell away.

"Why, certainly, I congratulate you, and wish you joy, Mr. Fashner," he said, rising and holding out his hand.

"Thanks, thanks. . . . Only wish I had been twenty years younger, for her sake as well as my own. But I believe she does like me a trifle. She's a good, honest little woman. Had a rough time of it till she hit it off at the Octagon. But she's going to chuck the stage when she marries me, next month." He smiled, then sighed. "I've been a bit of an ass in my time, Locksley, but, thank the Lord, I've escaped being a blackguard." He lit a cigarette and fell silent.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley once more. Aloud he said, going back to his desk: "You have all my best wishes, Mr. Fashner."

The older man nodded.

"There's another thing," he said at last. "I thought I'd tell you, lest the others should spring it on you when you haven't time to think. You see, I had a good deal to do with bringing you to London, and I'm afraid it hasn't been all you expected."

Locksley stared. "You mean," he said presently, "that I haven't been all you expected?"

Fashner waved a podgy hand. "What I have to tell you is this," he said slowly. "Locksley's Stores is probably on the eve of being floated as a public company. Have you got that?"

Locksley sank back in his chair.

"Well?"

Locksley said nothing.

"The prospectus is in course of preparation," the other continued; "the subscription list may possibly open some time next month."

"But—but it won't float! It can't!"

Fashner smiled. "My dear boy, wait till you see the prospectus! The prospectus at present being drafted by my colleagues would float a battleship!"

Locksley recovered himself. "It must be a romantic document," he said drily. "You believe the public will come in, Mr. Fashner?"

"Helter-skelter! My colleagues are anxious to get their money back, you know, and they'll get it back in this way with—well, interest."

"What's to be the capital?"

Fashner mentioned some figures that made Locksley raise his brows.

"They'll never pay a dividend on that, Mr. Fashner."

"Never is a big word. Locksley's is a big business, and its turn may come yet. The shareholders will have the odd chance, I fancy. Oh, yes, Locksley's turn may come yet."

"After they have got rid of Locksley himself," said the younger man, with a bitter laugh. "Are they going to change the name of the firm also?"

Fashner was watching the smoke rising from his cigarette.

"I understand that you, Mr. Locksley, will be invited to remain where you are, as managing director, at your present salary."

"Why should they want me to remain?"

"My dear fellow, a prospectus of Locksley's Stores without John Locksley in it would not charm the public. That's obvious!"

"I suppose it is. The public don't know, of course, that Locksley is a failure. I begin to see, Mr. Fashner. I might remain for a time as managing director—in name. How's that?"

Without replying, Fashner rose and took up his hat.

"I've mentioned the matter, simply because I thought you ought to have time to think it over. I have no advice to give you, but I'll be interested to know how you feel about it, say, a week hence. I'll look in this day week. This puts a good deal of responsibility upon you. And a bit of a problem, too. You can see that the company can't be floated without you. On the other hand, I'm not saying that the business would come to an end if you—er—left it. I hardly think my colleagues would let it go just yet. Your agreement, I believe, expires next February. I do not suppose you would be asked to—er—retire before then. But you might wish to do so—ch? Personally I am sorry—but we all know that business is business, don't we? However, you must think it over. You know better than I do what you have at stake." He held out his hand.

"You have something at stake yourself, Mr. Fashner," said Locksley, looking straight at him.

"I've twenty thousand in this show," he returned simply.

"Naturally you desire the flotation to—"

"Sorry; but I've an important engagement. See you a week hence." And Fashner hurriedly left the room.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley again. Then he muttered: "What an infernal swindle!"

But it was a problem all the same—and a bigger problem than it would

have been three months earlier. Locksley had ever done the straight thing, but now it was more difficult than usual. Why should he beggar himself to save some scores of the silly public from losing money? And it was not absolutely certain that they would lose; they had, as Fashner had said, the odd chance of Locksley's Stores' turn coming yet. Beyond a few hundred pounds—a very few—he had no resources; and what sort of berth could he hope to obtain in the circumstances?

Suddenly, in the midst of his self-questioning, like an actual blow the great truth struck him—he loved Mildred Harvey.

III.

The week had passed. The day had come for Locksley to declare his decision. He had received a note curiously stating that Fashner would call at four o'clock. It was now three-thirty.

Locksley had not made up his mind. The temptation to accept the syndicate's offer was not so easily put aside. Again and again he had told himself that for good and all he was quit of it; again and again it had returned. Could he afford to reject the offer? Heaven! he might come to be a shopwalker in a fourth-rate drapery establishment. And would he not deserve it? Before him lay an opportunity that most men—respectable men, too—would snatch at. Why not? Never in his life had he so greatly dreaded poverty—or, at any rate, penury. It is one of the penalties of our civilization that love and money are inseparable.

He roused himself. Only twenty minutes remained. He must force himself to decide.

There was a tap on the door of No. 44. Miss Harvey entered.

"In the letter for Ballard & Co. you gave me the sum of £1,350 as our final offer. Is that correct, sir?"

"Why, no," he said, after a moment's reflection, "it should be

£1,530. Yet I remember giving you £1,350. Thanks for letting me know. And—Miss Harvey, let me know if you strike anything else that doesn't seem right. I—I'm in the way of making slips to-day."

Involuntarily she glanced at him. His eyes were on the papers before him.

"Yes, sir," she said, turning to her door.

"Miss Harvey—"

"Yes, sir?" She paused.

He rose and placed a chair near his desk.

"Miss Harvey, would you mind sitting down for a minute or two? I want to ask you advice."

Looking frankly surprised, she seated herself.

Locksley leaned against the side of the desk.

"What I shall first tell you, Miss Harvey," he began in a low voice, "is private and confidential—in the meantime, at least. Of course, you are quite used to things that are private and confidential in this office. Well, the owners of this business are desirous of converting it into a limited liability concern—selling it, or a part of it, to the public. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps, you wouldn't mind dropping the 'sir' during our present conversation?"

"Very well, sir—Mr. Locksley." Her voice became just the least thing shy.

"Thank you. By the way, have you been regarding me all along as the owner of this business?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you why you have done so?"

"Why? Oh—because—because it has your name, of course. And, perhaps, because you always seem so worried," she added gravely.

"Ah! Well, I must tell you that I'm only the manager. I lent my name,

and—I'm afraid I can't get it back. I'm no lawyer, and I'm not sure that I'm much of a business man either, though I used to fancy myself as the latter. However, I must grin and bear that bit of it. The point is the people who do own the business want me to become manager of the proposed company, chiefly because they believe that my name will induce the public to buy shares. Now supposing the shares were not, let us say, going to be very good for the public. Do I make it clear enough?"

She nodded. "Quite clear, Mr. Locksley."

"Then what should I do? I have to give my decision ten minutes hence."

"Oh!"

"What ought I to do, Miss Harvey?"

She half rose. "That is too big a question for me." Then she sat down again. "Supposing you refused the offer—"

"The probability is that there would be no company; and the certainty is that I should had myself unemployed, with little chance of getting anything but a—an ordinary job. You'll admit that I have something to make up my mind about, Miss Harvey?"

"Oh, yes." She rose with decision. "But no one can make up your mind except yourself, Mr. Locksley. May I go, sir?" There was pride but no unkindness in her voice.

"I had hoped," he said sadly. "I had hoped you might help me."

"I?"

"I—I would be guided by you."

"Oh, dear!" The words escaped her. "I am honored by your confidence, Mr. Locksley," she went on, soberly, "and I think that you are in a most difficult position, but—"

Suddenly he drew himself erect and faced her squarely.

"Miss Harvey—would you care whether I did the one thing or the other?"

The blue eyes fell before his grey ones; the fair face went rosy—then white.

"Oh, how unfair of you!" she cried, and ran to her room.

Locksley threw himself into his chair, a prey to many emotions. He would have given all he had then for the touch of her hand.

Four-thirty. Fashner was late. Locksley did not care. He was consumed with misery, but he had made up his mind. Perhaps the blue eyes had helped him in spite of their owner. There would be no prosperous John Locksley. There would be no Mildred for him. With his head on his hands he tried to proceed with the heap of documents. Presently he pushed them aside, and wrote a letter.

"Well?"

Fashner had entered in his quiet way. He did not seat himself, but waited for the other to speak.

Locksley sat up. "Good-afternoon," he said. "I've just been writing my resignation."

Fashner's face betrayed nothing of his thoughts. "Sure you won't change your mind?" he asked.

"Quite sure, thank you."

"I see. Then I don't suppose there's anything for me to say. Besides, I'm pressed for time. Lottie is waiting for me in the motor." Fashner took an envelope from his pocket and threw it on the desk. "Look at it afterwards. By the way, have you found out yet who Blue Eyes is?"

Locksley's face turned dull red, but ere he could command his voice, Fashner, with a laugh, had gone. He rose and opened the door of No. 44.

"There will be no company, Miss Harvey," he said.

She raised her eyes from the typewriter and met his fairly. A very sweet little smile played on her lips.

"I didn't think there would be sir. I have found a doubtful point in one of the letters. I will bring it to you immediately."

The machine clicked, and Locksley retired, helpless, hopeless.

IV.

Mr. Fashner got into the brougham. "Find what you wanted, Percy?" inquired Miss Helm.

"I did, my dear," he replied with unusual gravity. "Locksley is a straight man. He was ready with his answer. So I left him the note offering him seven-fifty a year to look after my affairs. I hope to goodness he agrees."

"Do you lose a lot through the company thing not coming off?" she asked.

Fashner made a grimace, but changed it quickly to a smile.

"If Locksley could face losing everything, surely I can face losing a bit. You shan't starve, sweetheart."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said warmly.

"Besides, it was you, Lottie, who really kept me off the crooked road. I've admired Locksley all along, but I

couldn't have followed his example if I hadn't had you. Fact, my dear!" Then he laughed. "By Jove! some people will be mad when they get his resignation."

"But what about the girl you said was like me? Are you sure she is the girl you thought she was—the rich Miss Somebody who wanted to learn all about business?"

"Absolutely certain. I'm not sure, though, if I've succeeded in directing his attention to her existence. He got mighty red when I mentioned 'Blue Eyes' to-day, but I'm afraid it was with rage. The good fairy game isn't in my line, Lottie."

Lottie squeezed his arm. "You're just a dear!" she said.

He beamed on her. "Lord, but I am happy!" he whispered. "I'd give something to see Locksley happy, too. She's the very girl for him. I know what I'll do. I'll get to know her through her uncle, whom I've had deals with. Then I'll introduce—"

"You seem to think he won't be able to resist her, goosey!"

"Of course! She's so like you!"

But at that moment Locksley, with a letter in one hand, and Miss Harvey's fingers in the other, was trying to tell her that she was like no one else in all the wide, beautiful, wonderful, glorious, happy world.

The Telephone as a Salesman

HOW many goods does your telephone sell every day? The telephone is the best salesman some dealers have. It can be made valuable to all, if it is properly used. In the first place, accuracy is necessary. Customers hesitate to order goods over the telephone from a dealer who does not send them exactly the quantity of exactly the kind of goods that they order. Courtesy is just as necessary. A modulated voice, patience and tact

are wonderful helps to selling by telephone. The telephone is frequently irritating—but it never shows in the manner of the successful telephone salesman. If your telephone isn't selling enough goods to more than pay for itself, start an investigation. The trouble may be a lack of accuracy, perhaps a lack of courtesy—or possibly a lack of real American enterprise. This much is sure—there is something wrong.

China Joe

By

Emma Sarepta Yule

WHAT his real name is, I do not know. But he lives in Alaska in the town of Juneau, and for a score of years has been known there to every man, woman and child as "China Joe." The "China" tells all that is generally known of his birthplace, and as he was the only Chinese that, for twenty years, was permitted to live in the town, it answered well for a distinguishing name.

For me "Joe" always had a fascinating interest. I never say him, never passed his old log bake-shop, but what a train of wonderings was started. I used to wonder where his thoughts were straying as I saw him standing in his doorway or leaning comfortably against its frame, looking into far distances with a Buddha smile. Was he again cook in the galleys of the Chinese junk, whose fantastically-shaped prows with the demon eyes painted on them look like some monster of fable as they sail the waters of the Yellow and China Sea? Or was he in a saw-pit with its odd-shaped sill riding over these same waters? Or was he in some narrow, noisome street in a Chinese port, where humanity resembles a disturbed ant-hill or a run of herring in Gasteaux Channel? Or was he digging in the muck of a rice field far from sea and sail? Or did memory fare no further afield than the mining camps in which his life in America had been spent? What was he thinking about?

But no one ever got behind that placid celestial mask. His best friend,

"Mr. Jack," probably got the most glimpses. To him I am indebted for many of the following facts.

Joe's biography, as known, is soon told. Landing in Victoria, British Columbia, in 1864, he went to the Boise, Idaho, mining camp in the same year. The next entry in the record finds him in Wrangell, Alaska, in 1874. From here he joined the famous Skidline River gold rush—not as a miner—no, his was a more lucrative job: that of camp cook. For five years he was in the Skidline and Cassiar region so noted in Alaskan miners' lore. Then he came to Wrangell again in 1879 and opened a hotel in an old boat named the *Hope*.

Whether the inn-keeping was not profitable or whether it was just the tossing restlessness of the country, no one knows—at any rate the same year found Joe in picturesque Sitka, proprietor of a bakery. Oriental thrift and industry brought prosperity to Joe, so when the rush to Juneau came with the discovery of gold in Gold Creek Basin, Joe joined the crowd in '81. He bought property and opened a bakery in what is now Main Street, where he still lives. His present building he must have built in the eighties.

These are the prosy, plain, uninteresting known facts in Joe's life. But life is not made up of facts. Neither do they reveal all the man.

The rank "China Joe" should take among men is shown in one act of his while he was running his bakery in Sitka. It was during a flour famine

in the town, caused by the loss of a provision ship. Joe having the only supply of flour in town, was a flour trust all in himself. Did he regulate his price of flour on the principle of supply and demand? Not he. His fellowman's extremity was not his opportunity to fill his purse, but rather to play the man. Not one cent did the price of flour advance, and he sold to all who asked. From that year Joe was looked upon as the special friend and became a sort of ward of the white men in Southeastern Alaska.

Later, in '85, the Chinese labor troubles arose in Treadwell and Juneau, and the log bunk-houses in Juneau where the Chinese slept were blown up one night, but Joe's shop was untouched.

"Joe is one of us." "Just as good as a white man," said the miners.

Joe was exempt even when all the Chinese laborers in Treadwell and Juneau were loaded on a scow and sent to Wrangell, to be brought back to Treadwell by the doughy Captain Carroll, who, with a dash of the Viking and anticlericalism stamped his years as master of the seas in Southeastern Alaska during the '80's and later, said to the terrorized Orientals:

"I'll land you at Treadwell from my ship, and no one will dare oppose."

When the ship came alongside the Treadwell wharf and the returning Chinese saw the miners lined up waiting, they became panic-stricken and would not even attempt, under threats, to land, and would not be put off. So the Samaritan captain was forced to give free transportation to Victoria or Seattle to his be-cured passengers.

During all this turbulence, Joe, by special dispensation of the white men, placidly baked his bread and made his famed "sinks" in his log bakery in Main Street.

Many stories are told showing Joe's kindness. The following is one: An old man in Juneau was sick and in great want. He had a nephew who was prosperous and whom he had

helped. This ungrateful scamp paid no attention to his old sick uncle, but for one whole winter Joe carried food and fuel to him and cared for him as best he could. When remonstrated with on the ground that it was the nephew's duty and that the nephew would never pay him and that he was foolish, Joe said:

"Boy never payee me. No, no—that allee right. Him treat him allee same dog; me allee same white man."

In the memory of many a miner lives the picture of Joe trudging through the deep snow, carrying food to the sick or needy who, during the winter, called the little boxlike cabin, clinging to the hillside above Juneau, home.

Little children be loved, and they knew him for their friend. Even after his shop became the bakery for the Indians exclusively the toddlers would beg to be taken to their friend Joe for cookies. When the oldest child of his friend, "Mr. Jack," was only an hour old, Joe came with a present of a silver dollar to the "Little White Flower"—a name which he has always called her, though now she is in the ranks of young womanhood. Few, indeed, are the children who ever attempted to tease Joe. Not that they were afraid of him, but the power of the opinion of the majority of their own age and the sentiment of the community prevented such actions. Such is his character that I question if many children ever wanted to tease him. The man's dignity and kindness forbade it.

One of Joe's special friends—"Billy"—died a few years ago. But Joe never forgets him. He cares for and decorates the grave as though it were that of his own kin. Last spring, when the white flowers with which he had covered the grave, were in bloom, he asked Billy's sister, "Mrs. Jack," if she would go with him to visit Billy's grave. He made it a pious pilgrimage. Though the distance from the town to the cemetery is not far, it is enough to make it a pilgrimage for Joe, who is no tra-

veler, not even having crossed Gastineau Channel to Treadwell, only three miles, in many years.

When the Pioneers' Association was organized some years ago in Juneau, no one was more interested than Joe. He is always present at the meetings, and no noble ever wore a decoration from his king with more pride than Joe wears his ribbon badge of membership.

Said one pioneer to me: "Not a pioneer in Alaska would be better cared for in sickness or in want than Joe."

Through all the forty-five years of association almost exclusively with aliens, either white or Indian—for the Indians and Joe are warm friends—he has kept up the customs of his homeland. In one sense the man's inner self has dwelt apart. The first kindred uncounted centuries ago on the other side of the Pacific, Joe has kept brightly burning before his heart's shrine through the almost half-century of isolation within the stranger's gates.

There is something morally heroic in thus alone keeping the sacred holidays, observing the sacred customs—even the New Year's dinner, to which special friends are invited, is provided for by sending to the fatherland for the candies and other special New Year's festive necessities.

Joe has all arrangements made so that when at last he is called to his long home, his dust shall mingle with that of the land of his fathers. So, in no sense, is Joe an expatriate; but his is an example of the place that true kindness, true worth, true humanity, true brotherhood, regardless of race, will win in a community. And to live for twenty-five years in one little community during the times that try men out, and to be held in esteem and respect by all, and when known personally, to be given affectionate regard—surely this proves the man.

It is this and the man's fine fidelity to the altar fires of his soul that make "China Joe" to me a rare character.—*Pacific Monthly Magazine.*

Success by Struggling

"IT is hard to struggle. Often we meet with nothing but struggles, but I think this is nothing but a blessing. For it is through struggling that we become strong and courageous and win the good things of life.

Undoubtedly you all remember when you were kids and were taking your first swimming lessons. How hard it was at first to keep your heads above the water! I remember when I was a boy. It was over sixty years

ago. I remember how hard it was for me to learn to swim. I had to kick and splash and struggle, but I was the happiest of boys. I have been struggling ever since.

If we do not struggle we will become wanklings; to be strong we must struggle always. This is the only path to success and to accomplishing anything in life. If we struggle manfully and push ahead all laws will work out and we will be successful.—*John D. Rockefeller.*

Some Elementary Ideas About Bonds

By

G. W. Brock

HAVING given some attention to the subject of stocks and pointed out how they are bought and sold, it is now in order to say something about bonds, which are so often spoken of in conjunction with stocks.

A bond is really nothing more or less than a negotiable mortgage. In its best-known form as municipal debenture, it is a mortgage on the taxable property of a municipality. The people of a city or town, acting through the local authorities, wish, let us say, to put in a system of waterworks or to lay pavements. They might, of course, put on a heavy assessment and raise enough cash to pay for the work at once, but this is too severe and too unfair a procedure. After all, future generations are to benefit by the expenditure and they should bear their share of the cost. Accordingly the municipality proceeds to raise the necessary money by mortgaging its property. But instead of going to a money lender or mortgage company to secure the money, as an individual might do, the municipality issues what are known as debentures, important-looking documents, signed and sealed by the corporation, and representing on their face a certain value, usually one hundred dollars. These debentures to the required amount are sold in a lump by tender to the firm of bond dealers which offers the highest price for them. The latter then proceed to sell them to the public.

The debenture is really a note stating that at the end of a certain number of years the municipality will pay to the bearer the face value set down upon it and that meanwhile it will pay interest to the bearer at such and such a rate per annum. These interest charges are covered by a series of coupons attached to the debenture, which can be cut off as they fall due. They are in reality little cheques, dated ahead and ordering some specified bank to pay to the bearer the amount indicated.

So far as the municipalities are concerned, it becomes necessary for them to start what is known as a sinking fund, into which is paid each year from the taxes a sufficient sum to amount at the expiration of the time the bonds run, to enough to retire them. They must also provide enough money to cover the interest charges. In this way a municipality can raise quite a large sum of money without burdening itself unduly.

The dealer in bonds, having purchased the bond issue of some municipality, proceeds to dispose of them to prospective buyers. This he does by means of salesmen, who sell by personal canvass. The price is governed by the general market price for bonds and by the return on each particular issue.

As the municipal debenture has excellent security behind it in the form of a first claim on all taxable property, it becomes a most stable and ex-

cellent form of investment. The return is not very high, but the ample security more than makes up for this. It is a favorite form of investment for insurance companies and trust companies and is becoming more popular among individual investors.

There may be difficulties in negotiating such bonds for cash, in view of the fact that there is no open market for them, but it is an easy matter to raise money on them from the banks and the bond dealers can often find ways of disposing of them.

Their main advantage comes from the steady return they make on the investment. Dividends on stocks may be reduced or may even be passed, but the interest on the bond comes along regularly and without decrease and at the expiration of the time the principal is returned intact.

There are, of course, limits prescribed by statute to which municipalities must restrict their indebtedness. Yet, owing to diverse methods of accounting, such limits frequently vary. It is always advisable, therefore, when a purchase of bonds is contemplated, to see that the legality of the issue is sufficiently guaranteed. Should the legality be questioned and litigation result, the bond-holder may find himself in an awkward predicament. However, such a contingency is extremely rare and the possibility of any such trouble may be put aside.

The only other possible source of danger comes from the decrease of population and consequent decay of property in the municipality, which brings the value of taxable property below the indebtedness. This, too, is a very rare contingency and may be said to be almost impossible in this country.

Dominion government bonds are of course excellent security, but they are always floated in England and cannot be secured here. The same is true to a large extent of the flotations of the Provincial governments, as well as of the larger cities. But towns, villages and townships depend on local buyers and it is their bonds which are dealt in principally by Canadian dealers in bonds.

The bonds of industrial corporations and railroads differ to this extent, that they are actual mortgages on the properties and their holders are creditors of the companies. It is plain to be seen that, while the shareholder may have infinitely greater possibilities of making money out of his investment, it is the bondholder who is in the enviable position when trouble looms up. The bondholder must first be satisfied and then if there is anything over the shareholder comes in for it.

Industrial bonds are frequently dealt in on the stock exchanges and such as are listed may be purchased there.

The Joker

So you're 'way down in the dumps—
Blow, you say?
Think you've played out all your
trumps?

Oh, go 'way!
Life's not a game of poker;
In this game you use the Joker.

It's the card you hold the longest;
It's the one you find the strongest;
Laugh, and drive the blues away!
Laugh, I say!

—Jean Dwight Franklin in
The Century Magazine.

Take Things Easy

By George B. Spencer

From Office Appliances

NOW'S the time to take it easy. For—the weather may make you uncomfortable at times and it will be liable to try your patience unless you take it easy.

Taking it easy doesn't mean—lay off work and sit around thinking how hot it is and making yourself hotter by useless kicking.

Not by a long chalk.
That's not really taking it easy at all.

The more you think about the weather, the hotter it will seem and the less you think about it, the less you'll care.

Forget it altogether, keep busy and—you'll find you're beginning to take it easy without realizing.

Now—when I say "keep busy" don't think I'm going to tell you to hustle, and get all worked up so you will fuss with everybody around you, get in rows, probably lose some of your best friends and, at any rate, make a lot of new enemies.

That's no kind of advice for a man to follow in the summer.

And—that's not the kind of "taking it easy" that gets results—which is exactly what I'm going to talk about.

Yes sir! I'm going to tell you how taking it easy gets results.

Ever watch two fellows in an argument and notice how the cool one—the one who takes it easy—wins out?

Did you also notice how hot the other fellow got—what a lot of energy he wastes and—how he loses out?

It's the man who keeps cool—the one who relaxes—the one who does his work with a lot of reserve energy left over—who gets most results for least effort.

Summer is the very best time to get such results, because summer is the best time to relax.

In summer you aren't carrying around any excess weight clothes. You aren't apt to over-eat. You realize you need a lot of sleep and you take it. You are out-of-doors a lot in summer, breathing the fresh air and getting into condition. Your circulation is good in summer, your pores are all open and, if you go about your work sensibly, your summer health is the best health of all the year.

This is why men think easier and faster in summer time.

So—now is the time for you to do the thinking and planning which will produce a lot of results for you later on.

You've got a lot of problems to solve. Now's the time to ponder them. Now's the time to think and study out the solution of these problems. Now's the easiest and best time to find out how to do a whole lot of things you've been wanting to do for ever so long.

Take your time about it—take it easy but—keep thinking.

The rest will take care of itself. You'll get so interested thinking what you're going to do, that first you know, you'll be wanting to "try out" some of your new ideas.

Then—you'll find yourself getting into your coat and hat to go see some tough old coddler you've been wanting to land for months so you can try your new plans with him and see how they work.

You'll find yourself approaching him from a different direction than any you've ever tried before, too.

You'll take a different way of getting at him and, when you do get him, you'll take it easy and, before you know it, you'll have him landed because your relaxation will tend to make him loosen up also.

That's the way to get results in hot weather—take it easy.

Don't add to possible irritation by asking any man "Is it hot enough for you?"

Anybody can ask such a question—most folks do ask it—and some fortunate ones (if they learn by experience) get kicked for doing it. The reason such a question is irritating is because it suggests an increase of heat which may already seem unbearable.

If you must say something about the weather—and you can conscientiously make such a statement—say you "understand there's a cool wave coming."

That will be a pleasant suggestion, at any rate.

Don't try to talk with a customer when he's manifestly "too hot." Tell him you see he's too busy—that you will come around some other time—and make your "get away" quickly.

That saves your time and his and he'll like you all the better the next time he sees you.

If you think a customer is not too hot to stand a little conversation, try to make what you say reduce his temperature.

This may sound impossible but—it isn't, as you can easily find out by trying.

Why—I know of an instance where just the appearance of a young man who called at a big business office seemed to reduce the temperature ten degrees.

It was out in Detroit one July morning—hotter than Tophet.

About ten o'clock, there "brezzed" into the office of a big manufacturing concern a young man wearing a very light blue grey suit, white shirt with a very small blue figure, blue tie, straw hat and tan shoes.

He sat down to wait for the "boss" looking so cool and fresh that everybody in the office felt as if a nice young breeze had fanned in.

After the young man had finished his interview, "the boss" seemed a lot cooler, and pleasanter and he said to his private secretary "My! but it's a pleasure to meet a man like that on a day like this," and the private secretary's reply was "I should think so! When he came in, I thought a fresh breeze had blown up."

The clothes made a lot of difference. They always do. Cool colors—greys, and greens, and blues please the eye in summer and take the temperature down for those who look at you.

Your temper and manner make even greater difference. Keep sweet, keep a cool mind and—take it easy.

Buyers are thinking out their plans for the fall right now. This is the time for "missionary work" but—don't forget to keep your thinker relaxed so it may act freely.

Don't get "all hot up."

That reduces your energy and your earning power.

Keep cool! Take it easy.

That saves your strength and increases your earning power.



The editor is prepared to purchase each month a limited number of original articles about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.

SIR H. M. PELLATT is telling a good story at his own expense. He has recently completed what is undoubtedly the handsomest lay-out of garage, stables and conservatories in Canada, if not in America. For a water tower he copied a beautiful piece of architecture which he found in Europe. This can be seen from a long distance. Riding recently, he stopped to gossip with some workmen on the country road who did not know him, and he asked them what the tower was. The foreman said: "Oh, that is Sir Henry Pellatt's water tower. It is a magnificent thing, isn't it?"

Sir Henry said: "It seems to me a man must be a fool to erect such a building as that," to which the workman replied: "Well, some say he is and others say he ain't. I guess he is."

At a certain church it is the pleasing custom at a marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young lady who was about to be married in the church did not relish the prospect, and instructed her prospective husband when making arrangements to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom did as directed. "Well, George," said the young lady, when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman that I did not wish him to kiss me?" "Oh, yes." "And what did he say?" "He said that it is that case he would charge only half the usual fee."—*Family Pair*.

An Englishman sat outside a cafe in an European city and remarked casually to a fellow-Englishman, "Oh, the Emperor is a hopeless idiot!" Instantly a man, who proved to be a plain-clothes policeman, rose from an adjacent seat and said: "Sir, I arrest you for lese-majeste. You say that the Emperor is a hopeless idiot." "My dear chap," said the Englishman, "I didn't mean your Emperor. There are other emperors in the world, surely?" "That may be, sir," replied the policeman; "but ours is the only emperor who is a hopeless idiot! Come with me."—*Vanity Fair*.

The young evangelist with a post-pudor was relieving himself of momentous thoughts.

"The Being that filled with surging seas the vast caverns of the oceans," he proclaimed, "also holds in aerial suspense the aggregations of tiny drops that give to each wondering eye the marvelous spectacle of a separate rainbow. The Omnipotence that made me made a daisy."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

"When Mark Twain came to Washington to try and get a decent copy-right law passed, a Representative took him out one afternoon to Chevy Chase," said a correspondent.

"Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but he consented to walk over the course and watch the Representative's strokes.

"The Representative was rather a duffer. Teeing off, he sent clouds of

earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest:

"What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief."—*Washington Star*.

Physician—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient—"Yes, Doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician—"All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."—*Good Housekeeping*.

William B. Ridgely, former Controller of the Currency, said of a certain speculator recently:

"The man is as ingenious as a horse-trader's son who was once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces."

"As he mounted he leaped toward his father and said:

"Are you buying, or selling?"—*Success*.

"And what are we to understand by the Biblical expression 'the four corners of the earth'?" asks the instructor in theology.

"Rockefeller's corner in oil, Havemeyer's corner in sugar, Carnegie's corner in steel, and Patten's corner in wheat," answers the new student.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

A Scottish lassie, asked by her teacher, "Why did the Israelites make to themselves a golden calf?" replied with the ever-ready and practical reasoning of her countrywomen:

"Well, ye ken, mairn, they hadna as muckle silver as wad mak' a coo."—*Tit-Bits*.

In *The Picturesque St. Lawrence*, published a few weeks ago, the author, Clifton Johnson, tells of a curious

superstition of Montreal, which explains why the wind is always blowing at the point where St. Sulpice and Notre Dame streets meet, close by the towering cathedral. The situation is naturally breezy, like that of the Flatiron building in New York. But the people of Montreal have a miraculous explanation of the phenomenon that is more interesting than any scientific demonstration. "It seems that one day while the church was in process of building, the Wind and the Devil were walking down Notre Dame Street; and the Devil, after regarding with a frown of disapproval the graceful outlines of the new edifice rising before him, exclaimed:

"What is this? I never saw it before?"

"Very likely you," responded the Wind, "and I dare you to go in there."

"You dare me to do that, do you?" cried the Devil, with a sneer. "Well, I will go in, if you will promise to wait here until I come out."

"Agreed," said the Wind.

"So his Satanic Majesty went in. But he has not come out yet, and the Wind is still waiting for him at the corner."

Gifted with a buoyant disposition, the late Hon. C. S. Roll's had a keen sense of humor, and one of his favorite stories concerned his motoring days when he won the nickname of "Petrols." Touring in Cambridge, he gave a policeman a lift. Once aboard, the grim visage of the guardian of the peace relaxed. Mr. Roll put on speed; the policeman beamed; he began to ask questions concerning the rate at which the car could go. Mr. Roll went faster. Then at the crest of an inviting, long descent, the policeman cast scruples to the wind. Grasping his helmet with one hand and the car with the other, he became purely human. "Let 'er go 'ow you please down this 'ere 'ill," he said, "there ain't no one on the beat, nor for another mile and a 'alf!"



Drawn by GUNNING KING

SHE WAS GIVING THE CHICKENS THEIR AFTERNOON FEED OF CORN.

Illustration to "Buried Treasure."

See page 60.